

MACLEAN'S

SEPTEMBER



TWENTY CENTS A COPY

MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

LIMITED

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR



If just for appearances

The freshness, depth and permanence of color make Jamieson's Paints and Varnishes a good investment.

But you get more. They are made by special process, backed with over 50 years' experience. Their superior quality ensures absolute protection against dampness and decay.

They resist the most severe weather conditions of frost and heat and increase the value of your building.

There's a color and paint to suit your requirements — Ask your dealer.

R. C. Jamieson & Co., LIMITED

Established 1858

MONTREAL

Owning and operating P. D. Dods & Co., Limited

VANCOUVER



Easily applied

All ready for use

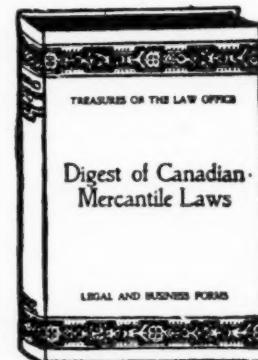
LAW

No one can afford to be ignorant of the laws governing business.

Few, however, have the time to read the many and complicated volumes of the country's laws and statutes, and for the benefit of the hustling business men a concise and understandable book has been prepared. It gives all the necessary laws and information regarding merchandising, the renting of a store or house, mortgages, buying property, collecting debts, etc. This book, the

Digest of Canadian Mercantile Laws

is a ready reference, a valuable guide in daily business, and is saving many dollars.



No work published in Canada equals it for business men

A veritable consulting library on this one line so universally needed. Based on Dominion and Provincial Statutes and Court Decisions.

Indorsed by barristers, sheriffs, magistrates and conveyancers.

Recommended by the Ontario Institute of Chartered Accountants.

Used by more accountants, bankers and business firms than any other work on the subject. Forwarded direct, post free, on receipt of price.

Keep the book ten days, and if it is not satisfactory, return it and get your money back. If remitting by cheque, make **same payable at par**, Toronto.

Eastern Edition - Price, \$2.00

Special Western Edition, \$2.50

To meet the needs of subscribers in New Ontario and the Western Provinces, where land is under The Land Titles System of Registration, an Appendix of 16 pages, containing a synopsis of the Land Titles Acts, has been added to our regular edition, thus constituting a special "Western Edition." Price \$2.50.

The MacLean Publishing Co. Limited
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
BOOK DEPARTMENT
143-153 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Where The Good Complexions Come From

ANATOLE FRANCE, the great Frenchman who lately visited London, said that one thing which he noticed was the beautiful complexions of Englishwomen. It was like a Frenchman to note this. But has it always been true? It has not. As recently as even ten years ago good complexions were far more rare—and perhaps therefore more prized—than they are to-day.

The Influence that has been at Work

In great part this improvement has been the work of one woman, Mdme. Helena Rubinstein, who probably knows the secret of more women's beauty than any other person in the world. In her famous Mayfair establishment at 24 Grafton Street, London, W., she has been making good complexions by the thousand every year. Or to put the matter more correctly, she has been enabling good complexions to realize themselves, for the average woman has naturally a good skin, but she does not make the best of it.

Neglect dulls the most brilliant complexion. Many a woman has a fine, supple, even brilliant skin, and does not know it. Her natural girl's face has lost its charm of colour and texture because she did not know how to preserve it against injury of wind, and sun, and dust.

Good Complexions Cost Little

During the last few months the number of good complexions among women of limited means, who cannot afford or do not care to spend the money on more expensive treatments has quite noticeably increased; for, not long since, Mdme. Rubinstein decided to prepare for general sale smaller packages of her famous beauty preparations, to bring them within the reach of all. They have been quickly adopted and welcomed, and a close observer can see the result—not in artificial or painted faces, but in complexions whose

Natural Beauty, Brought Out

by Mdme. Rubinstein's means, at last does itself justice.

Address, MDME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN (personal)

24 GRAFTON STREET, LONDON, W., ENGLAND

Beauty of Complexion made lasting and all complexions made better by the use of Valaze Beautifying Skin Food, 65 cts., \$1.25, \$2.30 and \$5.35; Valaze Beauty Grains, for washing in case of greasiness of skin, coarseness of pores, 55 cts. a box; Valaze Powder (for normal or greasy skin) or Novena Poudre (for dry skin), 55 cts. a box; Crushed Rose Leaves (the new delightful colouring for the face, composed of the pulp of roses), 50 cts. a box.

All prices post free to Canada

BRANCHES and DEPOTS: Paris, 255 r. St. Honore; | Auckland, Strand Arcade; Johannesburg, Anstey's Buildings;
Melbourne, 274 Collins Street; Sydney, 158 Pitt Street; | Calcutta, Army and Navy Stores.

FREE SAMPLE

Clients ordering any of the above preparations will be entitled to ask for and to receive a Free Sample of the Famous Valaze Pine Bath Discs sufficient for two baths. These Pine Bath Discs are a composition of the Marienbad pine essence with certain chemical salts, which dissolve in the bath, saturate the water with an exquisite aroma of the woods.

TERRITORIAL REPRESENTATIVES FOR CANADA WANTED



The Greatest Motor Car Value Ever Offered

NOW, with pride, we announce our latest car—Model 80—the greatest value this factory has ever placed on the market.

Model 80 has a brand-new stream-line body. Its full sweeping stream-lines blend and harmonize perfectly with the balance of the symmetrical design. All visible lines are absolutely clean, unbroken and uninterrupted.

The new crowned moulded fenders, new rounded radiator, new hood slightly sloped, and flush U doors with disappearing hinges, contribute the additional touches of exterior grace and modishness which distinguish costly imported cars.

The new tonneau is much larger—both in width and in depth.

The new cushioned upholstery is also considerably deeper and softer.

This model is equipped with the finest electric starting and electric

lighting system. All switches, in a compact switch box, are conveniently located on the steering column. Thus, in the driving position, without stretching for-

ward or bending down, you start the car, drive the car, and control the electric horn and all head, side, tail and dash lights.

This car has left-hand drive and center control.

The tires are larger this year, being 34 inch by 4 inch all around. These tires can be quickly detached from the rims, which are demountable. One extra rim furnished.

Ignition is high-tension magneto, independent of starting and lighting system. It requires no dry cells.

This new Overland rides with remarkable smoothness, taking the ruts and rough spots with the ease of the highest-priced cars.

There is the famous, powerful, speedy, snappy, economical and quiet 35 horsepower Overland motor; and a long wheelbase of 114 inches.

This car comes complete. Electric starter, electric lights, built-in windshield, mohair top and boot, extra rim, jeweled magnetic speedometer, electric horn, robe rail, foot rest and curtain box.

This new model is ready for your inspection in practically every city and town in the country.

Dealers are now taking orders. Make arrangements now for your demonstration.

A Few of the 1915 Model 80 Features

Motor 35 h.p.
New full stream-line body
Instrument board in cowl dash
Individual front seats, high backs
Tonneau, longer and wider
Upholstery, deeper and softer
Windshield, rain vision,
ventilating type, built-in
Crowned fenders
Electric starter
Electric lights
High-tension magneto
Thermo-syphon cooling
Five-bearing crankshaft
Rear axle, floating type
Spring, rear, $\frac{3}{4}$ elliptic, extra
long, underslung
Wheelbase, 114 inches
Larger tires, 34 inch x 4 inch
Demountable rims—one extra
Left-hand drive
Beautiful new Brewster green
body finish
Complete equipment

*Handsome 1915 Catalogue on request.
Please address Dept. 18.*

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Two passenger Roadster \$1,390. Prices f.o.b. Hamilton, Ont.

MacLean's Magazine

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1914

CANADIAN SPECIALS

National Affairs: Three Years of Conservative Rule.....	<i>John MacCormac</i>	5
On the Fighting Line in Riel's Day.....	<i>Rev. R. G. MacBeth</i>	10
Striking a New Note in Art.....	<i>E. J. Hathaway</i>	17
The Fortunes of the Cawthras.....	<i>W. A. Craick</i>	22
The Widows of Famous Canadians.....	<i>Madge MacBeth</i>	28
How Hackett Won a Fortune.....	<i>Margaret Bell</i>	37
Canadian Progress Told in Paragraph.....		46
The Best Selling Book of the Month.....	<i>Findlay I. Weaver</i>	94
The Business Situation.....	<i>John Appleton</i>	129

FEATURE SPECIALS

R. J. Campbell, Crusader.....	<i>Hugh S. Eayrs</i>	21
A Business Man in Politics.....	<i>Frederic W. Wile</i>	42
The Guerdon of Initiative.....	<i>Dr. Orison Swett Marden</i>	43

POETRY

The Lure of the Laurentians.....	<i>Ezra Butler Eddy</i>	45
----------------------------------	-------------------------	----

SERIAL STORY

Twisting Trails.....	<i>Robert E. Pinkerton</i>	13
----------------------	----------------------------	----

SHORT STORIES

At Five o'Clock in the Morning.....	<i>L. M. Montgomery</i>	80
The Adventures of Madelyn Mack: Detective.....	<i>Hugh C. Weir</i>	25
Lure o' Gold.....	<i>George E. Pearson</i>	31
The Tortoise.....	<i>William Byron</i>	34
The Toes of Toinette.....	<i>Frederick Palmer</i>	39

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Spending Millions to Beat Lipton.....		47
Roumania And Her New Territories.....		48
The Food of the Future.....		50
The Effect of Radium on Plant Life.....		52
The Development of the Boy Scout Movement.....		54
Country Life Two Thousand Years Ago		56
Legal Aid For The Poor.....		58
Roughing It On The Rat.....		59
Reminiscences of a Famous War Correspondent.....		81
Wonder Shots at Golf.....		83
Railroad Conquest of Africa.....		87
A Great Surgeon and Sanitarian.....		90
Justice To All.....		42

(From Pages 65 to 80 not included.)

MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

Publishers of Magazines and Trade Newspapers in the Provinces of British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland.

Cable Address:
Macpubco, Toronto, Atabek, London, Eng.

OFFICES:

CANADA—

Montreal—Rooms 701-702 Eastern Townships Bank Building. Telephone Main 1255. O. S. Johnston.

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Pres.

Toronto—143-149 University Ave. Telephone Main 7324.
Winnipeg—34 Royal Bank Building. Phone Garry 2313.

UNITED STATES—

New York—R. B. Huestis, 115 Broadway.
New York. Telephone 8971 Rector.
Chicago—A. H. Byrne, 140 South Dearborn Street, Room 607. Phone Rand 2324.
Boston—C. L. Morton, Room 733, Old South Bldg. Phone Main 1024.

GREAT BRITAIN—

London—88 Fleet St., E.C. Telephone Central 12900. E. J. Dodd.



No-Rim-Cut Prices Buy All a Tire Can Give

When you pay more—from \$5 to \$15 more—you waste that extra money. You lose, in addition, the four great features which made Goodyear the leading tire. Look at the facts—the records. There is no way known to build a better tire than Goodyears, measured by cost per mile. Not at ten times our price.

18 Higher Prices

We make these facts emphatic, because 18 American and Canadian makes are selling now at more than Goodyear prices.

No-Rim-Cut prices have gone down and down, to one-half former prices. We have built new factories, installed new machinery, and multiplied our output. We have reduced our profits. And we are content with small profits.

Now, with the increased capacity of Goodyear plants, no rival can compete on an equal grade of tire.

That's the reason for those higher prices. They do not mean that others have excelled us.

What Extra Prices Never Buy

No extra price can buy a tire with our No-Rim-Cut feature. That has wiped out completely the costliest item in upkeep.

No extra price tire gets the "On-Air" cure. We employ this process, at a tremendous extra cost to us, to save the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric.

No other tire, at any price, contains hundreds of large rubber rivets created to combat tread separation.

And no price buys another tire with our All-Weather tread. This anti-skid, tough and double-thick, is as flat and smooth-running as a plain tread. Yet it grasps wet roads with deep, resisting, sharp-edged grips.

All higher-priced tires lack all these features found in No-Rim-Cut tires. And they are the greatest features known in tire making.

Millions of Records

Millions of Goodyear tires have been tried out on hundreds of thousands of cars. The result is shown by Goodyear sales—the largest in the world. And there was never a time when men came to Goodyears as fast as they are coming to-day, here in Canada as well as in the United States. Don't pay a higher price for tires with lesser records.

Almost any dealer, if you ask him, will supply you Goodyear tires.



No-Rim-Cut Tires

With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited

Head Office, TORONTO

Factory, BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

Vol. XXVII

SEPTEMBER 1914

No. 11

National Affairs: Three Years of Conservative Government: By John MacCormac

SEPTEMBER 21, 1914, marks the third anniversary of the coming into power of the Government headed by Sir Robert Laird Borden. The administration has now been in office for three years and, when it is considered that the time has been short, it cannot be denied that its legislative record is creditably long. In three years the Government has accomplished the first duty of implementing the promises given to the country before election and it has initiated and carried into effect a long list of progressive measures.

In making this claim, it is necessary to draw attention to certain handicaps, besides that of brevity of time, under which the Government lab-



Hon. W. T. White, Minister of Finance, and Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister, photographed while attending a baseball game between the House of Commons and the Press Gallery.

bored. There are two salient reasons why it is not unfair to claim that what has been done has been done under conditions of exceptional difficulty and thus constitutes a far greater measure of success than might be indicated merely by what has been inscribed on the statute books.

(1) That the three years during which it was accomplished were the first years of constructive work in office after an uninterrupted fifteen-year period in Opposition.

(2) That a Conservative majority in the Commons had to contend against a Liberal majority in the Senate.

Let us consider the first of these factors. The Conservative party took office in 1911 for the first time since

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the last issue of MacLean's Magazine an article appeared on the younger men of the Liberal party who had come to the front since the last election. The accompanying article deals with the work done by the Conservative Government during the three years it has been in office. Impartiality has been aimed at in the treatment of the subject, but of a necessity matters of a controversial nature enter into any political review. A series of articles on national affairs, of which this is the second, has been arranged for and subjects of Dominion-wide import will be taken up from all standpoints in turn.



Senator Lougheed, leader of the Government in the Senate.

1896. The functions of an Opposition, whatever they should be in an ideal system of party government, are in practice to oppose. Consequently the Conservative party had to abandon criticism for construction. The party had to find itself, take stock of the situation, and formulate a policy which should meet it and yet prove sufficiently comprehensive to meet the years to come. The ship of state must be provided with sails for the favoring breezes and others for the stormy blasts of hard times. It must shake them out and trim them down before it gathers way and moves slowly and majestically out of the harbor on its four years' voyage. And all this, in the natural order of things, takes time, means haste made slowly.

Then the Liberal Senate. Constructive legislation has been introduced into and passed the Commons only to meet defeat in the Upper Chamber.

In considering the record of any party it is the usual practice to see how it measures up with that party's announced policy and its pre-election pledges. Consistency has never been considered in the science of politics to have any claim as an absolutely paramount factor in determining a party's action or the action of an individual within the party since all progress is change. But, too, all decadence is change as well and though consistency carried too far may invite the mold and canker of inertia, a little of it would, no doubt, go a long way toward winning the confidence of a public and keeping it. Party principles should wear well. Let us see, then, how the Conservative party has kept its pledges.

In 1907, Mr. R. L. Borden, then leader of the Opposition, laid down his policy which has since been generally known as the Halifax platform, but in 1911 this

was superseded by a manifesto issued during the election campaign which contained a list of pledges as follows:

The Liberal-Conservative party gives its pledge to carry out the following policy if returned to power:

(1) A thorough reorganization of the method by which the public expenditure has been supervised. The increase in what is known as ordinary controllable expenditure from \$21,500,000 in 1896 to nearly \$74,000,000 in 1911 is proof of extravagance beyond any possible defence.

(2) The granting of their natural resources to the prairie provinces.

(3) The construction of the Hudson Bay Railway and its operation by independent commission.

(4) The control and operation by the state of terminal elevators.

(5) The necessary encouragement for establishing and carrying on the chilled meat industry.

(6) The establishment of a permanent tariff commission.

(7) The granting of substantial assistance towards the improvement of our public highways.

(8) The extension of free and rural mail delivery.

(9) The extension of civil service reform.

(10) The granting of liberal assistance to the provinces for the purpose of supplementing and extending the work of agricultural education and the improvement of agriculture.

If these were to be taken up categorically and if there was put opposite each pledge the record of achievement by the Conservative party in three short years it would be found that the list stood thus:

(1) The services of Sir George H. Murray, an eminent member of the British public service, were obtained in order to have an investigation into the conditions prevailing in the civil service of Canada. A report was received from him and as a result not only has a change been made in the whole system of handling public moneys and their audit, but two civil service bills designed to readjust conditions in the service were introduced into Parliament last session and will be passed during the coming session. One establishes a system of superannuation and the other places the whole scheme of civil service salaries and divisions on a new basis.

(2) Manitoba's claims have already been met. A conference of provincial Premiers has been held in further consideration of

provincial claims generally and final settlement is delayed only by disagreement between the provinces themselves, the premiers from the maritime provinces having also asked for a readjustment of provincial subsidies.

(3) The construction of the Hudson Bay Railway has been expedited and no effort has been spared to carry the work to completion. It will be finished in the fall of 1915.

(4) A huge terminal elevator has been built at Fort William and three interior storage elevators at Saskatoon, Moose Jaw and Calgary, are either built or under contract.

(5) During the first session of the new Parliament a bill was passed to authorize the establishment of a permanent tariff commission but was defeated in the Senate.

(6) During the first two sessions after 1911 bills were passed by the House of Commons authorizing large Government grants for the encouragement of highway construction, \$1,000,000 in 1912; \$1,500,000 in 1913, but in each case the bill was defeated by the Senate.

(7) Free rural mail delivery has been widely extended every year.

(8) For the assistance of agricultural education a fund of \$10,000,000 has been set aside.

To sum up, every plank of the 1911 platform except one has either been carried out, or is in sight of fulfillment. This in itself the Government might claim to be a fairly successful record, but the short history of the twelfth Parliament has been one of initiation as well as fulfillment. Because of the existence of a politically hostile majority in the Senate important legislation, initiated in the Lower House, failed in the Upper.



Hon. Geo. H. Perley, member of Cabinet without portfolio, and now acting as High Commissioner in London.

In the list of such legislation, the naval bill stands first and was, from the standpoint of the issue involved, perhaps the most important measure with which Parliament had to deal. So much has been said and written on this subject that it scarcely requires definition.

In the summer of 1912 after becoming Prime Minister, Mr. Borden proceeded to Great Britain to consult the British Government and the Admiralty as he had promised to do when in Opposition. On December 5, 1912, he announced his policy, based on a memorandum of the naval situation which the Admiralty had drawn up. Briefly, this memorandum drew attention to the extraordinary increase of the new Germany navy, examined the situation as it would be in 1915 and 1916 when Great Britain's sea strength would not be so great on the Mediterranean and dangerously weak in overseas stations, and concluded by stating that the most effective aid that Canada could offer "should include the provision of a certain number of the largest and strongest ships of war which science can build or money can supply." Acting on this official information, Sir Robert proposed that Canada should build three large battle cruisers by contributing \$35,000,000 for this purpose. This, he emphasized, was not in any sense a permanent policy, but the immediate and effective assistance of which he had repeatedly spoken.

In amendment to this Sir Wilfrid Laurier moved that two fleet units, one on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific coast, be provided with the sum of \$35,000,000 designated and that Canada, without further delay, should enter actively upon a permanent policy of naval defence. There were other amendments but this is the one which crystallizes the

whole attitude of the Liberal party on the question.

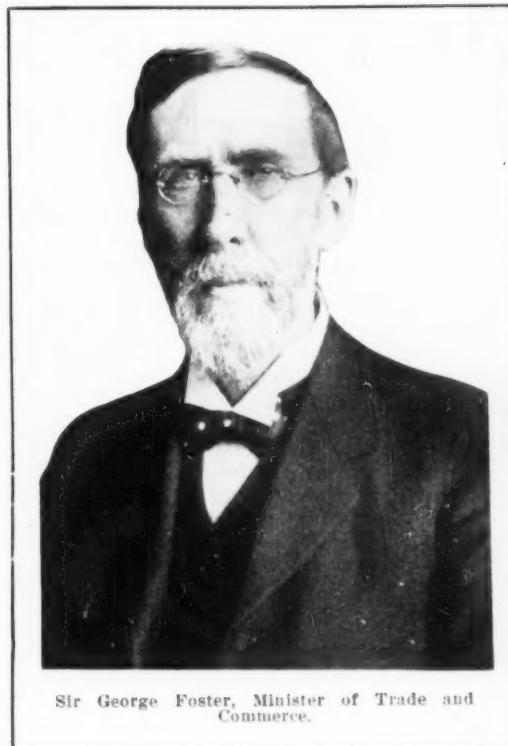
The outcome of the naval debate is a matter of history. Sir Robert Borden's resolution, after Opposition obstruction had been terminated by the introduction of what is known as the "closure," passed the House of Commons and was then rejected by the Liberal majority in the Senate.

Another measure which met a similar fate during two succeeding years was the highways bill. Sir Robert Borden had in his 1911 manifesto included "the granting of substantial assistance towards the improvement of our public highways." When returned to power he introduced a highways improvement bill in the Commons in 1912 and presented an appropriation of \$1,000,000 for this purpose, but the Senate greeted the bill with thumbs down. Again in 1913, the bill was introduced, put through the Commons and again it met short shrift in the Upper Chamber.

The appropriations were to be distributed among the several provinces, chiefly according to population, as were sums of money to be voted in succeeding years by Parliament. Amendments were moved by the Liberal party to make it obligatory in every case that such grants should be distributed on a population basis, and to eliminate a clause which empowered the Minister of Railways himself to undertake highway construction or improvement. The Government, on the other hand, maintained that in specific cases it might be advisable that one province should obtain a larger grant than another to meet conditions which might arise, such as great disasters occurring therein, though the general principle of distribution on a population basis was recognized.

Still another piece of legislation which met its fate in the Senate was the branch railway bill. This provided for the acquisition of branch lines in Quebec and the maritime provinces for the advantage of the Intercolonial Railway. It is the branch lines of a railroad which tap the resources of the country through which it runs and build up that local traffic which is its very lifeblood, and it was with a view of adding these feeders to the I.C.R. that the bill was introduced.

However, in spite of these circumstances, much has been done. A young and growing country like Canada sets some problems for its Governments before they take office. One of these is the problem of transportation and the measure of a Government's success is largely the merit of its transportation policy and the manner in which it is executed.



Sir George Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce.

The transportation policy of the Borden Government, when viewed in the co-relation of its different parts, is one of impressive magnitude. It is designed to transfer the products of the Canadian farm from the field to the wharf in Great Britain and to bring to the West in turn, the manufactures of the East.

This transportation chain commences with a scheme of interior terminal storage and transfer elevators on the prairies, and with a great Government terminal elevator under construction at Port Arthur; it continues with the completion of the National Transcontinental Railway, which will be finished this year; with the construction of the Hudson Bay Railway; the commencement of the new Welland Canal; the completion of the Trent Canal, so long a pawn in the political game; the deepening of the French River, part of the proposed Georgian Bay waterway; and the deepening of the St. Lawrence channel, for which surveys are now being made and preliminary work done.

The construction and improvement of these rail and water routes brings us to the coasts and there we find that immense harbor works are being prosecuted with great vigor. Montreal harbor is being transformed at a cost of eighteen millions; great harbor works are under way at Quebec, and a huge drydock under construction at Levis; Halifax and St. John are both being transformed into modern seaports at a cost of millions and there also drydocks are being built. Everything has been done to facilitate the transportation of Canadian products to where the waters of the Atlantic lap the eastern coast and not even here has the Government rested its labors for the work of controlling ocean freight rates has been taken up and is now under investigation.

Continued on Page 137.



Hon. Dr. Roche, Minister of the Interior.

At Five o'Clock in the Morning

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," etc.

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

FATE, in the guise of Mrs. Emory dropping a milk can on the platform under his open window, awakened Murray that morning. Had not Mrs. Emory dropped that can, he would have slumbered peacefully until his usual hour for rising—a late one, be it admitted, for of all the boarders at Sweetbriar Cottage, Murray was the most irregular in his habits.

"When a young man," Mrs. Emory was wont to remark sagely and a trifle severely, "prowls about that pond half of the night, a-chasing of things what he calls 'moonlight effecks,' it ain't to be wondered at that he's sleepy in the morning. And it ain't the convenientest thing, nuther and noways, to keep the breakfast table set till the farm folks are thinking of dinner. But them artist men are not like other people, say what you will, and allowances has to be made for them. And I must say that I likes him real well and approves of him every other way."

If Murray had slept late that morning—well, he shudders yet over that "if." But aforesaid Fate saw to it that he woke when the hour of destiny and the milk can struck and, having awakened, he found he could not go to sleep again. It suddenly occurred to him that he had never seen a sunrise on the pond. Doubtless, it would be very lovely down there in those dewy meadows at such a primitive hour; he decided to get up and see what the world looked like in the young daylight.

He scowled at a letter lying on his dressing table and thrust it into his pocket that it might be out of sight. He had written it the night before and the writing of it was going to cost him several things—a prospective million among others. So it is hardly to be wondered at if the sight of it did not reconcile him to the joys of early rising.

"Dear life and heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Emory, pausing in the act of scalding a milk-can when Murray emerged from a side door. "What on earth is the matter, Mr. Murray? You ain't sick now surely? I told you them pond fogs was p'isen after night! If you've gone and got—"

"Nothing is the matter, dear lady," interrupted Murray, "and I haven't gone and got anything except an acute attack of early rising which is not in the least likely to become chronic. But at what hour of the night do you get up, you wonderful woman? Or rather do you ever go to bed at all? Here is the sun only beginning to rise and—positively yes, you have all your cows milked."

Mrs. Emory purred with delight.

"Folks as has fourteen cows to milk has to rise betimes," she answered with proud humility. "Laws, I don't complain, I've lots of help with the milking. How Mrs. Palmer manages, I really cannot comprehend—or rather, how she has managed. I suppose she'll be all right now since her niece came last night. I saw her posting to the pond pasture ten minutes ago. She'll have to milk all them seven cows herself. But dear life and heart! Here I be palavering away and not a bite of breakfast ready for you!"

"I don't want any breakfast until the regular time for it," assured Murray. "I'm going down to the pond to see the sun rise."

"Now don't you go and get caught in the ma'sh," anxiously called Mrs. Emory, as she never failed to do when she saw him starting for the pond. Nobody ever had got caught in the marsh, but Mrs. Emory lived in a chronic state of fear lest someone should.

"And if you once got stuck in that black mud you'd be sucked right down and never seen or heard tell of again till the day of judgment, like Adam Palmer's cow," she was wont to warn her boarders.

Murray sought his favorite spot for pond dreaming—a bloomy corner of the pasture that ran down into the blue water, with a clump of leafy maples on the left. He was very glad he had risen early. A miracle was being worked before his very eyes. The world was in a flush and tremor of maiden loveliness, instinct with all the marvelous fleeting charm of girlhood and spring and young morning. Overhead, the sky was a vast, high-sprung arch of unstained crystal. Down over the sand dunes, where the pond ran out into the sea, was a great arc of primrose smitten through with auroral crimsonings. Beneath it the pond waters shimmered with a hundred fairy hues, but just before him they were clear as a flawless mirror. The fields around him glistened with dews, and a little, wandering wind, blowing lightly from



"Here is my path to Orchard Knob farmhouse. There, I presume, is yours to Sweetbriar Cottage. Good morning."

some bourn in the hills, strayed down over the slopes, bringing with it an unimaginable odor and freshness, and fluttered over the pond, leaving a little path of dancing silver ripples across the mirror-glory of the water. Birds were singing in the beech woods over on Orchard Knob Farm, answering to each other from shore to shore, until the very air was tremulous with the elfin music of this wonderful mid-summer dawn.

"I will get up at sunrise every morning of my life hereafter," exclaimed Murray rapturously, not meaning a syllable of it, but devoutly believing he did.

Just as the fiery disc of the sun peered over the sand dunes, Murray heard music that was not of the birds. It was a girl's voice, singing beyond the maples to his left, a clear, sweet voice, blithely trilling out the old-fashioned song "Five O'Clock in the Morning."

"Mrs. Palmer's niece!"

Murray sprang to his feet and tiptoed cautiously through the maples. He had heard so much from Mrs. Palmer about her niece that he felt reasonably well acquainted with her. Moreover, Mrs. Palmer had assured him that Mollie was a very pretty girl. Now, a pretty girl milking cows at sunrise in the meadow sounded well.



"I am coming over to see you this afternoon," said Murray, coolly. "I will not tell tales out of Eden."

Mrs. Palmer had not over-rated her niece's beauty. Murray said so to himself, with a little whistle of amazement as he leaned unseen on the pasture fence and looked at the girl who was milking a placid Jersey less than ten yards away from him. Murray's artistic instinct responded to the whole scene with a thrill of satisfaction.

He could see only her profile, but that was perfect, and the coloring of the oval cheek and the beautiful curve of the chin were something to adore. Her hair, ruffled into lovable little ringlets by the morning wind, was coiled in glistening, chestnut masses high on her bare head, and her arms, bare to the elbow, were as white as marble. Presently she began to sing again, and this time Murray joined in. She half rose from her milking stool and cast a startled glance at the maples. Then she dropped back again and began to milk determinedly; but Murray could have sworn that he saw a demure smile hovering about her lips. That, and the revelation of her full face, decided him. He sprang over the fence and sauntered across the intervening space of lush clover blossoms.

"Good morning, Mollie," he said, coolly. He had forgotten her other name, and it did not matter; at five o'clock in

the morning people who met in dewy clover fields disregarded the conventionalities. "Isn't it rather a large contract for you to be milking seven cows all alone? May I help you?"

Mollie looked up at him over her shoulder. She had glorious gray eyes. Her face was serene and undisturbed. "Can you milk?" she asked.

"Unlikely as it may seem, I can," said Murray. "I have never confessed it to Mrs. Emory, because I was afraid she would inveigle me into milking her fourteen cows. But I don't mind helping you. I learned to milk when I was a shaver on my vacations at a grandfatherly farm. May I have that extra pail?"

Murray captured a milking stool and rounded up another Jersey. Before sitting down he seemed struck with an idea.

"My name is Arnold Murray. I board at Sweetbriar Cottage, next farm to Orchard Knob. That makes us near neighbors."

"I suppose it does," said Mollie.

Murray mentally decided that her voice was the sweetest he had ever heard. He was glad he had arranged his cow at such an angle that he could study her profile. It was amazing that Mrs. Palmer's niece should have such a profile. It looked as if centuries of

fine breeding were responsible for it.

"What a morning!" he said enthusiastically. "It harks back to the days when earth was young. They must have had just such mornings as this in Eden."

"Do you always get up so early?" asked Mollie, practically.

"Always," said Murray without a blush. Then: "But no, that is a fib, and I cannot tell fibs to you. The truth is your tribute. I never get up early. It was fate that roused me and brought me here this morning. The morning is a miracle—and you! I might suppose you were born of the sunrise, if Mrs. Palmer hadn't told me all about you."

"What did she tell you about me?" asked Mollie, changing cows. Murray discovered that she was tall and that the big blue print apron shrouded a singularly graceful figure.

"She said you were the best-looking girl in Bruce County. I have seen very

few of the girls in Bruce County, but I know she is right."

"That compliment is not nearly so pretty as the sunrise one," said Mollie, reflectively. "Mrs. Palmer has told me things about you," she added.

"Curiosity knows no gender," hinted Murray.

"She said you were good-looking and lazy and different from other people."

"All compliments," said Murray in a gratified tone.

"Lazy?"

"Certainly. Laziness is a virtue in these strenuous days. I was not born with it, but I have painstakingly acquired it, and I am proud of my success. I have time to enjoy life."

"I think that I like you," said Mollie.

"You have the merit of being able to enter into a situation," he assured her.

When the last Jersey was milked they carried the pails down to the spring, where the creamers were sunk, and strained the milk into them. Murray washed the pails and Mollie wiped them and set them in a gleaming row on the shelf under a big maple.

"Thank you," she said.

"You are not going yet," said Murray, resolutely. "The time I saved you in milking three cows belongs to me. We will spend it in a walk along the pond shore. I will show you a path I have discovered under the beeches. It is just wide enough for two. Come."

He took her hand and drew her through the copse into a green lane, where the ferns grew thickly on either side and the pond waters splashed dreamily below them. He kept her hand in his as they went down the path, and she did not try to withdraw it. About them was the great, pure silence of the morning, faintly threaded with caressing sounds—croon of birds, gurgle of waters, sough of wind. The spirit of youth and love hovered over them and they spoke no word.

When they finally came out on a little green nook swimming in early sunshine and arched over by maples, with the wide shimmer of the pond before it and the gold dust of blossoms over the grass, the girl drew a long breath of delight.

"It is a morning left over from Eden, isn't it?" said Murray.

"Yes," said Mollie, softly.

Murray bent toward her. "You are Eve," he said. "You are the only woman

EDITOR'S NOTE.—No Canadian writer has gained a wider popularity than the author of "Anne of Green Gables." Filled with infectious humor, overflowing with human kindness and marked by unusual insight into the intricacies of mind and motive, the stories of L. M. Montgomery have won a high place in the esteem of the public. "At Five o'Clock in the Morning" is typical of the author's style—bright, witty, readable in the extreme.

in the world—for me. Adam must have told Eve just what he thought about her the first time he saw her. There were no conventionalities in Eden, and people could not have taken long to make up

Continued on Page 132.

Chief Poundmaker, who held Battleford in siege until the arrival of Otter's troops.



On the Fighting Line in

By REV. R. G. MacBETH, B.A.

Author of "The Making of Canadian West," etc. and formerly Lieutenant No. One Company, Winnipeg Light Infantry

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This series of articles on the North-West Rebellion is attracting a wide degree of interest. The author, through his actual participation in the campaign and his close personal acquaintance with the leading personages in the struggle, is in a unique position to present the facts with accuracy and from a broad viewpoint. The uprising under that picturesque firebrand, Louis Riel, marked a distinct stage in Canadian history; and on its suppression the process of weld-

two priests who tried in vain to protect the others. Fort Pitt was a well known Hudson's Bay post where Chief Factor MacLean (now in Winnipeg) was in charge for the company, and where Inspector Dickens, a son of the great novelist, was in command

of a small force of Mounted Police. When the news of Duck Lake reached Fort Pitt, Dickens, seeing that they were in danger, urged the whites at Frog Lake to come into the fort. But the Indian agent thought he could control the Indians. He was the first man they shot.

This Frog Lake massacre, we say, was the first outcome of the battle at Duck Lake, for immediately after the battle Riel began to send runners out more systematically to stir up the Indians. He wrote letters with his own hand to Chief Poundmaker near Battleford and others. Here is one of his epistles found in Poundmaker's camp:

"Praise God for the success he has given us. Capture all the police you possibly can. Preserve their arms. Take Fort Battleford but save the provisions, munitions and arms. Send a detachment to us of at least a hundred men."

In another letter he says: "Dear relatives and friends,—We advise you to pay attention. Be ready for anything. Take the Indians with you. Gather them from every side. Take all the ammunition you can, whatever storehouses it may be in.

Murmur, growl and threaten. Stir up the Indians. Render the police at Fort Pitt and Battleford powerless."

He took advantage of the ignorance and superstition of the Indians, too, by saying that an eclipse of the sun which was soon to take place was a sign from Heaven that they were to rise and assist him.

One of the main elements that frustrated Riel's efforts with the Indians was

A fragment of an old photograph rescued from the fire after the Frog Lake massacre. It is now in the possession of (Chief Factor) MacLean, who supplies the following description: "Inspector Dickens (a son of Charles Dickens, whom he resembled), is standing on the left alongside of the late Indian Agent Quinn, who was the first man shot of the nine that were massacred at Frog Lake. Only a part of Quinn is to be seen in the picture. The one standing in the middle is the late James Keith Simpson, the clerk I had in charge at Frog Lake, and who acted as my able and faithful interpreter during our captivity and imprisonment with the Indians for 63 days. The one party seen on the right of the picture is that of the late Stanley Simpson, who was drowned on the Nelson River below Norway House in his effort to save his master, Chief Factor Horace Belanger.



W. J. (Big Bear) MacLean, from a photograph taken in 1910.

THE news of the battle of Duck Lake ringing throughout Canada put an end to all uncertainty as to Riel's purpose and awakened in all the provinces a stern resolve to suppress his seditious movement with the utmost speed and thoroughness. In a famous passage of his descriptive poem, "The Lady of the Lake," Sir Walter Scott gives in his own inimitable way an account of the impending conflict between the Highland chieftain and his Saxon foeman. He tells how the Saxon not knowing who it was that was giving him conduct to Coulantogie Ford had expressed an ardent wish to meet Roderick Dhu and his warrior band. And the Highlander, granting his wish, "whistled shrill" to his concealed clansmen;

"And every tuft of broom gave life
To plaided warrior armed for strife."

Duck Lake had that kind of effect on the Dominion of Canada. From the frowning fortress of Old Quebec and the harbor of Halifax down by the sea up through the rich farming districts and populous cities of Ontario, on out to the scattered ranches at the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, hosts of armed, determined men sprang up in volunteer bands to resent the insult to their flag and to express their horror at the killing of their fellow citizens out on the snowy Saskatchewan plains. The uniform of good Queen Victoria had been fired upon and her soldiers slain, and what Edmund Burke vainly hoped for another Queen was always true in regard to our peerless sovereign, that ten thousand swords were ready to leap from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her.

And then, following hard after the Duck Lake fight and, as the outcome of it, Big Bear and his braves on the splendid Reserve of Frog Lake near Fort Pitt rose, intoxicated by the news of Riel's success, and murdered in cold-blooded massacre nine men, amongst whom were

Riel's Day:

3—THE SEQUEL OF DUCK'S LAKE

Illustrated by Old Photographs and Views

ing all parts of the Dominion into a strong and united nation began. The stirring events of '85, therefore, marked a turning point in history, and the men who answered the call of duty and fought for the unity of the Dominion rendered a service the magnitude of which was perhaps not realized at the time. In putting his recollections of the spirited war on the Western plains into printed form, Mr. MacBeth is doing a work of great historical importance.

the missionary, and Canada has never yet realized the debt we owe to the missionaries of the churches in the West at that critical period. But for the presence and commanding influence of John McKay of the Mistawasis Reserve near Duck Lake, who kept that big chief and others near Prince Albert quiet, of Father Lacombe, who influenced the great tribes of Blackfeet and Bloods of Southern Alberta, and John McDougall, who exercised restraint over the Stoney Indians of the foothill country, and others, a very different story would have to be told. For the first sequel of Duck Lake was the Frog

Lake massacre, and this was only a sample of what might have happened in many places.

Meanwhile the Canadian forces were being rushed to the scenes of the unexpected outbreak. It was well that such an experienced soldier as General Middleton was in command in Canada at the time. He had seen service in many places, notably in the Indian Mutiny where he was recommended for the Victoria Cross for special acts of bravery, though, on account of his being on the personal staff, Lord Clyde decided that he was not eligible. He was well up in years in 1885, having been in service since 1842, but he never spared himself through the North-West Campaign. He was always at the front and perhaps because he wished to keep inexperienced soldiers from anything like "stage-fright" he exposed himself to the fire of the enemy with the utmost disregard to his own safety. He used to go up to where his advance sharpshooters were under cover and coolly reconnoiter with his field glasses close to the enemy.

One day, when his fur-cap was shot off his head, he picked it up and said laughingly that someone seemed to be firing at him. His chief of staff was that brilliant young soldier, Lord Melgund, afterwards Earl of Minto. He was a great favorite on the field though few of the men realized that the handsome and dashing chief of staff was later on to become a statesman-like Governor-General of Canada and rise also to the requirements of India during a critical time. With Middleton also were aides Wise, Freer and Doucet, capital men, two of whom were wounded during the campaign.

Middleton reached Winnipeg just after Duck Lake and left the same evening for the front with the 90th Regiment of Winnipeg. This was a rifle

It was well that such an experienced soldier as General Middleton was in command. . . . He was always at the front and exposed himself to the fire of the enemy.



regiment which did gallant work in the campaign. Its commander was Colonel McKeand, whose health prevented him taking the part he would otherwise have taken, but whose soldierly qualities were unmistakable. Major Boswell, too, was a capable officer and the other major was Buchan—"Fighting Larry" as he was called—who did good work in '85 and in the Boer War in later years.

The captain of one of the companies was Hugh John MacDonald (now Sir Hugh, the able and popular police magistrate at Winnipeg). He had served under Wolseley and was a prime favorite in war as he always has been in peace.

The Winnipeg Field Battery went out and did excellent service. One of the battery officers was Capt. George Young, already referred to, the son of Rev. George Young, who had pleaded so hard with Riel in 1870 to save the life of Scott. Besides these bodies there were two regiments raised specially for the campaign in Winnipeg and Manitoba, the 91st Winnipeg Light Infantry under Col. Osborne Smith, a thorough soldier, and the 92nd under Col. Thos. Scott, who had served under Wolseley also. It was in the 91st I served, and perhaps our most picturesque figure was Sergeant-Major Lawlor, who had been nursed by Florence Nightingale, when wounded in the Crimea, and whose broad breast was decorated with medals for the Crimean, Chinese, and other wars. Our adjutant was Constantine, who later went into the Yukon with the first contingent of Mounted Police to keep order in that seething camp. These Western regiments being on the ground were, of course, the first to go with Middleton.

REINFORCEMENTS FROM THE EAST.

But up across the bleak north shores of Lake Superior were hurrying the gallant men from Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. The Canadian Pacific Railway was not yet finished. There were



Col. Grassett (now Chief of Police of Toronto), who took a prominent and courageous part. (From a photograph taken in 1885.)

great gaps where the rails were not laid and the task of crossing these in the wintry March weather was nothing short of terrific. It was the hardest work of the campaign, this, of marching through snow and slush with heavy accoutrements and then riding, wet and wearied, on freezing flat cars. Scores of men never recovered from this exposure and the heavy mortality of the few years succeeding the rebellion had its origin here and in the hardships to which the Western men were exposed at the same time on the prairie to the setting sun. Yet it is to be recorded to the credit of our men that there was never any mutinous spirit manifested. Everybody tried to do his duty.

In this connection I quote a typical case from General Strange's autobiography, "Gunner Jingo's Jubilee," of which he sent me an author's copy on publication. It speaks of our camp near the Beaver River and says: "But my infantry were dead beat from marching through rain and awful mud. The 65th (of Montreal) had tramped the soles off their boots — some were literally barefoot, others with muddy, blood-stained rags tied around their feet. An officer told me the men could march no more and wanted to know when they would be allowed to go home. I thanked the officer outwardly and rode up at once to the battalion. They certainly presented a pitiable spectacle in their tattered uniforms. The misery of their march through swamp and forest had been added to by the mosquitos and horseflies which were almost unbearable. Addressing the battalion in French, as was my habit, I said: "Mes enfants votre commandant m'a dit que vous demandez, quand vous pourriez retourner chez vous. Mais je n'ai qu'une réponse c'est celle-la de votre ancien chanson "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre on ne sait quand il reviendra."*

It had the desired effect and the weary little French-Canadians shouted: "Hurra pour le général; en avant toujours en avant."** And they stepped out to the refrain of their ancestors. I knew the 65th well, because they were brigaded with us all through the campaign and this is an actual scene. And I saw officers and men in all the regiments when we came together after it was all over who had exercised every invention to keep shoes and uniforms hanging together. So that beginning with the exposure on the railway "gaps" on the north shore and on the close of the campaign there were hardships enough apart from the fighting to prove that Canadians were made of the best kind of stuff.

PLANS WERE CHANGED.

At the outset Middleton's plan seems to have been for two main columns, one under himself to march towards Riel's camp and the other under Strange from Calgary, north to Edmonton and the Big Bear country with the expectation that

* "My children, your commander tells me you are asking when you can return to your homes. I have only one answer to give you. It is that of your old song, 'Malbrook goes away to the war, no one knows when he will return.'"

** "Hurrah for the General. Forward, ever Forward."



His chief of staff was that brilliant young soldier, Lord Melgund, afterward Earl of Minto.

these two columns would meet ultimately in the Battleford region after they had completed their work elsewhere. But the fear of an outbreak at Battleford, where Poundmaker's braves were committing depredations which drove all the people into the fort, caused a modification. And so there were three main lines of attack instead of two, Col. Otter's brigade marching from Swift Current on the line of the C.P.R. to Battleford, and the other two as already indicated. We shall follow with each in turn.

With Middleton were the 90th of Winnipeg, the Toronto Grenadiers, the Midland battalion, A. Battery, Winnipeg Battery, Boulton's Scouts, French's Scouts, and later on Dennis' Surveyors Corps; or about 720 men in all. But we must not forget to mention an arm of the service which was distinct, Capt. Howard, of the U.S. militia, who was there with his Gatling gun. "Gat" Howard, as he was affectionately called, was a prime favorite and did splendid service with his lightning-fire repeater, striking terror

into the Indians and on one occasion saving a battery gun from capture by the enemy, Howard, wheeling his Gatling gun up in the nick of time and starting a hail of bullets that swept the redskins back into the ravine. Howard, it will be remembered, went to the Boer War with our men and was killed there.

THE BATTLE OF FISH CREEK.

Middleton, on the way to Batoche, was attacked by the enemy at Fish Creek where a sudden fire from concealed marksmen emptied several saddles in Boulton's Scout Corps, who were riding in advance with the general. The main body of our men came up quickly and there was a hot engagement which may reasonably be described as a drawn battle, though Middleton held his ground with some regrettable losses in killed and wounded. Fighting at a great disadvantage where the enemy knew the ground and had the shelter of ravine and rifle pits, our soldiers behaved with the greatest coolness and gallantry. The enemy retired to Batoche for their final stand and Middleton pressed on.

There was desultory skirmishing for a few days with retiring to the camp at night, and every evening as they retired the enemy followed, having the advantage of the sunset light which prevented our men seeing them in the face of it. One evening a fellow-student of mine, Dick Hardisty, who had returned from the Gordon relief expedition up the Nile just in time to catch the train at Winnipeg and go west with the 90th, was shot in the forehead and killed as he was swinging round to face the enemy.

The men were getting impatient at this sort of thing but Middleton had already lost heavily and all along he said that he was more anxious to save the citizen soldiers who had homes and families to provide for than he would have been with regulars whose business was war. He, doubtless, felt that a rush on Batoche might lead to a heavier loss of life than a game of siege but some of the men, like Colonel Williams and others, practically made up their minds that they were going to make the rush at the first opportunity. And so they did, Middleton not being present when the rush started. But on hearing the cheer he mounted his horse and, rallying the whole line, was in at the death.

Gabriel Dumont, experienced plainsman that he was, escaped and crossed the boundary line for a few months whence he returned and settled unmolested on his farm where he died about eight years ago.

THE CAPTURE OF RIEL.

Riel was found in a clump of bushes not far away by a native scout, Tom Hourie, son of the famous old interpreter, Peter Hourie. The rebel chief was taken to Middleton's tent whence he was sent under escort to Regina jail. I saw Tom Hourie about two weeks later, out north of Edmonton. He was a giant in stature and doubtless was pleased with the attention paid him for his finding the rebel

Continued on Page 134.



Colonel Williams, who was prominent at Batoche.

Twisting Trails: By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Author of "The Print of the French Heel"

Second Instalment of New Serial Story

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

WHERE did this come from, then?"

"I am sure I don't know. I never saw it before."

The Indian woman came to the door, saw the bundle, and broke into a volley of Ojibway. The woodsman replied in the same tongue and then threw the bundle at her.

"The old lady's kicking up a row because she thinks I'm going to throw her out and have you for my woman," he said, as he sat down on the log beside Rea.

His manner had changed, and in his half drunken, awkward attempt at coquetry the girl saw her first real danger.

"Why don't you tell her it's not true," she said, for she felt that the enmity of the woman, becoming more bitter as time went on, might prove a greater peril than even this new attitude on the part of the man.

"Aw, she won't believe it. Don't know why you're here if it ain't to be my woman. She'll probably carry on this way long's you stay."

Rea was silent.

"She ain't my wife, you know," the woodsman went on. "Leastways, I never married her. I can kick her out any time."

Evidently he had been drinking ever since breakfast. He leaned toward Rea. She drew back and was about to rise when the Indian woman rushed from the cabin.

It seemed to the startled girl that the squaw used every word in her meagre language, in her denunciation. Wrath shone in her eyes, was seen in every feature, in every gesture. Rea turned anxiously to the woodsman.

Bleary-eyed, the man looked up as though amazed to see the squaw before him. For a moment he did not move. Then, his drunken anger aroused, he lurched to his feet and struck her heavily in the face.

The squaw did not wilt and fall forward on to her face as does a boxer who has been knocked out. The force of the powerful blow carried her backward and she fell, her head striking a log used as a chopping block.

Rea's desire to run was overcome by a terror which surprised her as greatly as it held her motionless. The woodsman, his anger gone, turned with a grin and sat down on the log. The girl, revolted by his drunken smile, looked at his victim. A stream of blood ran down

the side of the log and from under the squaw's shoulder. She hurried forward and lifted the black head. Underneath was a pool of blood. Stuck in the end of the log, one side of the bit uppermost, was an axe. The bit was covered with blood.

Rea turned the woman's head over and felt with fearful fingers under the thick, coarse hair. The look of anxiety on her face gave way to one of horror. With a bloody hand, she felt of the woman's wrist.

"She'll come 'round," said the woodsman. "Let her lie."

Rea did not answer. She thrust a hand inside the squaw's dress and placed it over her heart. For a moment she remained motionless. The woodsman was silent as he saw the grim horror in her eyes.

"She won't come 'round," Rea said slowly. "She is dead."

"Dead!"

The man's intoxication vanished as quickly as had his fury after striking the woman. He bent forward and felt of her breast. Then he turned her head over, saw the blood and the axe.

"That's your doings!" he screamed, looking up at Rea. "Hadn't been for you this never'd happened."

He rose to his feet and, as he did so, his hand fell on the handle of the blood-stained axe. For a moment he looked wildly at the girl. In his eyes she saw the fear of the slayer, the fear of the man who is covering his tracks.

"Drop that axe!" she said, sharply. "What would your life be worth, Pete Milford, if you killed the daughter of E. G. Sumner?"

Milford dropped the axe and stepped back. He thought of the actions of this

young woman he had brought from the portage trail, her lack of fear, her composure, her absence of tears. What did she know? Who was she? How did she know his name?

As he stared, bewildered, Rea turned and walked slowly toward the beach.

CHAPTER V.

REA continued on down the shore to the south end of the island on which she was held prisoner. At noon she returned to find the cabin empty. The squaw's body had disappeared from the woodpile. After warming up the remains of the breakfast and boiling some tea, she satisfied her hunger and again sought the lake shore.

Her thoughts now turned to escape. Milford could not have left the island. She might be watched. In any event, she should wait until he began drinking again. She walked on to the canoe in which Milford had brought her to the island. It was floating in the water at the end of the beach.

Rea did not stop as she walked past it, for she did not wish to arouse suspicion if Milford were watching. But she saw that she would have difficulty in getting the craft. It was attached to a thick root of a pine by a heavy chain and padlock.

The canoe the squaw had told her of, across the island by the little trail, occurred to her, and she turned toward the cabin and found the path. But this canoe, too, was securely locked. It had been taken into the brush and chained to a tree.

Rea turned northward along the shore to learn how large an island she was on and, scrambling over rocks and through brush, came at last to the end.

A circle of pines shaded a large, flat rock which lay at the water's edge beside a small strip of sand beach. Far out across the lake lay the mainland. Other islands were to be seen near the north shore some distance away. Throughout the long afternoon she watched for a passing canoe, for some sign of the presence of a human being.

At supper time she returned to the cabin to find it still empty. She prepared her meal and went to her room, taking with her a rifle that hung on the wall.

The next morning she heard Milford moving about. After he had left the cabin,

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT.

Sumner is the owner of the Whisky Jack mine. Heatley, a mining expert with his family, is making a trip through the mine district and is to send Sumner a report as to the mine's value. Upon this report depends Sumner's whole financial stability. Sumner's daughter, Helen, accompanies the Heatleys, and a chance traveling acquaintance whom they meet, a Miss Rea Straine, also makes one of their party for the journey into the interior. She is mistaken for Helen and kidnapped by Milford, a woodsman, at the instigation of Mark Fowler, whom Sumner had appointed manager of the mine, and who turns out to be of bad reputation.

Sumner receives a wire from Heatley saying Helen has disappeared. He concludes this is Fowler's work who for some reason wishes to prevent Heatley sending a report on the mine, and he wires James Stover, a friend, to search for Helen.

At the opening of the present chapter we find Rea Straine, who is by no means perturbed at her position, in conversation with Milford, whom she informs she has no intention of attempting to escape.

she dressed and found a breakfast being kept warm for her in the oven. Two empty whisky bottles on the table confirmed her suspicions as to Milford's whereabouts the previous day.

After breakfast the girl again walked to the beach to look at the canoe. If she were sure Milford were not watching, she might attempt to break the chain and lock with the axe. But she did not dare risk that until she was sure he was out of the way. She turned on down the shore and found fresh tracks in the soft sand, leading to and from the end of the beach. She followed them aimlessly until she came to a place where the wet, coarse sand dug from beneath the finer, drier particles on the surface had been heaped and scraped in a low, narrow mound. At first the girl did not realize what it meant. Then she turned quickly away and went to the cabin.

After noon, when Milford had not appeared, Rea went to the north end of the island, to the broad flat rock. For a long time she sat there, looking out over the water, listening to the cries of a loon, watching the successful efforts of a kingfisher.

At four o'clock, her eyes, weary from the bright light on the water, she shaded them with her hands and lay back against a boulder.

"I beg your pardon," she heard a voice say at her feet.

She looked down, startled, to see a young man, dressed in khaki, high-laced shoes and a felt hat, sitting in a canoe beside the rock.

"I spoke for fear I would frighten you if you wakened suddenly," he stammered. "I was just paddling past, you know."

"You didn't frighten me," she answered, calmly.

"Guess, I was more startled myself," remarked the young stranger. "Paddling along through this country where you're

sure there isn't a living soul for miles around—and then to see a young lady—well, it's rather apt to make a fellow think he's dreaming it."

"I'm sorry if my presence here startled you," said Rea, with a smile. "I suppose my being here is quite as mysterious to you as your presence is to me."

"I'm over at the mine, you know," said the stranger, catching his paddle on the rock to keep the canoe from floating past.

"You mean the —?"

"Whisky Jack. Sumner's mine. It's only eight miles beyond. I do the assaying there," he added a little boastfully.

He was very young, the girl thought, and, as she noted the youth, enthusiasm and innocence in his face, she gradually became more cordial in her manner.

"Won't you stop for a while and tell me about it?" she asked. "I never saw a mine, never heard much about one, except that it is a place where they get gold out of the ground."

He turned the canoe to the strip of sand and then scrambled quickly to the rock beside her.

"I'd love to tell you," he cried. "I'm crazy about mining myself. This is my first try at it, I was just out of college in June and this is my first job. But I like it more than I ever thought I would."

"You feel that you are really doing something, after all the years in school, I suppose."

"That's it. Doing something that counts. Being with big men who are doing big things. It's great. It makes you want to do the big things yourself, pushes you on, you know."

"Are you with big men up here?"

"Sure. E. G. Sumner owns the mine, or about all of the stock. And Mark Fowler is superintendent. I've learned a lot from him. Not so much about mining but about business methods. He's a

wonder. I think I'm mighty lucky to get in with him and to get on as well as I have. He takes a lot of interest in me and has me over at his cabin nights. He's more like a father than a boss."

"Is he an old man?"

"Only about forty-five."

"Where was he before he took charge here?"

"Out West, I think, and in Cobalt, though he doesn't talk much about what he's done. He's not that sort, the kind that talks. He goes ahead and does things."

"It's splendid that you have the confidence of such a man at the beginning of your career."

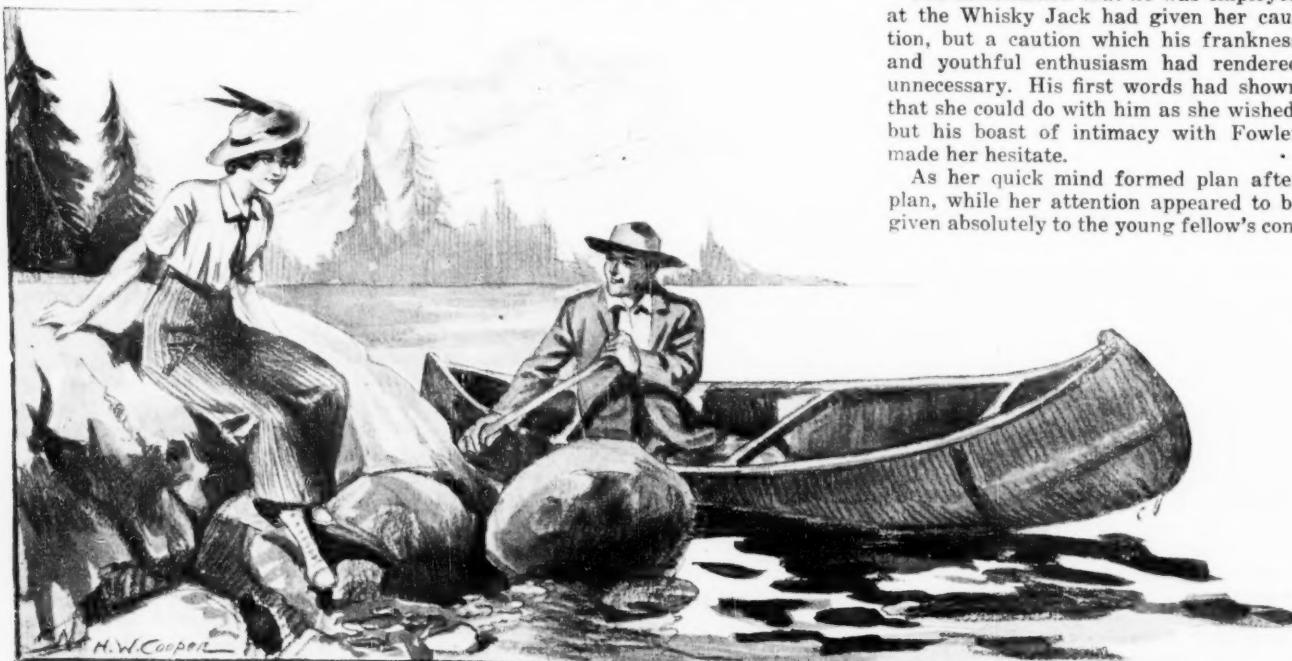
"I am lucky to have him trust me as he does. He has me do a lot of things that he wouldn't trust to anyone else."

Rea experienced a slight feeling of shame. It was like reading a book in which the leaves had not been cut. She had only to insert a delicate knife and the pages lay open before her. But the story was too important for her to stop because of conscience. She had long been in the habit of using any circumstance, person or fact that came her way, shaping it to her own ends or using it as a stone upon which she might climb higher to look over a wall.

Her first thought, when she saw the youth in the canoe, had been of escape. It was not her nature to rush too quickly into anything, however, no matter how quickly she might be able to make decisions in an emergency. She did not at once throw herself upon the young man's mercy because she knew there was no hurry. Milford was still drunk somewhere on the island, probably near the south end, nearly a mile away. The young man could take her away, even if Milford did turn up. But first she had to learn who he was and where he was going.

The information that he was employed at the Whisky Jack had given her caution, but a caution which his frankness and youthful enthusiasm had rendered unnecessary. His first words had shown that she could do with him as she wished, but his boast of intimacy with Fowler made her hesitate.

As her quick mind formed plan after plan, while her attention appeared to be given absolutely to the young fellow's con-



She looked down, startled, to see a young man dressed in khaki, high-laced shoes and a felt hat, sitting in a canoe beside the rock.

fidences, a thought suddenly struck her. He was paddling north. The Whisky Jack lay in that direction. Where had he been? If he came from the south, did he not come from Vermilion? And, if he had come from Vermilion, had there been no effort by Heatley to find her when she did not appear at their camp that night?

"You are on your way to the mine now?" she asked when the opportunity came.

"Yes, I would have reached there by supper time, but I'll be a little late now."

"Then you are coming from Vermilion?"

"Well, no, not exactly. You won't tell anyone but, you see, I am on a sort of secret mission."

"How exciting!"

"Not exactly exciting," he replied as though adventures were of daily occurrence and this affair of slight importance. "I just had to paddle down to MacArthur Lake and then turn west until I struck the railroad at a station where trains pass. I left there this morning."

"That wasn't exciting, was it?"

"No, but it was an important mission and I was the only one at the mine that Fowler could trust to make the trip."

"But what on earth could you have done, just paddling to a way station and back?"

"Oh, I did it once before, about a month ago. You see, Hank Rothwell, our mail carrier, is not exactly the sort that can be depended upon. We haven't fastened anything on him but Mr. Fowler says he has reason to believe that Hank has stopped a letter or two. Mr. Fowler even went so far as to say that he believed Hank belonged to a gang of criminals he had heard about in Cobalt and that he had come to the Whisky Jack in the interests of the gang."

"Well, Mr. Fowler had some important papers coming, something to do with a mine in Cobalt that he is interested in and he didn't want Hank to have a chance to get them. Of course, if they came in the regular mail, Hank would see them. So Fowler had a friend take them through on the passenger and I met the passenger at the way station and brought them out. That's what I'm doing this time. The package is in that little leather case strapped to the thwart. Then, if I get drowned, they can be found anyhow. That was Mr. Fowler's idea."

Rea was thoughtful for a moment.

Then she changed the subject suddenly.

"Do you know that I am glad you took this important trip just at this time? It happens that I am lost up here in the wilderness and you have come along just in time to save me."

"Lost!" cried the young assayer. "Why didn't you tell me before? It is lucky that

million. Here was a girl of the type he had danced with when at college. Then he had been a student. Now he was a man of the world, actively engaged in the world's work, big enough and old enough to be a protector of women, not a playmate.

Rea had seen all this when she had looked up to find him in the canoe beside her on the island. Now she allowed him to talk on as he paddled, a question or two keeping the conversation where she wished.

After two miles she turned to see that they were passing an island.

"What a pretty place!" she exclaimed.

Her surprise would never have led anyone to believe that she had seen the island as she lay on the rock. Frequent glances had kept her informed that they were approaching it.

"What a beautiful place to camp!" she went on. "It makes me hungry just to look at it."

"Hungry? By jove, you must be hungry. What a simpleton I have been. You said you were lost yesterday and here it is more than twenty-four hours since you have eaten."

He vented his indignation at his own thoughtfulness upon the paddle and swirled the canoe sharply toward the island.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said.

"Don't be," she replied. "Perhaps I'm so hungry I had become used to it. And I didn't know whether you had any food with you."

He nodded to the big pack between them.

"There's a lot in that, enough to last a man a week. I wouldn't take even a short trip up here without plenty to eat. You never know what will happen."

They landed on a sharp point of rock and he carried the pack to the top, more than one hundred feet from the water, before they found a level spot for a campfire and their supper.

"It is lovely here," said the girl. "You be the cook and I'll go down and get some water."

She went back to the canoe, turning several times to see that, as she expected, the craft was out of sight of the camping spot. Once at the canoe, she quickly floated it and led it past the point and into a cove. There she found a place where the water had worn away the rock, leaving a long, narrow ledge two feet above the surface. Under this she pushed the craft



Suddenly, in the midst of a harangue, his head fell forward onto the table and his sentence ended in a heavy snore. "Will you do me a favor?" asked Rea, springing to her feet and hurrying to the geologist.

I happened along. There isn't a soul living on this lake, none nearer than the mine and that's eight miles from here. You would have starved to death."

He looked at her in amazement.

"But how did you get on to this island?"

"My canoe drifted away. I had been looking for a way out of this lake and landed here this morning. I was tired, and I didn't pull the canoe up very far, I guess, and the wind blew it off the sand beach."

"You certainly are cool about it," he exclaimed in frank amazement and admiration. "Come and we'll start for the mine. To-morrow I can take you wherever you wish. Were you with a party?"

"Yes, several of us were on a canoeing trip and I paddled off last night at sunset and couldn't find my way back."

The assayer held his canoe and Rea stepped in. She took her place in the bow, but she did not paddle.

"You won't mind," she said. "I'm so tired and I'm not accustomed to it."

It was not so much a deception as a display of wisdom. When a young man wants to do something for a pretty girl, he wants to do it in the best possible manner. Tommie Loblaw thought highly of his ability with a paddle and, though he had traveled twenty miles that day, he pushed the canoe rapidly northward. Since he had left college to accept the position of assayer at the Whisky Jack, he had not seen a white woman except the few stolid, middle-aged wives of Ver-

and fastened it. Then, filling the kettle with water, she hurried back to the campfire.

Loblaw was not an expert cook, and Rea gaily helped in the preparations. The gaiety continued through the meal and was not ended until the youth, running to the lake for a kettle of water with which to wash the dishes, shouted back:

"The canoe is gone! We're stranded!"

The terror in his face was reflected in that of the girl as she ran to join him.

"What will we do?"

"Wait until we're found, I'm afraid," he said. "Luckily we have plenty of grub and you can have my blanket."

"Why not look for the canoe?" asked Rea. "Perhaps it has not gone far. It may have caught on the shore. Run to the other end of the island and see. The wind is that way."

He did not move. His face went white, and she saw his hands tremble.

"Mr. Fowler's papers!" he cried. "They were lashed to the thwart."

"Then hurry!" she exclaimed, and pushed him toward the brush.

He ran up the slope and out of sight. Immediately Rea turned to where she had hidden the canoe. Pulling it from under the ledge, she stepped in, knelt in the center and was off. In five minutes she was far out from shore.

Paddling steadily in the direction from which they had come, she did not turn when she heard his cries behind her. He called again and again, but she kept her course toward the island on which Milford lived.

CHAPTER VI.

MILFORD, sitting with his back against a giant white pine at the south end of the island, rubbed his half-open eyes and looked down the lake. A mile away he thought that he saw a canoe. In five minutes he was certain that he did.

"Fowler said keep girl hid," he muttered as he scrambled to his feet.

He hurried to the cabin as fast as his condition would permit but it was empty. He called several times, but there was no answer.

"Fowler said keep her hid," he muttered again and began a circle of the island, starting northward.

But he found no sign of her and started back along the west side. Near the south end he heard someone and hurried forward through the brush. Bursting out, he came upon the shore. Immediately in front of him was a man, who, a small hammer in one hand, was tapping away at the hard granite. In the water below him was a canoe, a man sitting in the stern.

The man on shore, intent on his hammering, did not look up.

"What you doing here?" demanded the woodsman.

The rock-tapper carefully finished extracting a piece of stone. Then he glanced up.

"How do you do?" he said in a pre-occupied manner. "Pleasant weather we're having."

"What you doing on my island?" demanded Milford, angrily.

"Geological survey," quietly answered the man, continuing his tapping in another place. "Here, George, put this in the canoe. It's a splendid specimen," and he tossed a piece of rock to his canoe-man.

"Government?" asked Milford.

"Certainly," answered the geologist, walking farther away and beginning to break off rock in another place.

Milford sat down and watched him in silence. For the first time he became aware of the fact that he had carried a bottle in his hand throughout his search of the island. He lifted it to his mouth. Then, remembering the demands of hospitality, he scrambled down to the geologist.

"Have a drink?"

"No, thanks, I never touch it," and the geologist continued his hammering.

Milford turned to the canoe-man, extending the bottle. This time his hospitality was not refused, for George quickly pushed the canoe nearer shore and reached out a hand.

"Me-gwetch," he said, after a long pull.

Milford took a drink and sat down with this more congenial company.

"Workin' for Government?" he asked thickly.

"Yes."

"Been 'round here long?"

"Just started out."

"See some city tourists comin' out?"

"No."

"Not a man and some women and guides?"

"No."

The geologist had ceased tapping with his hammer and was examining a bit of rock with a pocket microscope.

"Heard there was such a bunch camping near here," Milford went on. "Thought you might of seen 'em. Have another drink."

The canoe-man drank and Milford, bottle in hand, went on down the shore.

"Paddle on, George," said the geologist. "I'll keep to the island."

He walked on rapidly, his attention confined, not to rocks, but to strips of sand along the shore. Not until reaching the north end of the island did he stop. There, in a bit of sand beside a level rock, were marks where a canoe had been landed. Beside it were the prints of small shoes and of a larger pair. He looked at the impressions in the wet sand carefully and then, with a sweep of his foot, obliterated them.

"We'll paddle over to that point on the mainland and make camp," he told the canoe-man as he took his place in the bow.

"Bum rocks there," commented George, as they shoved off.

"Fair," said the geologist. "A puzzling formation."

George plunged at once into the work of camp-making, while the geologist went to the point of rock near which they had landed and looked out over the lake. When George called him to supper he took his plate and sat facing the water. After he had finished eating he returned to the point.

While he watched the big island before him and the lake to the north and south,

without missing even the splash of a leaping fish, he was also thinking and, from the perplexity evident in his expression, he was thinking with little result. Just after sunset, when the shadows began to deepen along the western shore, he started and looked northward. He strained his eyes for a moment and then settled back against the rock. At last he looked closely again and was sure he saw a canoe slowly moving toward the island. After nearly half an hour he saw it land at the northern end.

"Let's go call on your friend," he said to George, as he hurried back to camp.

George remembered the bottle and lifted the canoe into the water at once. In ten minutes they had landed on the east side of the island and took the trail to Milford's cabin. The dogs were running rabbits far down the island and they were not heard as they approached the front door.

"Where you been?" the geologist heard Milford demand.

"Walking about the island," a girl's voice replied.

"Seen anyone?" questioned the woodsman suspiciously.

"Not a soul. This is surely a deserted place."

"You stay in the cabin to-morrow, you hear?" Milford went on gruffly.

There was no reply from the girl, and the geologist, without knocking, pushed open the door.

He saw, standing by the table, a young woman whose beauty was more evident because of her surroundings but not detracted from by her alertness and self-possession.

"I beg—" the geologist began, when Milford angrily demanded as he stepped forward:

"What you want now?"

He walked threateningly around the table.

The girl noted that the stranger did not give ground before the woodsman but she wondered, as he spoke, and as she saw his air of preoccupation, if it were fearlessness or an absent-minded ignorance of possible danger.

"Just dropped over to call, you know," replied the geologist.

If Milford intended violence, he stopped as he saw George step into the door. Instead, he growled inarticulately and returned to his chair.

"Good evening," said the geologist to the girl. "I hope I have not intruded. I am—"

"Have a drink," broke in Milford, thrusting his bottle forward.

"No, thank you," replied the geologist, "I never touch it."

"Drink or get out," commanded Milford. "A man that don't drink's got no business in the bush, and no business here. Drink."

"But, really, you know—" began the other.

"Take drink for drink with me or get out," Milford screamed.

"Well," said the young man, reaching for the bottle, "since you put it that way, and since the company here is so pleasant, I'll drink with you, drink for drink."

Continued on Page 135.

Striking a New Note in Art



"Rye"—one of Crowley's most fantastic conceptions.

HERBERT EDMUND CROWLEY is a new force in art. The appeal of his work is due not only to the skill and dexterity of the craftsman, but more especially to the mentality behind it.

As an artist Mr. Crowley has serious views. To him art as a means of expression is too precious to be spent in the rendering of mere transient emotions or mental impressions of places or things. Art should be kept for more important purposes. It is something to be worked out during weeks and even months of thought and endeavor — something into which the artist must put his whole heart and soul. It is more than mere skill of hand and eye, facility with pen or brush. Drawing to him is a language; and clouds, trees, flowers, birds and figures are but the symbols of ideas, each playing its part and contributing to the development of the intellectual idea of the artist.

In his work he has violated a precious principle in art, for he is a moralist, and every picture tells a story, preaches a sermon, points a moral or conveys a lesson. These pictures are marvels of ingenuity in conception and in drawing, and are as remarkable for their ethical as for their artistic qualities.

Herbert Crowley is an Englishman by birth, having been born in Eltham, Kent County, England, just forty years ago, but he has made his home in America, for some years in Toronto, but latterly in New York state. He has no particular artistic ancestry but from early childhood he had a faculty for drawing, and he used to delight in covering slates, book margins, envelopes, and indeed anything he

By E. J. HATHAWAY

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is an age of rapid developments in art. The Cubists, Futurists, Post-Impressionists, Ultimists, etc., ad infinitum, have flashed on the horizon of art within the last few years. New schools are formed so often that those who wish to keep in touch with the march of progress must needs be nimble-minded. Herbert Edmund Crowley, an artist who received most of his training in Toronto, is the pioneer of a distinctly new school—one that promises to wield a wide influence. Working with black and white with rare power of grotesquery, he is putting moral lessons on his canvas.

could lay his hands on, with caricatures and drawings of gargoyles, grotesque figures and weird looking animals, the products of a vivid and remarkably active mind.

His early efforts at drawing, however, did not receive the encouragement and training which one with his natural aptitude should have received; but as he at an early age showed splendid gifts of vocal expression he was given every opportunity for study and training as a singer. He studied in London and in Paris, and in the later nineties came to America, where under Mr. Edward Haslam in Toronto, he gained some reputation in recital work. Subsequently he opened a studio in New York for the teaching of singing. An extreme nervousness and timidity towards platform work, however, ultimately caused him to abandon music as a career and he turned with delight to drawing as a means of expression for the artist that was within him and as an outlet for the creative spirit.

With the exception of a few intermittent weeks at the Julien Academy in Paris where he went for practice in figure drawing, he has had no actual art instruction. This is notable in view of his extraordinary skill as a draftsman, the strength and freedom of his drawing, the exquisite charm of his decorative sense, and his inventiveness and dexterity.

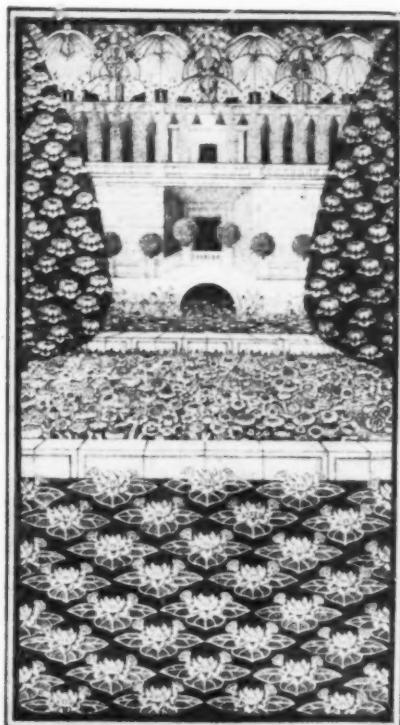
His work is altogether in black and white and he obtains the most unusual effects by the use of line and stipple, and the ingenious employment of detail. He has the musician's affinity for repetition of forms and rhythms. He uses trees, flowers, foliage and clouds in endless iteration for the development of his idea or for the embellishment of his design. He employs the conventional form almost entirely. His drawings are formal, almost architectural, in construction, but strikingly interesting, and each detail of the picture makes its appeal to the imagination by reason of its symbolism and suggestion.

Beardsley, of whom Mr. Crowley's work is strongly reminiscent, resented the charge of symbolism, the accessories in his pictures being purely decorative. His pictures required no literary description. Herbert Crowley's pictures, on the other hand, are full of symbolism. They are each designed to convey some spiritual

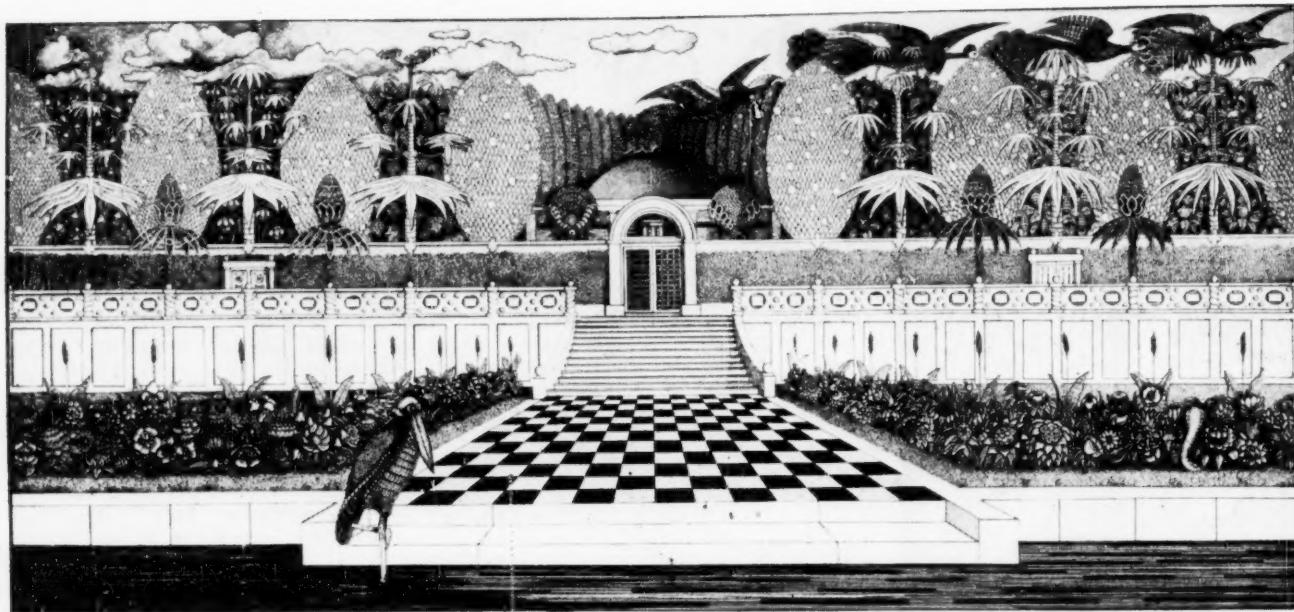
message, and every part of the design, structural or decorative, obvious or allegorical, has some place or part in the presentation of this message.

In 1906 several of his drawings were hung in the Salon, and he has shown them at several important exhibitions in New York City and elsewhere. His work from year to year shows steady development and progress. If he errs at all it is in the direction of over-elaboration of detail. He is no shirker. He does not scamp his work. He recognizes no line of least resistance. Each drawing is, if anything, more wonderful in conception, more original in development, more difficult in execution, than the last.

In the "Temples of Mysteries" Mr. Crowley symbolizes the mysterious laws of life, and change, and growth. The conventionality of the architecture and the formality of the design suggest the absolute rule of order behind all nature.



"The Temple of Silence," by Herbert Edmund Crowley.



"The Temple of Mysteries," by Herbert Edmund Crowley. It symbolizes the mysterious laws of life and change and growth.

Above are the gathering clouds and the flying birds carrying the message for the change of season, while over the entire scene is a delicate gradation of color-tone affecting every leaf and flower, denoting the slowness of that mysterious change in nature. The road of life is one continual mystery. After the first step—the infant years—are the days of childhood and youth. Life at this time is full of beauty and joyousness, but the way is uncertain and footsteps falter as of those walking on a tesselated pavement. The evil influences of the serpent among the flowers by the roadside are counteracted by the bird of wisdom. With advancing years come growth and progress, and the steps of life lead upward and forward. What lies beyond the portals leading to the future, however, is also mystery, for the doors open inward and none return to tell what it is like. Trees, flowers and birds are all treated conventionally, yet they are living, growing things, beautiful in detail and worthy of study because of their decorative quality.

The "Temple of Silence," has much the same architectural appeal combined with decorative beauty. None of the forms used in the drawing are found in nature, yet each leaf and flower is perfect and suggests rather than depicts the growing trees or shrubs. Even his architecture is impracticable. It is unlike anything ever built by human hands; and his erections must be judged as they were conceived, without regard to utilitarian use, and as an expression of an artistic idea. In this picture the artist leads us to the temple of the human soul. We can look upon it but not within it: we see the entrance but cannot penetrate its mysteries.

"Scandal" is a highly decorative panel design in three sections. The upper and lower parts indicate the mixed conditions of life—good and evil, roses and thorns, purity and hypocrisy, beautiful flowers and poisonous serpents. The gross-looking figure in the middle section personifies the loathsome vice, which gives title to the picture. The creature is bestial in

every detail, yet the general structure of the figure is human. The tree of life is encircled by a venomous serpent, but behind a tracery of thistles stands the cross of Christ, the emblem of safety and security against evil.

The drawing entitled "Rye," represents a hairy creature in human form holding up a sheaf of grain before the sun in the attitude of homage. The grain which has been given to man for his sustenance has been perverted to base uses by distillation

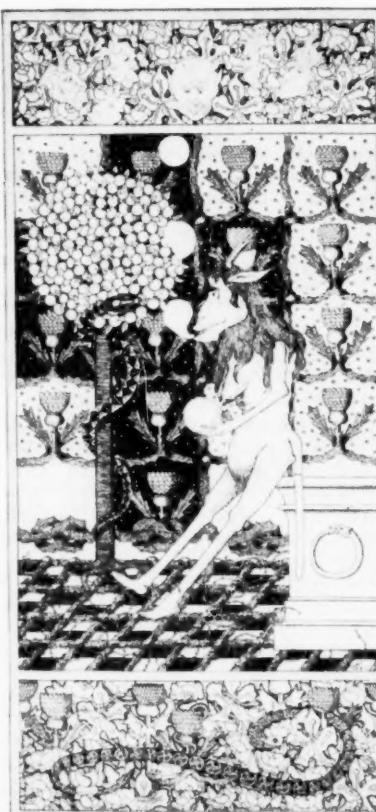
into intoxicating liquor; and while this hideous creature, once a man but now a beast, is paying his tribute to the light, he is surrounded by all the horrible apparitions of a disordered brain.

In these and other drawings Herbert Crowley has shown himself a master of his art. His craftsmanship expresses emotionally what he desires to say. He dramatizes moral issues as has no artist of our time. "Let us look upon sin quietly and see it," he says. "We cannot stamp out a thing until we admit its existence." He visualizes sin and vice as one who is burdened with a responsibility. He strives to reveal its hideousness in mental pictures in order that the world may understand.

In work like this there is obviously no effort to make art "pay." Each of these pictures represents months of hard and unremitting labor. His is an almost fastidious technique, and his pictures seem to be wrought rather than drawn. But in the accomplishment of his design, in the portrayal of his intellectual conception, he has the true craftsman's joy—the satisfaction in work well done. "I know what pleasure is," said Stevenson, "for I have done good work."

THE DEEPEST WELLS IN THE WORLD.

At Czuchow, in the coal field of Upper Silesia, is the deepest well in the world. It has reached a depth of over 7,348 ft., a trifle under a mile and a half below the surface. America has three wells ranking next in order. That near McDonald, Pa., some ten miles south-east of Pittsburg, is 6,860 ft. deep; one in Putnam Heights, Conn., is 6,004 ft. deep, and one now being bored at Derrick City, Pa., has reached the depth of 5,820 ft. Although each of these wells is over a mile in depth, little that is new in geologic formation has been learned from the borings, as owing to the dip of the strata, many comparatively shallow wells have touched the underlying rock beds of very old formations.



"Scandal"—a highly decorative panel design.

The Things That Count:

By ALAN SULLIVAN
Illustrated by GEORGE H. FLATER

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

LAMONT made no remonstrance when she told him; then vanished to his laboratory. Later, pursued by a myriad of small voices, she followed him to say good-by. It was a year since she had ascended these narrow stairs. At the door she hesitated. It seemed she was about to break in on that which had robbed her own life of light. Above, the wind sang through a maze of thread-like wires that pulsated in a high, thin monotone. She wondered what mysterious communion her husband was holding and with what viewless correspondent.

Her knock unanswered, she opened the door and looked from the threshold. Lamont, hands pressed on a table was leaning over some electrical machine, staring at it with intense preoccupation. His face was pale, his eyes brilliant with excitement. He appeared, in that stare, to resolve himself into some supremely high-strung intelligent creation of terrific intensity. He was sublimely unconscious to everything save this glittering mechanism with its delicate skeleton of glass and metal. Around him on shelves, tables and floor was a mechanical medley of strange devices, whose intricate disorder suggested months of toil discarded in an instant of unprofitable recognition—the cast-off products of a frenzy of invention. With eyes that wandered from this chaos to Lamont's rigid figure with its concentrated stare, Mary wondered again why he had not for an occasional human moment been able to step outside these inflexible boundaries.

Suddenly with a quick in-drawing of breath his hand went out to a lever that projected beside this latest creation. His fingers, poised for a moment, trembled. Mary yielded to a wave of conviction that here and now was the ultimate testing of the brain of John Lamont. For a fraction of time her own pain was drowned in the vision of this man whose powers seemed gathered up in one final terrific assault on the unknown. She sensed a sudden dread of the reaction that must follow if this intellectual sortie be repulsed.

Lamont's hand slowly steadied. The intensity died in his eyes to be replaced by a mystic remoteness in which he seemed to commune with and summon some far distant influence to animate this insensate shining thing. For an instant he was not of earth. Then his fingers closed on the lever and he straightened his arm with a quick convulsive thrust.

Came a clash of metal, a hiss and a spurt of blue flame. Then from the floor beneath the table rose the soft purr of an electric motor. It hesitated once, slowed and almost stopped. Lamont stood rigid with a sudden flood of blood in his pale

cheeks that left them abruptly when the speed of the motor slackened. But it only slackened to pick up its whir again. Then it settled steadily down to a low, deep-pitched snore that roused a tinkling response from the bottle-burdened shelves.

For a tense moment Lamont stood motionless, the color flooding and deserting his pale face and brows. His lips were parted, his figure stiff and erect, his whole aspect inexpressibly forceful and triumphant, till in a flash, he collapsed and sank into a chair. Uncertainly one hand went out, groping till it touched the lever. Then he buried his face in his arms and, above the purring motor, Mary heard a great dry sob. In that moment he became suddenly and infinitely human. The impalpable veil of coldness was ripped away. With a strange commotion in her breast she went quickly to him. His slight frame was shaking nervously. At the touch of her hand on his shoulder he became quieter and gradually subsided into long, deep, tremulous breathing.

"Jack," she said anxiously. "Jack! What is it?"

Slowly he raised his head and their gaze met. He seemed dreadfully old. He had lost the tense erectness that had al-

ways marked him. His shoulders drooped and his eyes were heavy with unutterable weariness. The drone of the motor rose at his feet and Mary caught in his expression an inconceivably swift flash of triumph. This vanished, leaving him but the over-wrought wraith of a man.

His look struck her breathless. Instantly she hurled her whole spirit into that void in which his own seemed to be groping, that somewhere in its nebulous abyss she might find him and bring him home again. It was suddenly revealed that Lamont had wandered, only wandered, in pursuit of that not understandable marvel which before her own eyes he had captured and subdued. To this weary body there went out in one overwhelming flood all the pent-up emotion that for three years, lacking its natural and sacred channels, had so nearly engulfed her. The edifice of her lonely dreams, the fabric that Richard had helped her to build, came down with a

crash and across its ruins breathed a wind of exquisite promise.

She put her head close to her husband's. "Jack," she whispered. "Are you very tired?"

"Yes, desperately."

Her arm slipped under his own. "Come down-stairs and rest, dear." She hesitated at the last word. It hardly seemed her own voice.

He looked at her strangely, then his gaze wandered to the machine in front of him. A curious change had come over his face. It was still white and drawn, but some softening process was delicately smoothing out the lines of tension. He appeared as one who had tottered on the edge of a mental eclipse, but now began a temperamental convalescence. He blinked at the smoothly rotating motor and began to talk fitfully, with uneven pauses in which his mind was palpably wincing under the effort of readjustment.

"I've been a brute, Mary, but I couldn't help it. I didn't think you'd understand. Why did you come up here to-day? Look at that motor. Do you know what's driving it? A generator in Philadelphia!" His hand closed on her wrist. "That doesn't mean much to you—but—" he hesitated, "My God! What doesn't it mean to me!" He stopped abruptly, awed at his own thought.

She looked at him anxiously but the burdened brain throbbed on and all the time Lamont was coming back, nearer and nearer, with old mannerisms apparently extricating themselves from the scientific chaos of his workshop.

"Don't you see, Mary, it's wireless transmission of power—the electrician's dream. It's coming, now, through the air. My receivers are tuned to the pitch of the Philadelphia transmitters." The blood leaped to his cheeks again and his voice trembled with an ecstasy of pride. "It's unbelievable—but I've got it. It means—it means the revolution of modern life and," he added in a whisper that was almost terrified, "I've done it."

She waited without words. This thin grip on her wrist seemed that of one who had grappled with things unseen and unraveled the riddle of years. She felt almost that he had brought back with him that which would fill her with dread if he revealed it.

"I owe it to you, Mary, as much as to myself. I didn't dare to drop the threads. I lived with them—slept with them. There has not been a moment of the last three years when they were not in my thoughts. Don't you see that if I had let them go even for an instant, the odds would have been against me. It's a terrible thing, this scientific frenzy." He looked at her pleadingly. "Has it cost too much? You

see I wasn't sure of myself, but I was sure of you. I haven't forgotten how to love, Mary!"

She was plunged in a profundity of emotion and oscillated between the memory of three lonely years and the poignancy of his words, "I was sure of you." Conscious of the sudden surge of a forgotten capacity for passion she abandoned herself to forgetfulness of the past. She sensed but dimly the magnitude of his achievement. It was enough for her that the concentrated labor of years had triumphed. She scanned his face. It had indefinably changed of late into what she now recognized as the prophetic visage of the seer. Its coldness was only that of a mind steeled to the minute analysis of the hidden things of science. Then came a quick dread that that mind would reel and stagger with the fruition of its great emprise.

"Jack," she said with a thrill of tenderness, "shall we start all over again? Will you let me keep close to you. I've been very lonely since—" her eyes filled with tears, then she continued bravely: "Will you come to the Catskills with me now, to-day, and rest?"

He turned to her instantly. "Yes, yes. You are lonely, Mary—that's my fault. And I—" his head dropped to her breast, "how tired I am."

They clung together thus, like children. Then he went to an instrument. "I'm going to call my man in Philadelphia. Look!"

A nervous finger depressed the key. The blue flame of the wireless transmitter flickered and snapped. Lamont smiled up at her, leaning over his shoulder. "Do you know what I'm saying: 'Perfect-success-at-last-Good-by-to-three-weary-years-thank-God.'"

Her eyes filled. "Three weary years," she whispered. "Thank God." Then their lips met.



Came a clash of metal, a hiss and a spurt of blue flame. Then from the floor beneath the table rose the soft purr of an electric motor.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Judge descended from the mountains early in September. He had thought affectionately of Widdifield's innate tenderness and dwelt on his satisfaction at the picture of Mary and Lamont perfecting their reunion in the hills.

The evening of his arrival found him at the *Wanderers'*. He looked in vain for the Bishop, then moved disconsolate toward the dining room. Peters stood beside his accustomed seat. He sank into it with a strange impression that the corner table was twice as large as two months previously.

"Is Bishop Widdifield not dining, Sir?" said Peters with a shade of injured surprise. "He is in town, Sir."

The Judge pulled down his brows at the empty place. "No, I'm sorry. He is not dining to-night."

Peters moved away dejectedly immaculate. He had an uncomfortable sentiment that something was wanting in the ordered sequence of the *Wanderers'*. For the Club meant something more to Peters than to most of its members. His heart had always glowed with pride when visitors looked across the dining room towards the two at the corner table and asked who they were. He felt that the *Wanderers'* needed no further hall-mark, and brooded over them with peripatetic solicitude. But for to-night he had no words. He drifted about, restless, impeccable and impersonal.

And Widdifield was sitting in his study, wishing with all his heart he were smiling across the corner table. His brain was full of the approaching inquiry. He was essaying valiantly to forget it, and cast his troubled mind on the broad expanse of Gair's genial spirit. But in spite of all, he felt himself unearthing a thousand pitiable and

querulous reasons why he must not; not, at least, till the thing was over. He knew, his highest perception told him, that Gair's humanity was too deep to be troubled by a vexatious wind of circumstance; but Widdifield seemed to himself to have become entangled in a maze of strange, new, unworthy impulses, that dragged him down to a lower plane of reasoning.

The commission of inquiry opened at once, and there were no adjournments. The Judge was anxious to get the thing over. He forged ahead dominantly, brushing aside technicalities, and kept straight to the point. Witnesses, one after the other, were produced—strange denizens of the political underworld, who but rarely emerged into the clear light of a court, and who left it blinking in a hurried return to devious and mysterious

Continued on Page 111.

R. J. Campbell, Crusader:

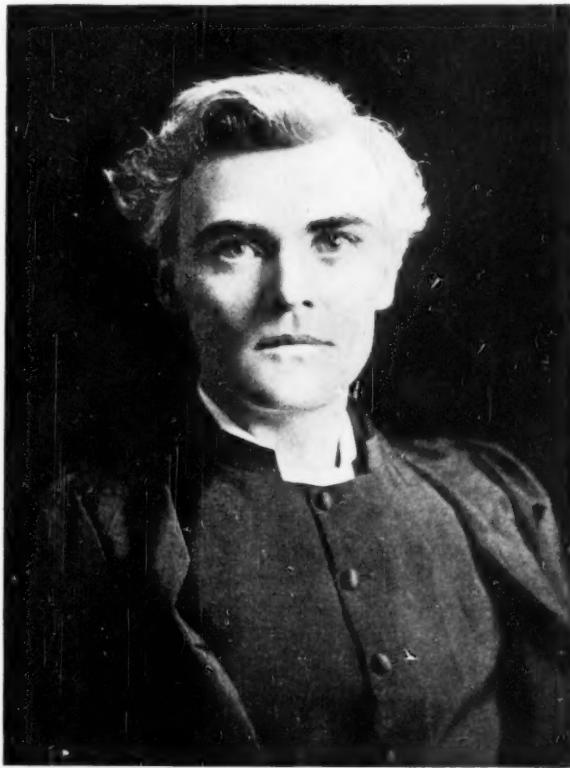
By HUGH
S. EAYRS

IT IS a great thing to waken up the man on the street—that vague, elusive personality in our public life, which, after all, is the final court of appeal so far as approval or condemnation of a movement is concerned. Our awakeners take different lines of action. Dr. Saleebey never raves: he is quietly argumentative, and earnestly persuasive. But he makes people think above and round above Eugenics. G. K. Chesterton, laughingly serious, flaunts the banner of the Past while everybody else is trying to revel in the latest modernism, but does it chiefly by crazy syllogism. The Rev. R. J. Campbell awakens by disturbing and destroying—a double-barreled method which is dynamically effective.

PERSONALIA.

R. J. Campbell, as all the world knows, is the minister of the City Temple in London. It is a far cry from his small beginning to such a position. His religious adherence has been somewhat of the "Will you—won't you?" kind. To begin with, he was the son of a United Methodist minister and was brought up in his grandfather's home in Belfast, the atmospheric influence of which was sternly Presbyterian. On the principle of opposites attracting, the would-be Presbyterian persuasion turned him against free-churchism. Anglicanism, with its ritualistic charm, appealed to his aesthetic mind and, after taking up teaching for a little while, he set out for Oxford, still attracted by the impressive ceremonial of the Anglican faith. But the pendulum swung again. Oxford was strongly Anglican and disdained at that time anything suggestive of Nonconformity. So Campbell went into Congregationalism. This marked the reversion to type. And this, despite the pleading of Dr. Paget and Dr. Gore, who saw in Campbell a light which would certainly never be hidden under a bushel. So he became a Congregationalist. He was ever too spasmodic, too nomadic, too ranging and roving to belong to the English Church.

The City Temple has for many years had a succession of outstanding pulpit figures. Charles Spurgeon, one of England's greatest preachers, filled this immense tabernacle many hundreds of times. His graphic dramaticism was Saul-like in its breathing out of threatenings and slaughter. Spurgeon would cry to his congregation that they were going fast to Hell—and slide down the pulpit-rail to make the application more emphatic. Dr. Parker, Mr. Campbell's immediate predecessor, dignified yet



"And so Campbell goes on . . . a ball of fire dropping terrible sparks . . . another voice calling in the wilderness that will not be still."

divinely on fire, was still another type. He was an ideal pastor for people who loved thunder—when it had no after-effects. It is related that one day a friend came to him and said: "Dr. Parker, do you know that you and your wife are referred to as 'beauty and the beast'?" (Dr. Parker was notoriously ugly, and Mrs. Parker a very beautiful woman.) Said Parker, speaking as usual from about the near-bottom button on his vest: "I have no objection to being called a beauty, but I shall thrash the man who calls my wife a beast." The story is typical of the man. He was witty and clever, but withal, ponderous and heavy.

Campbell had a difficult man to follow, and at first found the following difficult. Parker and he were as dissimilar as chalk and cheese. The one was statuesque, undoubting, satisfied: the other a man with a message, who was yet not quite sure exactly what his message was. The one spoke as if he knew whom and what he had believed, and why he had believed them: the other only knew that he couldn't believe, and that a great many other people were in the same state. The one had come home from the battle and knew that he had conquered: the other, after thinking that he had conquered, found that he had to begin crusading again. And it is as a crusader that R. J. Campbell stands out, and has stood out in the England of the last decade.

Picture him there in his pulpit in the City Temple? His lean figure is surmounted by a lean, near-hollow face. Deep-sunken, hungry eyes, filled with a melancholy desire, seem to light up and flash the divine fire of real discontent, searing everything that is, which hasn't a reason, a water-tight reason, why it is. He leans over his desk and just talks. His words may be declamatory, but his attitude isn't. And his words are declaiming himself as well as his hearers. An orderly mass of white, white hair gives him a curiously other-world appearance. He has had that white hair many, many years. He had it at Brighton, while the discontent and disquiet in him were as yet latent. But his face is very different now from what it was ten years ago. He has dreamed dreams; he has seen visions, and surely some of them must have been disturbing. In repose, he has a cold, thoughtful air. But when he talks the frigidity melts into a passionate enthusiasm, which suffuses and transcends the calm of being satisfied. Content is not for him; discontent is holy. Mr. Chesterton thinks that the dirty state is the happy state. R. J. Campbell thinks that the near-happy state is that enveloped by the twisting, twining question mark. Earnestness in enquiry is the earmark of this Campbell. Earnestness in shutting out awkward thoughts went some years ago.

THE CLANGING BELL.

Campbell burst upon England some ten years ago. His charge, "Wake up, England!" was not a mere study-and-pulpit utterance. It came to him that he must waken the church from the lethargy into which it had fallen because, according to him, it tried to live an old Christianity by an old light in a new age. His crusading destroyed comfortableness. It was so insistent, so ruthlessly persistent that the thought that it was not at all consistent didn't come into the minds of those disturbed until afterwards. Campbell was the clanging bell. You remember how Solomon Eagle, in "Old St. Paul's," tried to awaken the people of Old London to a sense of the approaching doom which was a punishment for their remissness? With something of the same crude fervor, Campbell gnashed people out of their armchair Christianity. He is a continuous thrill-maker. "Wake up, wake up!" he cries, "wake up to a realization that things are happening, that changes are coming which will revolutionize ethics and morals. Up, up, out of sleep, even though the awakening be to a world of questioning, of heart-burnings, of soul-

Continued on Page 109.

The Fortunes of the Cawthras

By W. A. CRAICK



A partial view of the home of Cawthra Mulock, Jarvis St., Toronto.

If one cared to trace the analogy in detail, there would doubtless be found many points of similarity between such families as the Cawthras of Toronto, and the Astors of New York. Both established themselves in the cities which were to be the scene of their future prosperity at a very early stage of their civic development. Both shared in the advantages which rapid growth and increased values produced. Both founded fortunes in much the same way and both have exhibited characteristics of reticence and reserve that show them to be of the same type of personality.

Necessarily the comparison should not be pushed too far, for the arena in which the fortunes of the Cawthras have been worked out, is so much smaller than that in which the Astors have triumphed that to class one with the other would be impossible. But at the same time it is illuminating to be able to describe the Cawthras as the Astors of Toronto, a family that has emerged from the early days of settlement with much wealth and social distinction.

The founder of the Canadian family of the Cawthras was a Yorkshireman by the name of Joseph Cawthra, a native of the town of Guiseley. The English Cawthras had been long engaged in the woollen industry and to them belongs the distinction of having operated the first steam-driven woollen mill in the Old Country. Joseph Cawthra followed the family trade and became a manufacturer of woollens, but he seems to have been of

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The "Astor's of Toronto" is the title that Mr. Craick applies to the famous Cawthra family. It is an apt comparison although, of course, there is no basis of comparison in regard to the relative wealth of the two families. The Cawthras won to wealth in Toronto, however, on much the same basis as that which led to the building up of the great Astor fortune in New York. It is a story of absorbing interest and is told in Mr. Craick's best style.

a restless disposition and early became seized with a desire to visit the new world and perhaps settle there. Towards the close of the eighteenth century he crossed the Atlantic and looked into the prospect of making a living in New York. He did not remain long, returning after a short time to his native land. But he had tasted of the spirit of America, and was not content until he had again made the western voyage. This time he directed his course to Canada.

Passing the more thickly populated settlements along the St. Lawrence, he pushed on as far as Port Credit on Lake Ontario where he took up land and settled down as a citizen of Upper Canada.

It is interesting to know that the original lots as bestowed on Joseph Cawthra by Crown patent, with the exception of those recently expropriated by the Government for military purposes, are still in the possession of the family and that the title deeds are the original patents from the Crown.

Presumably Joseph Cawthra did as the other settlers in the wilderness of Upper Canada were compelled to do, which was to clear the land and by dint of laborious cultivation derive sustenance from the soil. What was to be in course of time the city of Toronto had as yet, the year being 1796, only a very uncertain existence. Governor Simcoe had only recently established the capital of the province there and the population was small. Conditions all around were exceedingly primitive. One man was just about as good as his neighbor, and there was little out-

wardly to distinguish one from another.

At the opening of the century, York, as Toronto was then called, began to take on a greater measure of importance. The number of its inhabitants showed a marked increase. The population along the shore of Lake Ontario grew larger and bit by bit it assumed the aspect of a rising city. All this the settler at Port Credit noted. Perhaps he had a prophetic vision of what was to come. At any rate he decided that he would move into the town and establish himself as a merchant. He took this step about the year 1806, for an issue of the *Gazette and Oracle* of June 21 in that year contains the announcement of the opening of his shop in premises opposite Stoyell's Tavern. This was at the north-west corner of King and Sherbourne streets.

HISTORIC BUILDING.

Later on Mr. Cawthra moved to the corner of Frederick and what was then Palace street, but is now Front street, and occupied a building, since totally destroyed by fire, which possessed a good deal of



J. J. Cawthra, the head of the family to-day.

historical interest. According to Dr. Scadding in his "Toronto of Old," it was the birthplace in 1804, of the Hon. Robert Baldwin, the famous reformer, while later on it figured as the scene of the printing operations of William Lyon Mackenzie, witnessing the memorable incident of the destruction of his press. Here Joseph Cawthra continued to reside and conduct his business until his death in 1845. He is spoken of as a public-spirited citizen, a strong Britisher, a firm supporter of St. James' church from its establishment, a staunch liberal in politics, and a very successful business man. He undoubtedly laid the foundation of the Cawthra fortune through enterprise, careful management and thrift.

Though the father of quite a large family, all Joseph Cawthra's descendants trace their connection with him through his son, John, who appears to have been the only member of the family to leave children behind him. John Cawthra was, like his father, a merchant. He did not, however, engage in business in York. Instead he cast about for pastures new and in what is now the town of Newmarket, then an important point on the trade route between Lake Ontario and Georgian Bay, thought that he had found an opportunity to build up a successful enterprise. The Welland Canal had not yet been built, and the chief line of communication with the settlements on the Bay was via Yonge street, the Holland River, Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching and thence overland to Penetanguishene. At Newmarket, flour mills had been established, and the settlement seemed to have in it the makings of an important center. At least so thought John Cawthra, as he hung up his sign and opened his general store in the village.

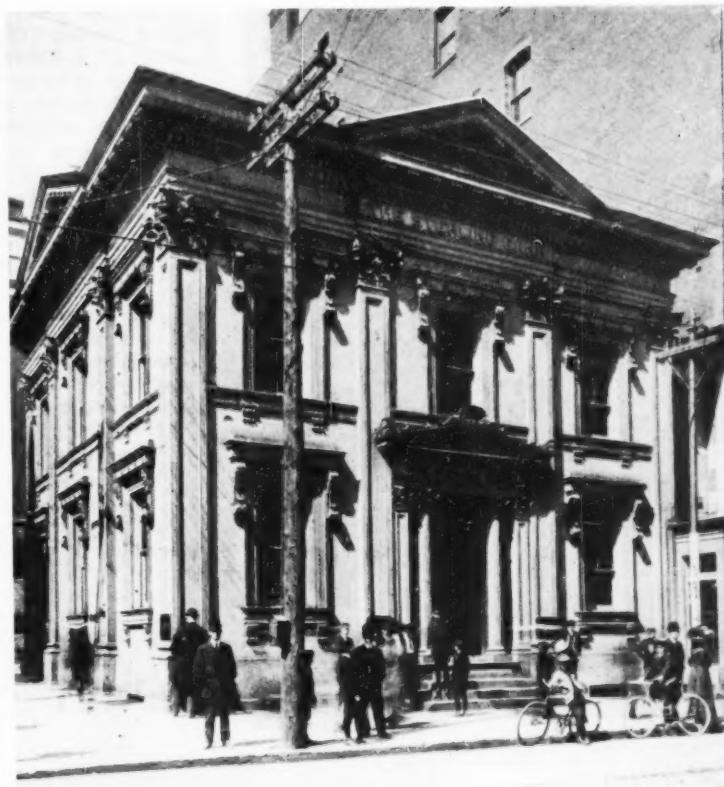
For a generation after this event, the fortunes of the main branch of the Cawthra family may be said to belong to Newmarket, and had the place grown as John Cawthra thought it might, his family would doubtless have continued to reside there. He himself enjoyed a full measure of the Cawthra success in his business ventures, and also had what was more unusual, some distinction in public af-

fairs. He was elected as representative in the Legislative Assembly of the then Province of Canada for the district of South Simcoe, a constituency that embraced parts of the counties of Simcoe and York. This he represented for a term in the Liberal interest.

John Cawthra died in 1852, leaving four children all of whom subsequently passed away. The eldest son, Joseph, succeeded to the Newmarket business. He carried it on for some time with continued success and then disposed of it in order to accept the position of local manager of the Royal Canadian Bank. His connection with this institution lasted until it was merged with the City Bank, when he retired and shortly after removed to Toronto. His wife was the daughter of the late Dr. John J. Bentley, in his lifetime a leading medical practitioner in Newmarket, and they had four children, all of whom are still living.

The eldest daughter in Joseph Cawthra's family is Mrs. Drayton, wife of H. L. Drayton, K.C., who married the present chairman of the Dominion Board of Railway Commissioners in 1892. The second daughter is now Mrs. Campbell Renton, wife of Robert Campbell Renton, Esq., of Mordington, Berwickshire, Scotland, while the third daughter, Miss Florence Cawthra is unmarried, and continues to reside with her brother, John J. Cawthra, in the family mansion on Elm avenue, Toronto.

John J. Cawthra, who is now head of the family, spent his childhood and youth in England, and is a master of arts of Cambridge University. He is an athlete of considerable renown and during his college course stood high in sports, being particularly prominent as a runner. He also did much to promote the playing of lacrosse and other Canadian games in the old country, and his residence in Toronto is filled with trophies and prizes which he won on many fields of sport both in England and on the continent. He spends most of his time at present in travel, being like the other members of the family



The former home of Wm. Cawthra, at the corner of King and Bay Streets, Toronto, now used as the head office of the Sterling Bank.

exceedingly fond of touring all accessible parts of the globe.

The second branch of the family consists of the children of John Cawthra, the second son of John Cawthra of Newmarket. Like his father and grandfather, he followed a mercantile career and for some years conducted a business in Toronto in premises on King street east, located where the Murray-Kay Company's store now stands. His death occurred many years ago, but his widow still survives, as well as two of his children. These are W. H. Cawthra and Mrs. Agar Adam-



Joseph Cawthra, father of J. J. Cawthra, present head of the family.



William Cawthra, son of Joseph Cawthra, founder of the family. William Cawthra built the house on King and Bay Streets.



Cawthra Mulock, who inherited the large fortune of Mrs. Cawthra Murray.

son, both residents of Toronto. The former, who by the way, married a daughter of the late W. H. Beatty, President of the Bank of Toronto, travels a great deal, but otherwise finds in the management of the large property to which he has fallen heir, plenty to occupy his attention without taking up any business or profession. The latter is a woman of more than ordinary ability, and in her sphere of existence is doing much for the promotion of the artistic interests of the country. Her career illustrates the prominent part which the women of this particular family have played in the family fortunes.

THE LADY OF THE DECORATION.

Mrs. Adamson was born at Lucerne in Switzerland during one of the continental trips of her parents, and to all intents and purposes was brought up in England. As a child and a young woman she traveled extensively and became acquainted with the larger part of the inhabited portion of the globe. Her bent was towards art and she trained herself for the life of an artist, studying paintings, architecture and applied art wherever she went and imbibing a great deal of valuable information. In 1899 she married, her husband being at the time in the civil service at Ottawa. Then she fell in with Mr. Thornton-Smith, the English decorator, who was contemplating the establishment of a branch of his business in Canada. It was suggested that she should become a sort of advisory manager of the agency. Being the kind of work that appealed to her, she agreed, and ever

since she has been, as one writer aptly expressed, "The Lady of the Decoration" in Toronto.

Her work is by no means local in character. She has undertaken the designing of decorative effects for public buildings, churches, hotels and residences all over Canada and has personally superintended the details. She has no foolish notions about the conventions and does not consider that her position in society or her wealth should debar her from engaging in business, or taking a hand when she feels like it, in actual manual labor.

Apart from this her commercial pursuits do not monopolize all her thoughts. She finds time for much philanthropic work. She has been president since its foundation ten years ago of the Canadian Society of Applied Art, an organization that owes its inception to her desire to assist in the development of Canada's artistic life. She is also president, and a most active and helpful president, of the Heli-*con* Club, a society composed of women who are engaged in art, literature, music and kindred pursuits. She loves riding, is a keen follower of the hounds, and at her suburban home at Port Credit, enjoys all manner of out-door pastimes. Altogether, Mrs. Adamson is a type of woman who takes a very sensible view of life, and has devised an interesting scheme of existence.

Passing now to the third branch of the family, one finds that Henry, the third son of John Cawthra of Newmarket, varied the family tradition by adopting



Mrs. Agar Adamson.

the legal profession as his calling. He was for a time associated with the late Edward and S. H. Blake in their law business in Toronto, the firm being known as Blake, Cawthra & Blake. However, he did not remain in practice very long, retiring at a fairly early age and living quietly until his death. His widow still survives. She occupies the spacious old family residence at the corner of College and Beverley streets in Toronto. Of his children four are living. The eldest is Mrs. Brock, wife of Lieut.-Col. Henry Brock, son of W. R. Brock, one of Toronto's merchant princes. The second married Major James Burnham, of the Canadian Permanent Force, a member of an old Port Hope family. The third, Victor Cawthra, is engaged in the management of a financial business in Toronto, while the fourth, Miss Beatrice Cawthra, is unmarried, and resides with her mother.

In addition to his three sons, John Cawthra, of Newmarket, had one daughter, Mary, who forms the connecting link between the Cawthra family and another prominent Canadian family, viz., the Mulocks. The circumstance that a considerable portion of the original Cawthra property has passed to a member of the Mulock family makes some account of this connection essential to the narrative.

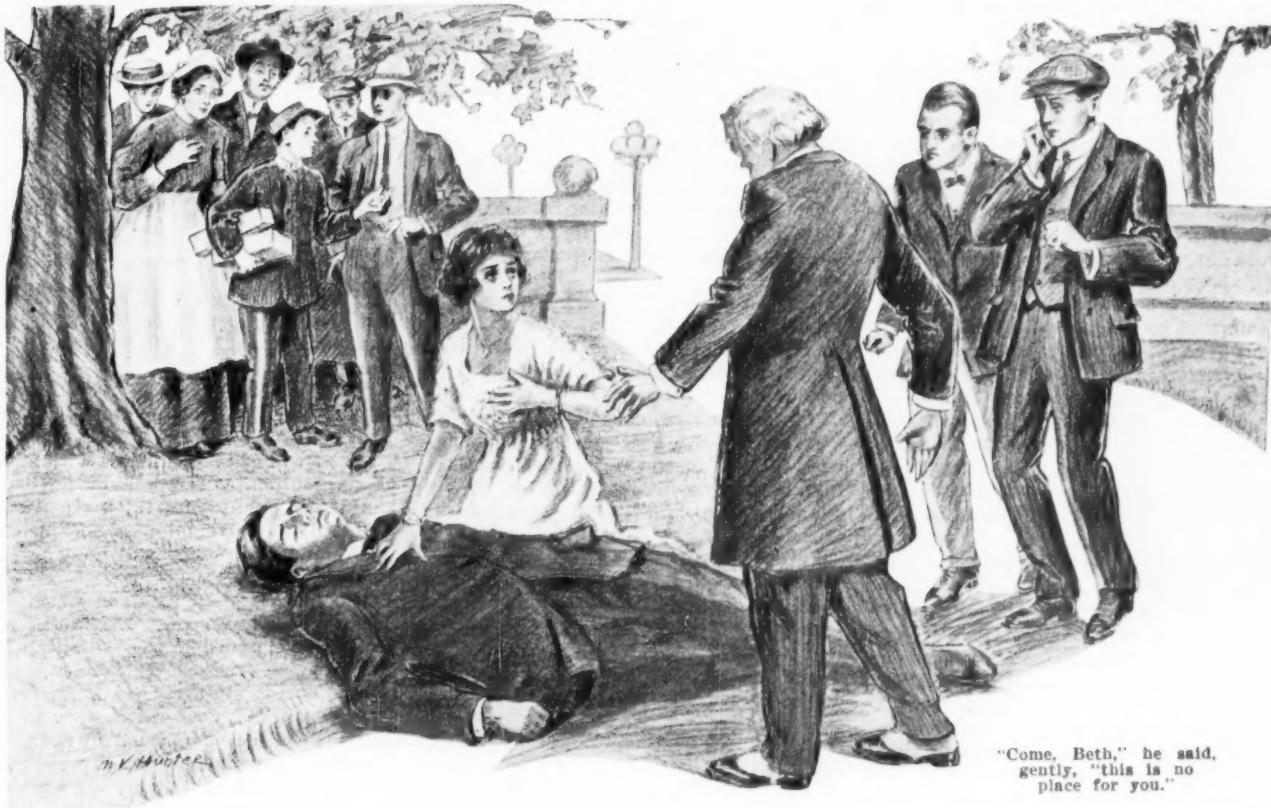
Mary Cawthra became the bride of Dr. Thomas Homan Mulock, an Irishman and a graduate of Trinity College,

Continued on page 126.



John Cawthra, father of W. H. Cawthra and Mrs. Agar Adamson.

Adventures of Madelyn Mack: Detective



RAYMOND RENNICK might have been going to his wedding instead of to his—death.

Spick and span in a new spring suit, he paused just outside the broad, arched gates of the Duffield estate and drew his silver cigarette case from his pocket. A self-satisfied smile flashed across his face as he struck a match and inhaled the fragrant odor of the tobacco. It was good tobacco, very good tobacco—And Senator Duffield's private secretary was something of a judge!

For a moment Rennick lingered. It was a day to banish uncomfortable thoughts, to smooth the rough edges of a man's problems—and burdens. As the secretary glanced up at the soft blue sky, the reflection swept his mind that his own future was as free from clouds. It was a pleasing reflection. Perhaps the cigarette, perhaps the day helped to deepen it as he swung almost jauntily up the winding driveway toward the square, white house commanding the terraced lawn beyond.

Just ahead of him a maple tree, standing alone, rustled gaily in its spring foliage like a woman calling attention to her new finery. It was all so fresh and beautiful and innocent! Rennick felt a tingling thrill in his blood. Unconsciously he tossed away his cigarette. He reached the rustling maple and passed it. . . .

From behind the gnarled trunk, a shadow darted. A figure sprang at his shoulders, with the long blade of a dag-

3—Cinderella's Slipper

By HUGH C. WEIR

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

ger awkwardly poised. There was a flash of steel in the sunlight. . . .

It was perhaps ten minutes later that they found him. He had fallen face downward at the edge of the driveway, with his body half across the velvet green of the grass. A thin thread of red, creeping from the wound in his breast, was losing itself in the sod.

One hand was doubled, as in a desperate effort at defence. His glasses were twisted under his shoulders. Death must have been nearly instantaneous. The dagger had reached his heart at the first thrust. One might have fancied an expression of overpowering amazement in the staring eyes. That was all. The weapon had caught him squarely on the left side. He had evidently whirled toward the assassin almost at the instant of the blow.

Whether in the second left him of life he had recognized his assailant, and the recognition had made the death-blow the quicker and the surer, were questions that only deepened the horror of the noon-day crime.

As though to emphasize the hour, the mahogany clock in Senator Duffield's

library rang out its twelve monotonous chimes as John Dorrence, his valet, beat sharply on the door. The echo of the nervous tattoo was lost in an unanswering silence. Dorrence repeated his knock before he brought an impatient response from beyond the panels.

"Can you come, sir?" the valet burst out. "Something awful has happened, sir. It's, it's—"

The door was flung open. A ruddy-faced man with thick, white hair and grizzled moustache, and the hints of a nervous temperament showing in his eyes and voice, sprang into the hall. Somebody once remarked that Senator Duffield was Mark Twain's double. The Senator took the comparison as a compliment, perhaps because it was a woman who made it.

Dorrence seized his master by the sleeve, which loss of dignity did more to impress the Senator with the gravity of the situation than all of the servant's excitable words.

"Mr. Rennick, sir, has been stabbed, sir, on the lawn, and Miss Beth, sir—"

Senator Duffield staggered against the wall. The valet's alarm swerved to another channel.

"Shall I get the brandy, sir?"

"Brandy?" the Senator repeated vaguely. The next instant, as though grasping the situation anew, he sprang down the hall with the skirts of his frock

coat flapping against his knees. At the door of the veranda, he whirled.

"Get the doctor on the 'phone, Dorrance—Redfield, if Scott is out. Let him know it's a matter of minutes! And, Dorrance—"

"Yes, sir!"

"Tell the telephone girl that, if this leaks to the newspapers, I will have the whole office discharged!"

A shifting group on the edge of the lawn, with that strange sense of awkwardness which sudden death brings, showed the scene of the tragedy.

The circle fell back as the Senator's figure appeared. On the grass, Rennick's body still lay where it had fallen—suggesting a skater who has ignominiously collapsed on the ice rather than a man stabbed to the heart. The group had been wondering at the fact in whispered monosyllables.

A kneeling girl was bending over the secretary's body. It was not until Senator Duffield had spoken her name twice that she glanced up. In her eyes was a grief so wild that for a moment he was held dumb.

"Come, Beth," he said, gently, "this is no place for you."

At once the white-faced girl became the central figure of the situation. If she heard him, she gave no sign. The Senator caught her shoulder and pushed her slowly away. One of the women-servants took her arm. Curiously enough, the two were the only members of the family that had been called to the scene.

The Senator swung on the group with a return of his aggressiveness.

"Some one, who can talk fast and to the point, tell me the story. Burke, you have a ready tongue. How did it happen?"

The groom—a much-tanned young fellow in his early twenties—touched his cap.

"I don't know, sir. No one knows. Mr. Rennick was lying here, stabbed, when we found him. He was already dead."

"But surely there was some cry, some sound of a scuffle?"

The groom shook his head. "If there was, sir, none of us heard it. We all liked Mr. Rennick, sir. I would have gone through fire and water if he needed my help. If there had been an outcry loud enough to reach the stable, I would have been there on the jump!"

"Do you mean to tell me that Rennick could have been struck down in the midst of fifteen or twenty people with no one the wiser? It's ridiculous, impossible!"

Burke squared his shoulders, with an almost unconscious suggestion of dignity. "I am telling you the truth, sir!"

The Senator's glance dropped to his secretary's body and he looked up with a shudder. Then, as though with an effort, his eyes returned to the huddled form, and he stood staring down at the dead man, with a frown knitting his brow. Once he jerked his head toward the gardener with the curt question, "Who found him?"

Jenkins shambled forward uneasily. "I did, sir. I hope you don't think I disturbed the body?"

The Senator shrugged his shoulders impatiently. He did not raise his head again until the sound of a motor in the driveway broke the tension. The surgeon had arrived. Almost at the same moment there was a cry from Jenkins.

The gardener stood perhaps a half a dozen yards from the body, staring at an object hidden in the grass at his feet. He stooped and raised it. It was a woman's slipper!

As a turn of his head showed him the eyes of the group turned in his direction, he walked across to Senator Duffield, holding his find at arm's length, as though its dainty outlines might conceal an adder's nest.

The slipper was of black suede, high-heeled and slender, tied with a broad, black ribbon. One end of the ribbon was broken and stained as though it had tripped its owner. On the thin sole were cakes of the peculiar red clay of the driveway.

It might have been unconscious magnetism that caused the Senator suddenly to turn his eyes in the direction of his daughter. She was swaying on the arm of the servant.

Throwing off the support of the woman, she took two quick steps forward, with her hand flung out as though to tear the slipper from him. And then, without a word, she fell prone on the grass.

II.

THE telephone in my room must have been jangling a full moment before I struggled out of my sleep and raised myself to my elbow. It was with a feeling of distinct rebellion that I slipped into my kimono and slippers and shuffled across to the sputtering instrument in the corner. From eight in the morning until eight in the evening, I had been on racking duty in the Farragut poison trial, and the belated report of the wrangling jury, at an hour which made any sort of a meal impossible until after ten, had left me worn out physically and mentally. I glanced at my watch as I snapped the receiver to my ear. It lacked barely fifteen minutes of midnight. An unearthly hour to call a woman out of bed, even if she is past the age of sentimental dreams!

"Well?" I growled.

A laugh answered me at the other end of the wire. I would have flung the receiver back to the hook and myself back to bed had I not recognized the tones. There is only one person in the world, except the tyrant at our city editor's desk, who would arouse me at midnight. But I had thought this person separated from me by twelve hundred miles of ocean.

"Madelyn Mack!" I gasped.

The laughter ceased. "Madelyn Mack it is!" came back the answer, now reduced to a tone of decorous gravity. "Pardon my merriment, Nora. The mental picture of your huddled form—"

"But I thought you in Jamaica!" I broke in, now thoroughly awake.

"I was—until Saturday. Our steamer came out of quarantine at four o'clock this afternoon. As it develops, I reached here at the psychological moment."

I kicked a rocker to my side and drop-

ped into it with a rueful glance at the rumpled sheets of the bed. With Madelyn Mack at the telephone at midnight, only one conclusion was possible; and such a conclusion shattered all thought of sleep.

"Have you read the evening dispatches from Boston, Nora?"

"I have read nothing—except the report of the Farragut jury!" I returned crisply. "Why?"

"If you had, you would perhaps divine the reason of my call. I have been retained in the Rennick murder case. I'm taking the one-thirty sleeper for Boston. I secured our berths just before I telephoned."

"Our berths!"

"I am taking you with me. Now that you are up, you may as well dress and ring for a taxicab. I will meet you at the Roanoke hotel."

"But," I protested, "don't you think—"

"Very well, if you don't care to go! That settles it!"

"Oh, I will be there!" I said with an air of resignation. "Ten minutes to dress, and fifteen minutes for the taxi!"

"I will add five minutes for incidents," Madelyn replied and hung up the receiver.

The elevator boy at "The Occident," where I had my modest apartment, had become accustomed to the strange hours and strange visitors of a newspaper woman during my three years' residence. He opened the door with a grin of sympathy as the car reached my floor. As though to give more active expression to his feelings he caught up my bag and gave it a place of honor on his own stool.

"Going far?" he queried as I alighted at the main corridor.

"I may be back in twenty-four hours and I may not be back for twenty-four days," I answered cautiously—I knew Madelyn Mack!

As I waited for the whir of the taxicab, I appropriated the evening paper on the night clerk's desk. The Rennick murder case had been given a three-column head on the front page. If I had not been so absorbed in the Farragut trial, it could not have escaped me. I had not finished the head-lines, however, when the taxi, with a promptness almost uncanny, rumbled up to the curb.

I threw myself back against the cushions, switched on the electric light, and spread my paper over my knee, as the chauffeur turned off toward Fifth Avenue. The story was well written and had made much of a few facts. Trust my newspaper instinct to know that! I had expected a fantastic puzzle—when it could spur Madelyn into action within six hours after her landing—but I was hardly anticipating a problem such as I could read between rather than in the lines of type before me. Long before the "Roanoke" loomed into view, I had forgotten my lost sleep.

The identity of Raymond Rennick's assassin was as baffling as in the first moments of the discovery of the tragedy. There had been no arrests—nor hint of any. From the moment when the secretary had turned into the gate of the Duffield yard until the finding of his body, all trace of his movements had been lost as

effectually as though the darkness of midnight had enveloped him, instead of the sunlight of noon. More than ten minutes could not have elapsed between his entrance into the grounds and the discovery of his murder—perhaps not more than five—but they had been sufficient for the assassin to effect a complete escape.

There was not even the shadow of a motive. Raymond Rennick was one of those few men who seemed to be without an enemy. In an official capacity, his conduct was without a blemish. In a social capacity, he was admittedly one of the most popular men in Brookline—among both sexes. Rumor had it, apparently on unquestioned authority, that the announcement of his engagement to Beth Duffield was to have been an event of the early summer. This fact was in my mind as I stared out into the darkness.

On a sudden impulse, I opened the paper again. From an inside page the latest photograph of the Senator's daughter, taken at a fashionable Boston studio, smiled up at me.

It was an excellent likeness as I remembered her at the inaugural ball the year before—a wisp of a girl, with a mass of black hair, which served to emphasize her frailness. I studied the picture with a frown. There was a sense of familiarity in its outlines, which certainly our casual meeting could not explain. Then, abruptly, my thoughts flashed back to the crowded court room of the afternoon—and I remembered.

In the prisoner's dock I saw again the figure of Beatrice Farragut, slender, fragile, her white face, her sombre gown, her eyes fixed like those of a frightened lamb on the jury which was to give her life—or death.

"She poison her husband?" had buzzed the whispered comments at my shoulders during the weary weeks of the trial. "She couldn't harm a butterfly!" Like a mocking echo, the tones of the foreman had sounded the answering verdict of murder—in the first degree. And in New York this meant—

Why had Beatrice Farragut suggested Beth Duffield? Or was it Beth Duffield who had suggested—I crumpled the paper into a heap and tossed it from the window in disgust at my morbid imagination. B-u-r-r-h! And yet they say that a New York newspaper woman has no nerves!

A voice hailed us from the darkness and a white-gowned figure sprang out on to the walk. As the chauffeur brought the machine to a halt, Madelyn Mack caught my hands.

Her next two actions were thoroughly characteristic.

Whirling to the driver, she demanded shortly, "How soon can you make the Grand Central Station?"

The man hesitated. "Can you give me twenty minutes?"

"Just! We will leave here at one sharp. You will wait, please!"

Having thus disposed of the chauffeur—Madelyn never gave a thought to the matter of expense!—she seized my arm and pushed me through the entrance of the "Roanoke" as nonchalantly as though we had parted six hours before instead of six weeks.

"I hope you enjoyed Jamaica?" I ventured.

"Did you read the evening papers on the way over?" she returned as easily as though I had not spoken.

"One," I answered shortly. Madelyn's

glasses when he is in a nervous mood?"

A rather superior smile flashed over my face.

"I assure you that Senator Duffield never wears glasses on any occasion!"

Something like a chuckle came from Madelyn.

"Perhaps you can do as well on another question. You will observe in these newspapers four different photographs of the murdered secretary. Naturally, they bear many points of similarity—they were all taken in the last three years—but they contain one feature in common which puzzles me. Does it impress you in the same way?"

I glanced at the group of photographs doubtfully. Three of them were obviously newspaper "snap-shots," taken of the secretary while in the company of Senator Duffield. The fourth was a reproduction showing a conventional cabinet photograph. They showed a clean-shaven, well-built young man of thirty or thereabouts; tall, and I should say inclined to athletics. I turned from the newspapers to Madelyn with a shrug.

"I am afraid I don't quite follow you," I admitted ruefully. "There is nothing at all out of the ordinary in any of them that I can catch."

Madelyn carefully clipped the pictures and placed them under the front cover of her black morocco note-book. As she did so, a clock chimed the hour of one. We both pushed back our chairs.

As we stepped into the taxi-cab, Madelyn tapped my arm. "I wonder if Raymond Rennick polished his glasses when he was nervous?" she asked musingly.

III.

BOSTON, from the viewpoint of the South Station at half-past seven in the morning, suggests to me a rheumatic individual climbing stiffly out of bed. Boston distinctly resents anything happening before noon. I'll wager that nearly every important event that she has contributed to history occurred after lunch-time!

If Madelyn Mack had expected to have to find her way to the Duffield home without a guide,

she was pleasantly disappointed. No less a person than the Senator himself was waiting us at the train-gate—a somewhat dishevelled Senator, it must be confessed, with the stubble of a day-old beard showing eloquently how his peace of mind and the routine of his habits had been shattered. As he shook hands with us he made an obvious attempt to recover something of his ease of manner.

"I trust that you had a pleasant night's rest," he ventured, as he led the way across the station to his automobile.

(Continued on page 113.)



She whisked from the stand at her elbow a pair of soiled black suede slippers.

habit of ignoring my queries grated most uncomfortably at times.

"Then you know what has been published concerning the case?"

I nodded. "I imagine that you can add considerable."

"As a matter of fact, I know less than the reporters!" Madelyn threw open the door of her room. "You have interviewed Senator Duffield on several occasions, have you not, Nora?"

"You might say on several delicate occasions if you cared to!"

"You can tell me then whether the Senator is in the habit of polishing his

The Widows of Famous Canadians



Mme. Girouard, whose late husband, the Hon. D. H. Girouard, was considered one of the ablest jurists the Dominion has produced.



Widow of the late Sir Henry Strong, Chief Justice of Canada.



Mrs. William MacDougall, who with Baroness Macdonald and Lady Tilley forms a trio of the surviving widows of the "Fathers of Confederation."

THE last years of the Hon. William MacDougall's life were closed by a painful illness. Mrs. MacDougall nursed him with all the care Florence Nightingale could have shown. For months she hardly left his side; for years she gave up everything to that great Canadian statesman whom, fifty years ago, men called visionary. Just how visionary he was can be proven by the application of his suggestions to many measures in force to-day, especially in regard to immigration. "He was fifty years in advance of his time," said Mrs. MacDougall to the writer.

Mary Adelaide Beatty was the third daughter of Dr. John Beatty, of Cobourg. Her girlhood was like that of almost any other popular girl in the college town. The Beatty home was a rendezvous for all the young people; and only when the family vacated it did its walls cease to echo with the happy chatter of irrepressible youth. Not long ago, three of the sisters returned to the old home and opened it for the summer. Sitting on the verandah the first night of their arrival, one of them said:—

"Isn't this just like old times—to be sitting here as we are now?"

"I don't think it a bit like old times," protested Mrs. MacDougall, laughing. "When did we three, as girls, sit here, in the evening—alone?"

Marrying Mr. MacDougall was quite a venture; he was a widower with nine living children! Three more—sons—were added to the illustrious name, and so good a step-mother did Mrs. MacDougall prove that the Hon. D. Girouard was emboldened to ask her sister to be a mother to his six children. A strange coincidence, fur-

Second of Series

By MADGE MACBETH

ther, is the fact that still another sister married a widower with four children.

Traveling abroad in the days when Mr. MacDougall had to visit various foreign countries in the interest of the Immigra-



Mrs. Mackenzie never preached the gospel of the brotherhood of man—she merely lived it!

tion Department, was not the luxurious pastime it is to-day. There were frequent changes to be made and long waits between trains; there were ill-advised officials and English was not spoken so universally as it is now. Mrs. MacDougall tells of many "adventures" while traveling from one country to another with her husband and small son, who was born in Denmark. One in particular:—

"After a series of trying changes, each to a train more uncomfortable than the last, we thought we were finally settled for the night. No such luxury as a sleeper—oh, no! But we fancied we were to stay in that same car for several hours, and undressed the baby, and made ourselves as comfortable with rugs, and so on, as circumstances would permit. Imagine our consternation when the guard came through the train, demanded our tickets, and made us understand, with much gesticulation, that we were to get off, immediately. There was no time to dress; we simply had to bundle our belongings together and jump off. When the train pulled away from the platform and I turned to see that we had everything, I nearly fainted at the sight of my husband carrying the baby upside down!"

A personal description of Mrs. MacDougall would sound exaggerated in this day, when charm of manner is so often made subservient to a fevered accomplishment of things. Summing up what one would like to say, the words of Sir Richard Steele may be well applied to her:—

"Though her mien carries more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior; to love her is a liberal education."

Mme. Girouard insists that she lives

only in the reflected glory of her husband. She was also one of the popular daughters of Dr. John Beatty and, as has been said, followed her sister's example in the choice of a widower. The name of Girouard is not only known in Canada, but in many European countries, for the achievements of Sir Percy have earned for his name the admiration of nations—especially the British.

Mme. Girouard is perhaps the most retiring of the sisters. She always entered the public arena under protest, even in the days when it was necessary for her to appear at functions as the wife of her famous husband, the Hon. D. H. Girouard.

"I don't know what I would have done," she said, "if my husband had accepted a Cabinet position—which he was requested on many occasions to do. I could never have grown accustomed to the enforced publicity!"

Now, one seldom is fortunate enough to be able to include her in the rush of entertaining in the Capital. She prefers the old-fashioned visiting with friends—the sitting over a cup of tea and a grate-fire all afternoon—to the run-in-and-run-out functions which are so much in vogue. Mme. Girouard has a rare gift; she is an excellent listener. And if she is bored by the constant flow of conversation which pours into her ears, she certainly never shows it.

LADY TASCHEREAU AND HER FAMILY.

Younger than any of the foregoing by many, many years, is Lady Taschereau, who could pick a very black crow with Mr. Morgan, were she so inclined. In "Representative Men and Women" ten whole years are added to her age!

Married when no more than a child; taken, indeed, out of the convent, this beautiful girl entered a whirling social life like a splendid meteor. And, like a meteor she dropped away, leaving in many

minds only a brilliant memory. Lady Taschereau, although still a very young woman, lives, by her own admission, largely in the past. In any of the various articles written about her mention is invariably made of her beautiful home life. One cannot think of anything particularly original to say in this connection, except that it is her whole life. She lives for her three fine sons, and inculcating in them the love, reverence and glory of the name of Taschereau is almost Japanese in its intensity. It might easily be termed a phase of ancestor worship.

The genealogy of the Taschereau family is most complicated; add to that the occurrence and recurrence of the Panets in it, and you have a puzzle to weary the most enthusiastic student of family trees. Lady Taschereau, whose maiden name was Panet, as a matter of fact, was more closely related to the famous Cardinal Taschereau (whose mother's maiden name was Panet) than was Sir Elzear himself!

Lady Taschereau is fond of outdoor life. She is never happier than when in Tadousac for the summer with her boys. And one doubts, having heard her talk, having seen her with her children, that she misses the brilliant social career which was, and is, hers for the asking. Her trip to England was made memorable by especial favors from Royalty. Not only the Princess Louise singled her out for recognition, but the Queen herself showed her special courtesy.

"Were you nervous?" some one asked, referring to her presentation.

"Not half so much as I was at the opening of Parliament, right here in Ottawa, where I knew everybody," she said, with a laugh.

Many a widow has lived a retired life after the death of her famous husband, but Lady Strong has been a veritable recluse. It will be remembered that Sir Elzear Taschereau became Chief Justice in 1902, just following the death of Sir Henry Strong.

Ten years ago, when as a stranger, the writer first came to Ottawa, and was on the lookout for a maid, occurred her first experience with Lady Strong. Only those who know how gentle and retiring a person is Sir Henry's widow can appreciate the following story:

A maid applied for the position, and announced that she had lived some time with Lady Strong. She made it perfectly clear throughout the conversation that she had left of her own accord. "What was the matter with the place?" asked the writer.

"Nothing whatever the matter with the place. I liked it first rate till Lady Strong give me impudence!"

"How was that?"



Lady Taschereau, whose life is wrapped up in her three splendid sons.

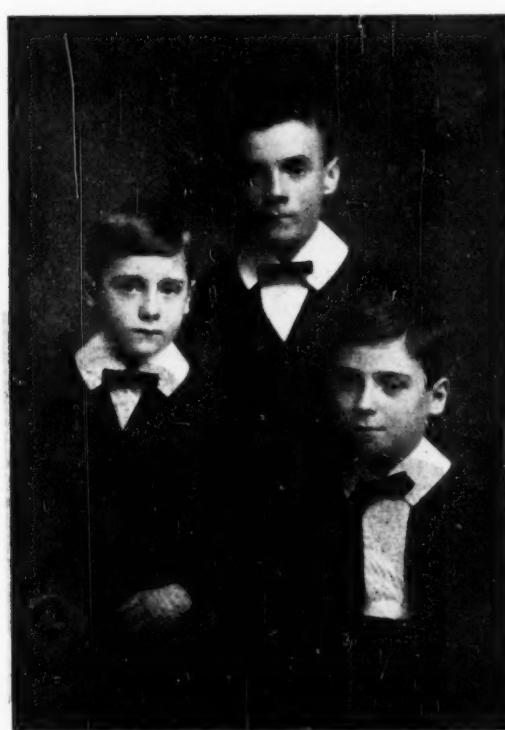
The girl flushed angrily at the recollection. "Why," she says to me, "I am in the habit of mindin' my own business, Liza," she says, "an' I expect you to do the same."

And Liza, having such restraint put upon her, left.

Sir Henry Strong is unanimously acclaimed the greatest lawyer who ever sat on the bench, and his wife took a natural pride in that. She was more or less bound to her home by her family during the years Sir Henry was most prominent in Canadian history, and it has always been a cause for regret amongst Ottawans that she has not been able to enter more fully into the social life of the Capital.

WILL NEVER GROW OLD.

Mrs. King possesses the same unflagging energy which characterizes the Baroness Macdonald. Long after women half her age have succumbed to the weakness of the flesh, Mrs. King is at her post, as bright and untouched by fatigue as though she had just set out. There is no better known figure in Ottawa; a regular attendant at all social functions—nothing being quite complete without her—a tireless worker for all charitable organizations, principally the Victorian Order of Nurses, she is constantly on the go, and in the public eye. As to her age, she has not been questioned, with reference to the present article, and one is afraid to trust Morgan again (after his fiasco in Lady Taschereau's case!) but should Mrs. King herself declare it ninety-nine, we would have no hesitation in calling her a young woman. She is of the stock of the drinkers of Youth's Fountain, and will never grow old. Her sympathies are with the young; she is an ideal chaperone, remembering her own delight in a sympathetic



The three handsome sons of Lady Taschereau.



Mrs. King, widow of the late judge, G. E. King.

matron, who for the time being had her morals at heart.

An interesting outlet for her energy takes the form of wood-carving. Mrs. King goes into whatever she undertakes with all her heart, and consequently her carving is well worth inspection. She has made many beautiful articles of furniture which ornament her home, and those of some of her more fortunate friends.

Not once, but dozens of times, she has been compared in looks to "our beloved little Queen," by which is meant the late Queen Victoria. Down at Settlement House not long ago, where there was a particularly large congregation of Old Country people present, numbers of them noticed the resemblance and spoke of it.

Some years ago, Mrs. King and her family had the pleasure of paying quite an extensive visit to Lord and Lady Aberdeen at their home.

"I look back upon that time," says Mrs. King, "as one of the happiest I ever spent. Lady Aberdeen is an ideal hostess; her home is beautiful, and altogether the visit was thoroughly delightful."

While there, the whole house party went to a garden party at which "the little Queen" was present. Mrs. King describes her driving through the grounds in her low phaeton, gracious and lovable, and tells how her face lit up when she spoke to those she knew.

"I had seen many photos of Queen Victoria," she continued, "and, naturally, I loved them. But I was quite unprepared for the lump that arose in my throat when I saw her, actually!"

The sorrows which Mrs. King has suffered are not lugubriously patent to the world; what one sees is a merry companion, a care-dispersing friend, one in whose presence a new courage is born and a desire for higher, bigger things.

There will doubtless be many readers who will look for the name of one of

Canada's most beloved women—Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie. Like her famous husband, whom she survived only a few months, her name is known and respected by hundreds of people who have never even seen her; like her famous husband, she held consistently and sincerely to ideals which might have been called revolutionary in any one but her; and again, like him, she impressed all who came in contact with her as one having, above everything else, a large amount of common sense. The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie was born in Scotland, as we all know, and (being designed to take up his father's business and become a contractor) he followed the good Scotch custom and took a practical training in masonry. It was while actually hard at work, and before reaching the successful goal to which he had aspired, that he met and fell in love with Miss Jane Sym, in Kingston. There began a romance which never ended.

In speaking of the demonstration Mr. Mackenzie was given on his return to Scotland, one biographer remarks that another's head might have been turned. The same applies to Mrs. Mackenzie during her many years of social and political success. But even though she was the First Lady in the Land, even though she had the opportunity of acquiring a title, twice, she was never different from the finely-poised woman who accepted a rising young contractor.

"Dear Mrs. Mackenzie! I knew her well! I used often to run in to have a cup of tea with her!" Almost the identical words came from the lips of three friends. And it is said that when she invited anyone for tea in her delightful throaty Scotch accent, it was impossible to refuse.

She was conservative in her ideas of dress, and one might say she was slow to take up advanced ideas at all. "Dear and old-fashioned," one lady described her, and the following story is very characteristic:—

During a period of lurid colors in fabrics and trimmings for ladies' costumes, Mrs. Mackenzie insisted upon sombre grey, brown and black. At the dressmaker's one morning when a fitting was in progress, the dressmaker tried to persuade her to touch up her gown with a little color. Mrs. Mackenzie refused. The woman insisted. A slight argument ensued, when Mrs. Mackenzie said with great dignity:—

"Ye dinna ken what I ha' been telling ye. I say I want me poke-ets lined wi' block."

She was both an excellent house-keeper and a beautiful home-maker. She believed in the brotherhood of man; that class distinctions of all sorts should be abolished, and that all men were equal in the eyes of God. She never preached this gospel—she merely lived it!

This article would be incomplete without a mention of the widow of Major-General W. H. Cotton, whose

recent death was not only a painful shock to his family and intimate friends, but was a loss to the whole Dominion.

Mrs. Cotton has always led a very gay life; her home was open to old and young, and her entertaining was varied and constant. Each and every member of her family was more than ordinarily popular, and the Cotton house was usually in a sort of delightful ferment with goings and comings, with invitations and visitors.

LIGHTNING'S LITTLE WAYS.

It is a curious thing that lightning never kills twice in the same way, and the same stroke will have entirely different effects on two people who may be quite near together.

Some time ago two brothers driving along a country road were struck by lightning. One of them gave no outward sign of death. He sat in the wagon seat erect, and even smiling. The brother by his side was burned crisp from head to heel, and his clothing was not even scorched. Lightning often results in broken bones, and frequently the whole body is reduced to a pulp.

Lightning has been known to bore into a body a clean as a gimlet. Sometimes a stroke strips the body, burns up every vestige of clothing, and leaves the body itself unscathed: Or the body may be consumed, and the clothing left.

Although death is painless and instantaneous, the burning may last for hours, or it may be the work of a few seconds. A soldier in an English regiment in India was struck by lightning, and when his comrades attempted to lift him up he crumbled to ashes. On the other hand, instances are known where petrification appeared to take place.

In general, the severest stroke produces least distortion or outward sign. Curious markings are frequently left upon the victims of lightning.



Mrs. Blake—Referred to in article in last issue.

Lure O'Gold:

By GEORGE E. PEARSON
Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

DISHAM was disgusted.

He stood at the bar, one foot on the rail, gazing moodily at his reflection in the fly-specked mirror of the dark bar. What he saw might well have pleased a more critical observer than himself—the face and bearing of one who was in the first flush of a young manhood that had been ripened and softened by life before its time.

As he sipped his Scotch in silent meditation, he cogitated on the events that had brought him to his present state of discontent. He uttered a malediction under his breath as he made a mental comparison between what he had given up—a post graduate course in his beloved profession and all that made life worth living, home and friends, the quiet restfulness of 'Varsity and the more virile appeal of the games—for this; and his black brows met as they started out the sagging door at the vista of sage-brush and sand, its deadly color unrelieved by aught but the saline tracings of alkali that appeared in vivid contrast here and there where the sun-baked earth had cracked and vomited forth its mockery of moisture.

It was as though the earth itself were shedding salty tears. He smiled in spite of himself at his morbid conceit—a smile of regret for the cooling breezes of old Ontario, and the slither of foam as the "Beaver" shot off on a new tack with a bone in her teeth. Here, water was doled out to one as though it had come from the precious spring of "Ponce de Leon."

And all for nothing. Months of indefatigable effort, sinking of prospect shafts, the weary monotony of sampling the grim interior of old and forgotten drifts, the scorching hikes under a hellish sun. Waste! All waste. Dreams. So ran his thoughts. A mine! The maudlin monstrosity of a promoter's diseased imagination.

"Drink?"

He turned in answer to the query to find beside him but at a less height, the wizened face of Murphy. Red muzzled and unshaven, his small grey eyes peered out and up from the red forest of his face. A prospector by his garb, Murphy was one who dwelt in a world all his own, a world which held out to its chosen few the chimera of a sometime lucky strike a world of high lights and deeper shadows, that from its vampire-like incursions on human hopes, early cast aside the unfit and the weak of heart. Fortune's slave he had been from Nome to Nogales; following the dear rainbow of his imagination. Here, melting snow for drinking purposes as he spent the long days and longer nights, bereft for months at a time of all human companionship in his white wilderness of snow. There, hoofing it between the distant water-holes of Death Valley in a last desperate effort to refrain from the



That night found her giving notice to her borders as only she knew how.

vain pursuit of what his smarting eyes told him was an oasis and his colder brain sneered at for a mirage.

"Sure thing. The same!" and Disham nodded at his empty glass.

"Scotch? An' playing a lone hand, huh? Well you're free, white and twenty-wan. But she's no weno muchaco."

"Pins and pepper, slave." And Murphy's beady eyes sparkled in greedy anticipation as the bartender put before him the rough whisky of Kansas City. Incidentally he coughed loud and long ere he put his glass down on the streaky bar.

"Workin' the Holy Grail?" he queried. Disham nodded absently.

"Dropped yer wad?" he continued.

Disham nodded again, sick with the knowledge of what his small patrimony had meant to him.

"Known ut. Cud a told yuh six months ago it was no good. Tried it meself. Dam' rascal, that promoter hombre. None of my business though." The speaker summed up a tragedy with the staccato-like eruptions of a machine gun.

"Tough sledding," and Murphy sucked reflectively on a cold and rancid pipe.

"Goin' back to Canada an' take it easy a spell!" This accusingly.

"No, hunt a job, I guess," replied Disham.

"Huh! Got sand anyhow," the little man observed as he looked the other over appraisingly—not rudely, but as man to man.

"Here," and Murphy nodded his head out into space and turned to lead the way up the broad walk of the short street to the hostelry of the widow Shea. Disham followed, bewildered, but too sunk in apathy to speculate.

In the fierce heat of the galvanized iron kitchen, both took their seats on the empty boxes that served that purpose.

"Well?" It was the widow who spoke as she gazed from one to the other, not without suspicion, as she stood with her dish towel poised in the act of drying a dish.

"Missus Shea, ma'am. I'm minded to take this lad in on our layout, seein' as how he's edicated. Pervided he's salubrious to it." Murphy smiled in complacent approval of his mastery of the intricacies of his mother tongue. "An' you too," he added as the widow failed to exhibit any visible signs of enthusiasm. "But I thinks to myself, thinks I, it ain't fitten fer me tuh do nuthin' without seein' you first, anyways" He smiled ingratiatingly at the widow.

"Don't be so all fired polite, man. A body'd know you was after somethin' the way you take on, that never says a blessed word. Tell the bye whats' for," she commanded.

"Ever hear of the Los Pinos treasure?" queried Murphy, complying and relapsing into normal brevity now that his point had been gained.

Disham had heard and so signified. Strange it would have been had he not heard that weird story of treasure and love and hate—a story that was so laden with mystery and so steeped in legend, that once heard it could never be forgotten.

The story of the Los Pinos treasure was the story of a gallant company of ten score men that Marie Antoinette had sent to America. Soldiers and scientists were included in the party, the object of which had been to study the fauna and flora of the almost unknown part of America lying west of Louisiana. But the fighting strength of a score of hostile tribes had taken harsh toll of the adventurous company and had made of them a memory—Not a man of the party ever saw France again.

However, their work had not been fruitless. They had discovered and worked

out a placer mine of incalculable value. But where the treasure went after the last man in the party had succumbed no man knew. All that remained was a rough map that had been drawn by the one survivor of their last fight, ere he too gave up the ghost and joined his erstwhile companions.

He had babbled to the good padre of the little Spanish Mission to which he had strayed, of another map which was a key to his own rough sketch. He cried that it lay on the body of a dead companion somewhere on the back trail. The body they found but paper there was none. It had disappeared completely; whether by human agency or through sheer chance they had no means of telling. The desert scavengers and the desert sun knew, but they held the secret inviolate.

Rumor had it that the map had been found. Since that time those same scavengers and that same sun had taken their ghastly toll of three generations of men who had fought and loved and hunted for the treasure of Los Pinos.

As the weird warp of these facts unrolled themselves like a panorama on the screen of Disham's mind, in the pause that succeeded his interlocutor's question; he began dimly to perceive the drift of the other's apparently disconnected queries and became all attention.

"Well, we got the key map. Leastwise, Mrs. Shea here," and Murphy jerked his pipe in the direction of that lady, the palpitation of whose ample bosom evinced the excitement that possessed

heart and mind. Got it in the blankets of that Morales greaser that jumped his board 'bout the time you come here. She didn't savvy it until I put her next to the Los Pinos dope. We're come to a focus now though. It's a furrin writin' and full of surveyors' signs, only different—from bein' so old, I guess. Up to you, compadre. Cahoots. Share an' share alike if so be you can transmogrify it." And the speaker looked at Mrs. Shea in complacent approval of his last wild words.

Mrs. Shea ceased her dish-washing operations and placed her large red hands on her broad hips as they awaited Disham's reply.

The latter's heart gave a bound. His voice came from a long way off, as he answered: "It's very decent of you both, and I'll be more than pleased to throw in with you." All the time there stood out in the eye of his mind—the picture of a place on the "Hill." A certain girl in a certain dress, waiting for a certain man as he should spring up the steps, and then —————!

"Cracky! I'm that glad." And Mrs. Shea leaned over and planted a steaming kiss on Disham's face, notwithstanding his involuntary dodge. Murphy, his task completed, looked on unmoved in superior aloofness. Irish and impulsive to the core, the widow's easily swayed emotions took another turn. With a sniffle she buried her face in her apron and sat down on the only chair the hovel boasted and rocked herself slowly too and fro,

as she voiced her thoughts aloud in spontaneous modulation.

"I'm that glad;"—sob—"I'm that tired. Thirty years"—sniffle—"Never a place to call me own;"—both together,—"Never a fairin'; never a decent dress to me back,—work, work, work, from early marn 'til late at night,—" business of apron—"Naygurs and greasers and haythen Chinee, an' some white men that was worse nor ayther an' divil a bit o' thanks from anny wan of them fer all me slavin.' Oh! shure byes I'm that glad an' proud this night. I do be that. The shirts I've washed; an' the sun with a curse to it like ould Ireland, and them red flannels do be heavy,' she wound up plaintively.

No lack of enthusiasm on the part of the others could dampen the ardor of the volatile widow. Household duties were relegated to the oblivion that her previous thralldom to them demanded, as she pored over maps and histories with a confiding and childlike optimism that recked not of colder counsel. Her optimism was a joy to behold; the energy that animated her huge frame, a source of constant wonder. She burnt all bridges behind her. That night found her giving notice to her boarders as only she knew how. Her plan was simplicity itself.

The heavier and more breakable materials she was good enough to drag down the stairway and so out the door onto the hard earth of the roadway. The lighter articles of her guests' furniture she calmly tossed out of the upper windows, accompanying their aerial flight by sundry



Of tried and true villainy was Murf.

appropriate remarks that smacked of fish and Billingsgate. Night found her barricaded and exchanging brisk and loud-voiced repartee with a forlorn group of hungry miners who were told to go elsewhere for their bed and board.

II.

FORTY days out from Las Animas. Forty days of choking sand and more or less aimless wandering as they sought the first point as given in the annotations of the key map. Forty days of stinking water and glistening heat waves that appeared to tired eyes to flop up and down, promising by the very violence of their palpitations the breeze that never came. A monotonous succession of early risings and silent repasts of bacon and flapjacks at the grease-wood fire, varied at times by trying searches for the solitary burro that had been turned out the night before to eke out a sparse repast from the succulent cactus or the tender mesquite. Sage had given way to mesquite as they worked their way further into the recesses of the vast sink. Sometimes they wandered through forests of great cacti, forbidding in the extreme; at others, nothing but sand and more of it, except for the occasional clumps of mesquite or grease-wood.

Noon held no charms for the two travelers. A can of tomatoes, opened by jagged stabs of Murphy's heavy knife, sufficed for food and drink. They feasted as they trudged alongside the grunting burro, under a sky so blue that it appeared black. At night whilst the older man busied himself with preparations for their meagre meal, Disham was wont to check up the day's travel and their present position by means of the reading taken from the sun earlier in the day. Later he would further corroborate his findings by that friend of travelers, the North Star and its attendant satellites.

Murphy, that ancient mariner of the sandy seas, justified his long apprenticeship with the older things. Inured to hardship, he made light of those that became their daily portion and, as the result of previous experience, saw to it that the occurrence of them was avoided when it was humanly possible. He was not always the most companionable fellow in the world. His taciturnity was of so decided an order and so frequent in its operation, that in another it might have seemed despondency. But his cheerful soul knew not the meaning of the word. His silence was merely that of thoughts, not moods; the silence of one who had dwelt much alone, and, recognizing the inadequacy of futile speech, preferred rather the blazonry of acts.

For hours at a time he would trudge beside his impatient partner, exchanging no word and replying only in monosyllables when forced to answer a direct question. Sometimes the latter felt as though he could shriek aloud. He speculated idly as to whether even that could destroy the peace of the other's phlegmatic calm.

The old fellow in his quiet way was fully as optimistic, and planned his bright future with quite as much certainty as the widow Shea herself; but not so noisily.

His ambitions, too, ran in other and saner directions. His dream, the mention of which was the one thing that could draw him from out his shell, embraced a modest ranch in a land of eternal summer and bountiful rain; a land remarkable for its lack of snow. A life spent alternately short of one and in a super-abundance of the other, had forever soured him on both conditions. To spend his declining years so—and never was miner who held not the same wish—was the one bright hope that had humanized his life-long hunt for "the strike" and had kept his heart young within him.

The days were few that it was not mentioned, if not spontaneously by the one who fathered it, then, out of malice aforethought by Disham. The former invariably arose to the bait. With kindling eye and unctuous tongue he would enlarge upon this, his favorite topic. With skillful brush and artistic touch he would decorate and tint his modest castle of the air. It is to be conjectured that the buxom widow Shea was included to some extent in these dreams; at least so Disham surmised.

Murphy pulled his hat down over his squat forehead and gazed under protecting hand at the dim bulk that loomed up in the distance ahead. He blinked, and brushed a grimy hand across bloodshot eyes. "Yon's the place, Kid. An' to think if we'd a knowed we could have taken the cyars most of the way. Hell!" He spat his disgust.

"How's that?" queried Disham, puzzled.

"Why, because that's 'Look-Out' sure Cyanide plant. Bin there fer years. Man cain't help but know that mountain, once he's seed it. Railroad comes in there from the north. Built it when they put the mill up, so's tub git in there."

"Yes," agreed the other. "If that last spring was the point as given on the map, our next leg should throw us in that vicinity, Murf." And he too gazed off at the mountain peninsula that shoved its nose out into the waste about them.

"Few days more, we'll know what's what," commented Murphy. "A long hike, kid, without water. Better fill up plumb good afore we leave this here spring."

Disham looked at his map. "The poison spring should be near the edge of the mountain, Murf."

"Uh-huh," agreed the latter. "Guess we don't want none o' that though."

Under stern necessity of reaching the distant spring ere their present supply of water gave out, they decided on a forced march that night. In a silence broken only by the steady grunt of the laden burro and an occasional command as one of them urged him on, they wended their way under the quiet stars. In the course of it, the burro, with no preliminary warning, stopped dead in his tracks, fell over, sighed tumultuously, and lay there with heaving flanks. Disham, in frantic terror, sprang forward to save his precious instruments, second only to the water they sought in their importance. Finding them unharmed, he assisted Murphy in unloading the animal and later, in a vain attempt to bring the burro to his feet. He turned aside, sick at heart

as his companion belabored the unfortunate burro, even resorting to that last refinement of burro torture, pounding with heavy foot on the upper part of the coarse tail bone.

"Murf! You'll kill him."

"Kill an' be damned. Mebbe you'd rather cash in yerself to save an ornery jack." And Murphy gave another kick for good measure that brought no result other than an almost human groan from the object of his solicitude.

"I guess you're right, kid. This stinkin' hole is getting intuh me head. Too many such trips; too many. Getting old, —gettin' old. Here, lend a hand." and casting a last venomous glance at the burro, he began with Disham's assistance to sort out of the junk a further load for each. Even Disham, inexperienced as he was, joined in the other's exclamation of dismay as his hand felt the trickle of the precious water. In the unlucky fall of the worn out burro, an unkind fate had effected the junction of heavy knife blade with the soft tin of one canteen.

"Pike's Peak or bust now, Kid." And Murphy, in studious calculation, hefted the weight of the remaining vessel.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, they faced with the cool courage of their breed the certain knowledge of a lot harder than the burro's, if they should so much as falter, or, if in spite of their best efforts, Fate should prove unkind to them.

Once more the treasure of Los Pinos set out to exact its toll.

All that night they walked in order to take advantage of the sun's absence. On either hand the grotesque shadows of the desert growth hid the unevenness of the ground so that they stumbled as they walked. An occasional broken interjection, following such small mishaps, was the only word spoken, and the clatter of a metal dish as one shifted his heavy pack, the only other sound. Later, when the moon went down, the going became harder. At times one would stumble over a projecting root, to go headlong into a spiny cactus, to lie helpless, like some victim of a shrike, until the other released him. Toward morning the lessening of the desert growth and their increasing weariness warned them that the time had come to take their necessary rest while they yet had the shade of the cactus to shield them from the sun of the approaching day. Not until then did they allow themselves a sup of the luke-warm water. The food, they barely touched.

A few hours of troubled slumber and they were on their way again. At noon they took another rest with its relieving sip of the now oil-like water. By this time though, they were exposed to the full force of the sun's rays as they sat in gloomy silence, too hotly nervous and too miserably hot to sleep.

On again with steps even more uncertain as the clutching sand wound itself about their ankles and gave up the dry leather in a last desperate "goof." Disham, without parley, slipped off his load, retaining only his instruments as he staggered on. Murphy followed suit with all of his except the water. Explanations were unnecessary. Disham would have

Continued on Page 106.

The Tortoise:

By WILLIAM BYRON
Illustrated by A. KEELOR

PART I.

IT'S not my style to speak unkindly of the dead," said Uncle John, in his high-pitched, rasping voice, "but if you ain't got more horse sense than your father had, don't you ever dare to marry and raise a family. No man should have a family when he can't provide for them. Now I'll bet Henry was making upwards of twelve hundred dollars a year and all he saved in fifteen years was this paltry chicken feed. Any man making twelve hundred should save—" and he squinted obliquely, calculating the great opportunities for saving on so princely an income—"seven hundred a year or go back to kindergarten and start all over again!"

Father had died very suddenly, leaving me with no relative closer than Uncle John Coombes, a hard-fisted old farmer, who had made a substantial fortune by dint of the hardest work and the most thorough methods of economy that have ever been practiced, I believe. The duty of straightening out father's affairs had fallen to Uncle John, and he had found them in a sadly involved condition. When everything had been settled up, there would be about four hundred dollars left.

"We'll invest this money in some safe municipal bonds," went on Uncle John, "and if you want to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or a parson, nephew, I'll pay your way through college. You'll pay me back, I know, or you're not your father's son."

"Thanks, uncle," I said, "but I don't think it would be wise to go to college. I'd be just wasting money."

I couldn't be a lawyer no matter how much money you spent trying to make me one. You've got to be brilliant like Charlie Cutshaw, to make a lawyer. And it's the same with doctors and ministers. No, I've thought it all out and decided I had better get a job somewhere. Perhaps I could make good in a store."

Uncle John gave me a hearty thump on the back.

"You've got an old head on those shoulders," he declared. "I believe education's a good thing but so's a mustard plaster; and there's no use putting a mustard plaster on a man that don't need it. I know a couple of lawyers in this town that don't amount to a hill of beans as lawyers but I reckon they'd have made good farmers if they'd got their learning from Mother Nature instead of at college. Put a trowel in the hands of a certain doctor around here and he'll be more in his element than he is with a scalpel. A good bricklayer was lost to the world when that man went in for medicine. Throw a brick through several parsonage windows in this neighborhood and

you'll hit the makings of clever insurance men, plum spoiled through educating themselves into the wrong groove. Nephew, if you feel you're cut out to work in a store, the best thing you can do is to get a job right away. And if you ever need help don't forget you can always call on your Uncle John."

Accordingly I did not wait for the finish of the high school term, but left at once and managed to get a job in the general store of Hicks & Co. Old Lem Hicks was not a philanthropist in the usual sense of the word, but he stretched a point when he took me on at \$4.00 a week, his usual practice having been to start his clerks at \$3.00. The extra dollar, he explained, was because he had known my father well and wished to help me along. Just the same I had a shrewd suspicion that old Lem, who was many degrees removed from a sentimental list, had figured that, with my education, I would be worth the extra dollar to him. I decided most earnestly that I would prove myself worth \$4.00 a week.

Although I had been perfectly sincere in what I had said to Uncle John on the score of education, I could not help feeling a certain sense of disappointment in the necessary curtailment of my scholastic career.

It had been all planned out that I should go to college at the same time as my two school chums, Charlie Cutshaw and Lawrence Barlow. As the three leaders at the collegiate, we had been close friends and hard rivals in everything, even down to our love affairs. As Charlie would have expressed it, we worshipped at the same

on her bicycle with Charlie Cutshaw, or lingering at the post office to talk for a few minutes with Larry Barlow.

It was still more trying, when the fall came around, to see Charlie start off for Toronto, and to hear that Larry, who had decided to give up the idea of going to college, was to start in business on his own account.

Lawrence Barlow, senior, had died some five years previously, leaving an estate variously estimated by townsfolk at anywhere from ten thousand to a hundred thousand, the result of a positive genius for second mortgages. Although Larry would not come into this handsome principal until he was twenty-one, the interest, which had been piling up in a way that interest has when allowed to run, was at his disposal. The way he proceeded to use it stamped him as made of the stuff from which magnates are fashioned.

His first step was to secure an automobile agency. As the town up to that time had boasted of two cars only, both cranky little two-cylinder contraptions of a pre-Adamite model, the field was practically a virgin one. Larry cleaned up on the automobile business like a veteran, selling a dozen in almost as many weeks. Then he got into the real estate business and by easy stages branched into the building line. The "jerry builder" had never invaded Martinville up to this stage, most of the houses being built on solid lines that gave full assurance of comfort and stability. Larry introduced the type of house that is built to sell—neat, two-storey brick affairs with all modern inconveniences. They sold as fast as they could be put up.

The profits he pulled out of his various transactions were turned into other channels where, if current report was to be believed, the same process of multiplication was continued without any slackening or abatement. When the G.T.R. decided to build a new station the need was felt for a strip of land adjoining the railway property. This land was occupied by a few old shacks and had formerly been owned by an Italian fruit peddler. But when negotiations for the

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Are you interested in business stories, in seeing the problems that face you every day presented in a form that compels attention? Every man who desires to win success knows the value of instructive reading; and the business story is a pill of inspirational appeal rendered palatable by the sugar coating of fiction. The author of "The Tortoise" is a newcomer in the field of business fiction, but he has a story of gripping interest to tell. "The Tortoise" will be continued in succeeding numbers and, though the thread of continuous narrative will be maintained throughout the series, each installment will tell a more or less complete story in itself. The next part, which will appear in an early issue, will tell of a fight for the control of civic politics.

shrine; two openly and competitively, the third (myself) quietly and secretly. My position in the race for the favor of Alice Holworth was similar in some respects to that of poor John Brimblecomb in the society of the Rose. My fear of the gentler sex was so overpowering that I had done my share of the worshipping from a distance, never letting the other two know I had entered myself in the race at all; and needless to say Alice herself had no suspicion of the truth. Consequently it was a little trying to see from my post behind Sam Hicks' gloomy counter, our mutual divinity riding past

land commenced, it was learned that the deed had changed hands and that Larry was the new owner. He got a fancy price for the property. Whether it was sheer foresight on his part in calculating the possibilities of that property or whether he had a tip from the inside, no one ever found out. If there was any "easy money" to be had, Larry beat the whole town to it in a canter. In fact he was generally in a position to shove the proceeds with a deposit slip under the grill-work of the cashier's cage before any one else had even sensed the oppor-

tunity. It was shrewdly estimated around town that when he came of age, Larry had just about doubled his inheritance. He had become a rich man in record time.

When I reached my twenty-first birthday, I had barely secured a fingerhold on the window-sill of success. I was still working for Hicks & Co. at \$12 a week.

However, I had not done so badly either. I had saved up \$900. During the course of my business career since, I have accomplished various financial feats which have netted me large amounts, but I don't think any of them could compare with that. If I could bring to bear on my business affairs to-day the same perseverance, economy, and careful foresight that I displayed in saving up that amount, I would become a multi-millionaire.

I liked the work. Despite the long hours, the stuffiness of the ill-ventilated store and the crabbed whims of old Lem, I really became convinced during the first year that I had found my proper vocation. I liked waiting on customers. The mouldy ledgers and thumbed-over day book had a sort of fascination for me. Checking over incoming goods—an especially displeasing sort of drudgery to the other clerks—had a real interest for me. I can only explain it by saying that the work suited me and, therefore, it could never be entirely lacking in interest.

By the time I was twenty-one, I was doing most of the buying for the store and old Lem had handed over to me complete charge of the sales staff, which consisted of two other clerks besides myself. During the four years that I had been in the store I had learned a great deal from travelers and from the occasional trips I had made to other places. In addition I had read omnivorously and mostly along one line—business. I stayed with Lem Hicks because I had become convinced that a man's opportunities for learning are not necessarily limited by his environment; that if he can learn when placed in an establishment where efficiency is highest, he can also learn in equal measure from his efforts to improve surroundings that lack in efficiency. Acting on this principle, I had succeeded in intro-



"It's spineless, spavined, pigeon-toed policy has made me ashamed to call myself a journalist!"

ped for a moment to tie up his sandal or to mop his bald pate, I would not have been around when he arrived.

I had been instructed this morning to drive to a neighboring village to settle up some business connected with an account and the rig was in front of the store ready for me when I was called to the telephone. Five minutes elapsed before I could get out and just as I was climbing into the buggy, up came old man Opportunity, a little out of breath, and hurrying. I did not recognize him at first because he came in the guise of a commercial traveler named Hank Sullivan, a short, fat and jocular chap who covered our territory for a dry goods house.

"Hello, Harry," he said. "It's a good thing I hurried up. I wanted to see you."

"I don't think we want anything Hank," I said, after mentally reviewing the state of our stock.

"It's really a personal matter I wanted to see you about just now," replied the traveler, "though I'll be anxious to argue your stock requirements when you get back."

"The Bicknell stock is to be sold to-day," he went on, speaking in a cautious tone. "There's some shinnigan about it too that I just got the rights of. Old man Hewer's acting as assignee and he's managed somehow to get round his instructions about selling the stock. He's keeping bidders out of the market and will see to it that only one bid goes in. That will be in Bicknell's name for about thirty or forty cents on the dollar. Being the only offer made, it'll be accepted by the creditors. It's a deliberate steal they're putting over."

I dropped the reins and started to do a little figuring on the back of an envelope. I had fifteen hundred dollars in the bank and the additional four hundred that Dad had left me. My inheritance was invested in municipal debentures but could be turned into cash in a few days' time.

"What figure would buy that stock, Hank?" I asked.

"Twenty-five hundred," answered the traveler. "Raise the money if you can and get your bid in to the old skinflint

ducing a number of new ideas into the Hicks store. We kept the stock clean and as attractively displayed as our facilities would permit. We even paid some attention to the store windows. I had a faint hope that if I continued to work on him, I would ultimately succeed in persuading Lem to do a little advertising.

Four years more passed. Larry Barlow's progress had proceeded unchecked. He went into venture after venture and the Midas touch remained with him. He soon had a finger in every business pie in Martinville, even holding a large interest in the Star, the only daily paper in town. With Charlie Cutshaw still away at college, he had plain sailing in his love affair and it was generally believed around town that he and Alice Holworth were engaged. At any rate he was assiduous in his attentions to her and did not give any one else a chance in that quarter.

They say Opportunity knocks once at every man's door. My call came one morning about this time and it was by the merest chance I happened to be at home. If old man Opportunity had stop-

before three o'clock this afternoon. The bids close then."

I looked at my watch. It was 11.15. Uncle John lived out of town about six miles and if I expected to reach him and raise the balance of the money I would have to hurry.

"I'll be there in time. Good-bye, Hank, and thanks," I called, whipping up my horse to a rapid canter.

I knew that the opportunity was a splendid one. Bicknell had run the only specialty dry goods store in town and should have made a big success of it. Loose management and personal extravagance alone had put him under. The store had been closed up the month before.

It was a long hot drive out to Uncle John's farm and when I got there, of course, he was out. I followed him to the village store where he had gone for his mail and on the drive back explained the whole matter to him.

"How much?" asked Uncle John, who always went straight to the point.

"A thousand will see me through," I said. "I'll give you notes at 6 per cent. I can't put up any collateral that would be worth anything to you."

Uncle John grunted, but made no further comment and, when we got back to the house, made at once for the attic. Although a shrewd investor and thoroughly alive to the importance of making his money work for him, he always had quite a little sum that he could put his hands on at a moment's notice. In a few minutes he returned with an old sock from which he extracted the required amount in ten bills. This done he rolled up the sock and dropped it into a capacious pocket.

"If the worst comes to the worst and you can show me you've laid out every cent wisely, I might be induced to dig up a few more of the same kind," he said. "The old sock isn't cleaned out yet."

I had a hard race to get back to town in time. Covered with dust from head to foot, I walked into Abner Hewer's office at five minutes to three and laid down my offer for the bankrupt stock. Hewer scowled at me with frank hostility.

"Who's this for?" he snapped.

"Myself," I said.

"Only cash offers considered," he warned.

"I have the cash to back my offer up," I replied confidently; and left him turning the envelope over and over in his hand, with a doubtful and angry frown. Three days later I received notification that my offer had been accepted. And by the end of the following week I had started in business on my own account.

Before the newly painted sign of "H. Haven & Co." had been elevated to its position above the store, I learned some inside facts about the attempt that had been made to buy in the Bicknell stock. Larry Barlow had engineered the deal and was supplying the capital! Which explained why he favored me with a scowl whenever we met after that.

My first year's experience in business on my own account can be summed up in a few words. I financed the store on the surest, and ordinarily the slowest, policy.

I sold only for cash and never bought new goods until I had the funds to foot the bill. The stagnation which might have resulted from this course was avoided by a whirlwind advertising campaign. I made the townspeople literally sit up by the daring scope of my publicity methods. The other merchants had never gone in much for advertising and my methods therefore had the advantage almost of originality. I sold a lot of goods the first year and became about as popular with my competitors as a three-card shark at a camp meeting. To cut a long story short, I was able at the end of the year to pay Uncle John back his thousand dollars with interest and to have a little over to come and go on.

Two more years passed — busy and prosperous years. I had been out one Sunday to discuss my plans with Uncle John, and was driving back in the dusk of the evening. As I turned out into the main road leading to town, a big motor car came rolling along and I saw that it was Larry Barlow's. As usual Alice Holworth was with him. To my surprise as they drew alongside, I heard Alice request that the car be stopped.

"Good evening," said Larry, sulkily, obeying his companion's behest.

Before I had time to reply, Alice opened the door of the car and sprang out.

"Will you drive me home, Mr. Haven?" she asked. Her tone was quiet enough, but I could see that she was excited and, I thought, a little frightened.

They had quite apparently been quarreling. For a moment Larry was too surprised to speak and then his temper, always a hot and unruly one, got the better of him.

"Don't be a fool, Alice!" he snapped. "Come back into the car right away!"

"I have no intention of returning to town with you," said Alice, with a quiet determination. "If Mr. Haven can't drive me back I'll—I'll walk!"

I put out my hand at once and helped her in.

"I shall be delighted to drive you home," I said, gladly—oh, how gladly! To have Alice Holworth all to myself for a five-mile drive! I had never dared hope that such a pleasure would be mine. The fact that she would have acted just the same if it had been any other acquaintance, who had happened along just at this juncture, did not detract in the slightest from the thrill I experienced as she ensconced herself beside me on the buggy seat.

Larry remained silent for a moment while he fought to get control of himself. Finally he said:

"Don't carry the bluff too far, Alice. This puts us both in a ridiculous position. Look here, we'll talk this over on the way home and to start matters right I'll apologize now."

"Please drive on, Mr. Haven," said Alice, turning to me with a look so troubled and so appealing that I would gladly have thrashed Larry Barlow there and then.

We drove off at a sharp clip. Larry impetuously threw on the power and his car drew up alongside. He had tossed

restraint to the winds and was in a fine flaring temper.

"You'll be sorry for this Haven!" he called. "What do you want to butt in on me for? Why, you poor two-spot, I could put you out of business to-morrow."

I reined in the horse sharply and the car ran ahead of us quite a stretch before coming to a stop.

"Drive on, Barlow," I called. "Miss Holworth doesn't want to see anything more of you this evening."

"What, and leave Alice with you? I've half a notion to come back there and make her cut out this nonsense! I could take her away from you easy, Haven."

I glanced at Alice. "Say the word and I'll get out and horsewhip him," I said.

"No, please, Mr. Haven," she said, entreatingly. "Drive on and we'll pay no more attention to him."

Accordingly I whipped up the horse and we drove past the car, both of us looking straight ahead. Barlow started the car at once and settled down to follow us.

"I don't know just how to explain this," began Alice, after a few minutes of awkward silence, "but an explanation is due you. We had a quarrel and I—really, I was afraid of him. I know it's been generally understood that we were engaged, but we never really have been. He's been worrying me a great deal lately, and I only consented to the ride tonight because I wanted to tell him finally that our friendship had to stop. He became very angry and threatened to force me to marry him. He has a very bad temper and I preferred not to ride home with him."

I glanced back at the car, following closely in our wake. Larry had grown quite stout during the past few years. Crouched over the wheel he looked very big and strong and formidable with his huge shoulders, thick neck and massive head.

"There's something of the cave man about Larry," I answered. "He can't stand opposition. I happened to stumble across his path a year ago, incidentally spoiling one of his schemes, and he's never forgiven me."

"I hope that he won't cause you any trouble over this," said Alice, anxiously. "I would indeed be sorry to cause any unpleasantness between you. He's quite capable of carrying out his threats."

"Don't worry on that score," I said. "I can take care of myself. I'm not afraid of Larry Barlow with all his wealth and power."

I don't think that three people ever made a trip under such trying circumstances before. Alice Holworth and I were practically strangers to each other although we had grown up together in the same town. The circumstances of the meeting served further to throw a constraint on conversation and the situation was not helped any by the persistent presence, almost within earshot, of Larry Barlow, grim and implacable as fate. He hung right on, although too thoroughly angry to say anything more.

After the first couple of miles I began to see the funny side of it and with dif-

Continued on Page 97.

How Hackett Won a Fortune: And How Another Came to Him

By MARGARET
BELL

THE Canadian papers were bristling with a choice bit of news. A bit of news such as would make most papers bristle. In short, the descent of sudden fortune. The news of such a descent will cause a flutter of excitement in the most blasé. What must it have caused amongst the citizens of Wolfe Island, Ont.?—citizens who are not in the least blasé. For it concerned them very much, indeed. He upon whom the gold descended first saw the twinkle of the midnight stars on Wolfe Island. Afterwards he witnessed several other midnight twinklings. But that's another story.

In a couple of words, James K. Hackett. The timely magnanimity of the Fates happened only a few months ago, through the will and testament of a close male relative lately departed.

James K. Hackett, the swash-buckling hero of many plays, was the object of the opportune magnanimity.

But, to begin chronologically. Wolfe Island, on the sixth of September, 1869, was the scene of much rejoicing. Rejoicing in the home of one of its leading citizens, over the fact that a son had arrived to shed glory over the household.

James H. Hackett had hopes. It is quite a standard thing for an ambitious father to have hopes in his newly-arrived son. James H. Hackett was an ambitious father. Not because he had appeared at the Haymarket, London, in the early fifties, and caused the demise of many a happy hour. Not because he was the original Rip Van Winkle, or a famous old Falstaff.

He was ambitious simply because he could not help himself. Some people are born with ambition, as a kitten is born with a meow. Others acquire it as they grow older, much the same as a child does the measles. The father of James K. Hackett was born with an ambition spoon on his tongue.

Probably, yes, undoubtedly, that is why the arrival of James junior was acclaimed with so much joy. And, very likely, that is why his subsequently goings and comings were guided and watched over as carefully as if he were the son of a potentate. Perhaps he was. For, after all, a potentate may be such only in the mind of the individual involved. He is a potentate, just the same.

New York was the town chosen for the education of young James. A most admirable choice, to be sure. New York is often the choice

The timely magnanimity of the fates has left James K. Hackett in the comfortable position of complete independence.



Copyright by
Moffitt Studio,
Chicago.

for involuntary education. Grammar school with its complexities, was followed by a course at the College of the City of New York. It was evident that the boy was going to be an exception in something. At the college he received a suffix,

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Margaret Bell's articles on the Canadian men and women of the stage have opened the eyes of MacLean readers to the fact that Canada has produced an imposing array of mimic stars. This is the seventh article of the series and one of the best yet. Don't fail to read it.

an additional appendage, or what you will. But in 1891, when he had seen twenty-two autumns, he became the proprietor of a precious bit of sheepskin, which gave him all the dignities of the degree of B.A.

So it was evident that young James had not frittered away his time on football, hockey or any such frivolities, so universally indulged in by college boys in general. James had other aims in view.

It was about that time that he began to acquire a delightful shock of thick, black hair. He was a handsome chap, was James K. A youth of whom any fond parent might be fonder. Also, his voice had quite developed that deep resonance known only to romantic heroes of the powdered wig period.

James' father had great hopes for him. But his education was not complete. Not yet. Not even the technicalities of it. One must have a certain amount of technicality or one cannot be said to have received a legitimate education.

So James K. went to the New York Law School, to become conversant with quips and quibbles. A law school is a dry proposition, however, unless one is prepared for a perpetual diet of chestnuts.

Which James K. was not.

Within a year he had tired of them all. His interests sent his mind straying off in a different direction entirely. And one day the opportunity arrived. He knew it was the opportunity, because he found a certain amount of satisfaction in following its dictates. Such an opportunity had he always desired.

On the stage of the Madison Square Theatre, January 15th, 1892, a number of students produced a play called "His Toast." One of the amateurs, the most handsome of them all, he of the resonant voice and exotic eyes, was the young student who had already tired of the quips and quibbles. The result of this appearance was infinitely satisfactory. The young fellow decided to stay in the amateur arena until the time and a professional opportunity should give him a change of scene.

In March of the same year, at Palmer's Theatre, he made his second amateur appearance. This was in the heroic role of Fred Livingston in "A Stag at Bay."

Heroism was becoming to him. Consequently, when he learned that a Francois

was needed in Philadelphia for "The Broken Seal," he played a royal flush. On March 28th he appeared in this, his first professional role.

It was quite evident, from the first, that young James K. would begin the foundation of a repertoire. New York was the scene of his second professional venture. It was only three days after his appearance in Philadelphia. Such dexterity is remarkable, even in ambitious youths.

He was Duke at the Lyceum, a part which fitted his appearance and aspirations, like the proverbial glove. "The Duchess of Bayswater and Co." was the name of the play.

He seemed to have found his vocation. A handsome young chap always has dreams of clothing himself in the dignity and apparel of dukes. The rapidity with which young Hackett's dream became a reality was nothing short of marvelous.

He must have been quite a clever chap, too. For, in a very short time, he was given the part of Jean Torquenie in "The Broken Seal," a part of infinitely more importance than Francois, his debutant role.

It was almost time to close up shop for the summer. Young Hackett, full of pride and hope, a natural combination of characteristics, went off on a fishing trip, and awaited autumnal developments. He considered that he had made a good start, which he had. Not for nought was he blessed with a soul-stirring voice and Apollonian form and visage. Not for nought did he give up the law school with its quips and quibbles. He was going to make good as an actor. Of that he was certain.

Of course, that is one advantage the stage has. One can always find an opening there, when all other paths lead to closed gates. The conclusion of young Hackett's fishing trip was a happy one indeed. It was followed by an offer from Augustin Daly, to appear in his theatre in a repertoire of parts. Recognition is balm to a young actor. Even though he may feel confident that he is deserving of the highest praise, nevertheless it is a great satisfaction to know that someone else feels kindly toward one's abilities. Especially, if the someone be in the position to follow up that recognition with an offer. So young Hackett gave himself a figurative slap on the back and cried "Well Done."

His repertoire that season at Daly's included Master Wilford in *The Hunchback*, Charley in *Good for Nothing*, *The School for Scandal*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Loan of a Lover*, and *The Foresters*.

His art was expanding. There is no question about that. It would seem that young James K. first looked upon the world, when a good luck comet appeared in view. And besides, one must be given credit for the choosing of one's parents. James K.'s father was an actor of no mean repute.

In 1893, Arthur Rehan organized a company to play in Halifax, and St. John, N.B. First of all, anyone who is organizing a company, must be diplomatic. He knew that young Hackett was a Canadian, and that Canadians were partial

to one of their own kin. Now, that may not have been his reason for asking the handsome hero to join his company. It may have been his ability to wear evening dress, or the peculiar resonance of his voice. It may even have been his ability of interpretation. Anyhow, James K. Hackett's name appeared on the programs of Arthur Rehan's company, in such plays as *The Arabian Nights*,—ah, here was a chance to display heroism,—*The Private Secretary*, *Mixed Pickles*, and *Turned Up*.

So great was his success that in 1894, he managed a touring company of his own, in the above mentioned plays. There seemed to be no limit to his ambitions. A very good fault, too, it must be admitted. It was almost time for him to return to New York. He had made good in his own country, was quite a celebrity, in fact.

The Broadway Theatre was his next goal. On January 14th, 1895, he played De Neipperg in *Madame Sans-Gene*, in which part he appeared until September of the same year. Then, he had the chance to portray a count. The Queen's Necklace was the name of that play. Hackett played the Count de Charny.

Daniel Frohman had his company of players at the Lyceum, at that time. And Frohman had noticed the grace and ease with which Hackett played heroic roles. Such grace and ease should never go unheeded. They play far too great a part with the feminine part of an audience. And the feminine part is usually the largest part. That is how Frohman came to offer the young Apollo the position of leading man.

His first part under the new management was Morris Lecaille in *The Home Secretary*. The Lyceum audiences evidently approved of him, for he remained there, in the capacity of leading man, for four years.

Great were his conquests in that time. People called him the idol of feminine hearts, the Apollo of the matinee, and all such enviable names. He was the recipient of passionate letters. In short, James K. Hackett had evolved to the stage of matinee idol. He could not help it. Such distinction was thrust upon him. Being born with good looks, pleasing manners and that soulful voice, he could not possibly help himself and why should he wish to?

It was during this engagement that he created his never-to-be-forgotten part, Rudolph Rassendyl in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. This part has pursued him ever since. It has probably been the cause of more matinee outbursts than any other in the history of the American stage.

Besides this, he appeared also in *The Courtship of Leonie*, *The Late Mr. Castello*, *The Wife of Willoughby*, *The First Gentleman of Europe*, *The Mayflower*, *The Princess and the Butterfly*, *The Tree of Knowledge*, and *Rupert of Hentzau*.

It is quite a recognized fact that a superfluity of similar roles produces stagnation of art. Of course, our young hero knew this. So he flavored his diet of romanticism with occasional pinches of classic drama. Romeo in *Romeo and Juliet*, with Olga Nethersole at the Broadway Theatre; Mercutio, in the same play, with Maud Adams at the Empire. Thus

his art went blithely on, with no thought but for development.

Mary Manning was leading woman at the Lyceum during his engagement there. She was a handsome, young woman, with Irish eyes and coal black hair. For a time, James K. Hackett forgot that he was the Apollo of the stage, forgot the numerous letters sent him by fair admirers. He remembered only that he was a very human man, and Mary Manning was exceeding good to look upon, with the result that for two years of his engagement at the Lyceum the leading woman was Mrs. James K. Hackett. And the papers printed long extravaganzas of the ideal, married life of the Hacketts, and people flocked to the theatre, to look upon the couple who had wrought such a miracle.

In 1900, Hackett had his premier appearance at Wallack's in *The Pride of Jennico*. And at the same theatre, under his own management, he took the title role in *Don Ceasar's Return*. That was a year later. The same season he went to Baltimore as *A Chance Ambassador*.

It was just about that time that people began to talk about *The Crisis*, that romantic novel of the Civil War, by Winston Churchill. When people began to talk, it is time for someone to act. This is particularly applicable to theatrical affairs. Hackett could easily imagine himself the heroic Stephen Brice. So he went to St. Louis, in 1902, with the *Crisis*, in dramatized form. So great was his success that he came back to Wallack's, and put it on there. It lasted him, all that season.

His next venture was *John Ermine of the Yellowstone*, produced at Boston in 1903. At Springfield, Mass., on Christmas night of the same year, he played *Robert, Crown Prince of Moratania* in *The Crown Prince*. He kept on producing plays. His capabilities for such work seemed unlimited. People began to look to him for two or three new plays each season.

In December, 1904, he played *Charles Stuart* in *The Fortunes of the King*. Early the next spring, he produced *The House of Silence*. This was in Pittsburgh. His next part was destined to be one which would attach itself to his name for some time. Every actor must have at least one of such plays to his credit. Hackett had several.

This was *The Walls of Jericho*, in which he was seen at the Savoy, N.Y., from September, 1905, until January of the next year.

Then he took a jump. From New York to Milwaukee seems a long run. But actors and managers have been known to take extensive jumps, for the privilege of trying out a new play, on a "dog town." Now, a dog town is a species of canine, which is not supposed to make deep indentations with its teeth, even if it does bite. It never causes artistic hydrophobia. Such a town is Milwaukee. Thither went James K. with *John Glayde's Honor*, in November, 1907. And with the same commodity he returned to New York in a month.

It was almost time for a revival. Hackett had never forgotten his swashbuck-

Continued on Page 45.

The Toes of Toinette:

By FREDERICK PALMER

Illustrated by GEO. H. FLATER

THE private secretary's rule about callers at the 135th street aerodrome waiting their turn melted under her imploring request to take her card in to Danbury Rodd at once.

"Mademoiselle Antoinette Rouget!" Rodd read aloud. "And what does she want?" His face lighted as he finished the question, which he answered by his own exclamation: "Of course! It's Toinette! One forgets she has also a surname!"

Her attraction for the aviator was no secret among his friends. Many times he had excused himself from company in order to be at the theatre in time to see her dance. She was a kindred spirit of flight, unchaining his imagination. She came nearest to being aerial of any earthly creature he had ever seen.

"What shall I say, sir?" the secretary inquired. "She seems to be in trouble," he added, by way of using his influence.

Rodd paused as soberly as if he were deciding a matter of state. Purposefully, he had always chosen a rear orchestra seat. To him, Toinette was an abstraction, an impersonal expression of human grace. He disliked to spoil an illusion which he had deliberately nursed. Probably her charm before the footlights was the product of calculated training in front of a mirror, and in real life she was a most matter-of-fact being, talking professional slang.

"Is she anything at all like what she is on the stage?" he asked.

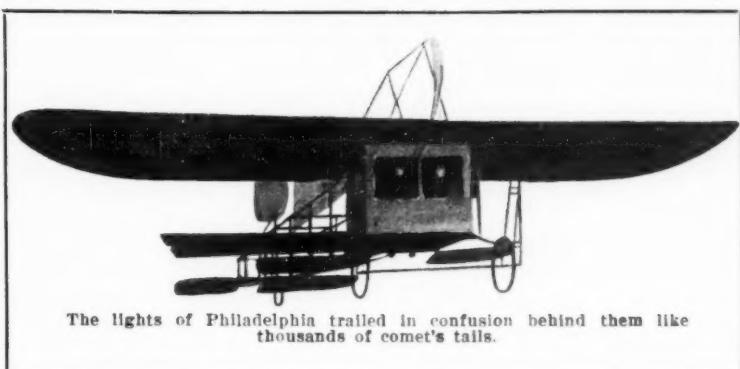
"That's the surprising part," said the secretary, who promptly acted on his own responsibility. He opened the door and beckoned, as he drew to one side with a punctilious bow.

Rodd was hardly on his feet when Toinette, in furs, came into his office with the same radiant quickness of the Toinette in costume appearing from the wings. It was herself, not an actress, that the audience saw, night after night. She might be nineteen, this fragile woman, yet she was like a child in her spontaneity.

"I speak to all the peoples with my feet, is it not?" she said. "So you will excuse me if I miss the steps when I speak the English."

Whatever her request, she had no mind to be balked of a full hearing. As if the movement were a part of a courtesy, she took the visitor's seat, while Rodd, in the presence of such grace, felt his arms and legs disjointed fans of a windmill as he sank into his own chair.

"Meestaire Rodd, how very queeck can you run your queekest flying machine to Philadelphaea?" she inquired, tossing back



The lights of Philadelphia trailed in confusion behind them like thousands of comet's tails.

the furs from her throat and setting her muff at an angle on her knee in keeping with that at which she held her head.

"Why, I have done it with a bank of wind at my back from the Schuylkill to the Hudson in twenty-eight minutes, but that was pretty wild going. In average weather, I think we can depend on forty," he told her.

"Ten forty-five, ten fefty-five—yais, that will do," and she whirled the muff round and round jubilantly, her feet rattling the floor. "You will—you will?"

"Who am I to take?" he inquired.

"Moi, moi, moi!" she repeated, beating her jacket with her muff.

"And when?"

"To-night—this very night!"

Rodd looked at his calendar pad and saw that he had three engagements for that evening.

"But I have been so excited I did not tell you it right," she went on. "I am playing in Philadelphaea and I must dance there at ten-fifteen and I must be in New York for the last act of the opera! Yais! It is impossible unless I fly, is it not?"

"I know no other way," said Rodd between fear and temptation. So many actresses had made similar requests. Could this small person be playing a part set her by a press agent? She subtly guessed what was passing in his mind.

"Non, non, non!" she exclaimed, shaking both her head and the muff in a tempest of furs and plumes and rebellious eyes. "Not the advertisement! Non! A secret that must not go in the newspapers! And Toinette does not advertise, if you please, except with her toes!" She thrust two patent-leather tips out from under the hem of her skirt and regarded them awesomely. "It is not that I like to ask the favor of a stranger," she assev-

erated proudly. "It is not for myself I ask, but for the *maestro*. Meestaire Rodd, you can help me to make the best man in the world happy forevaire and evaire. But if I try to tell you how much I love the *maestro* I should talk all day; and then I could not say it—all what is here!"

She pressed the muff against the left side of her jacket passionately; then it flew over to his knee coaxingly, as she leaned forward.

"Listen, Meestaire Rodd," she pleaded. "The Hotel Aragon in Philadelphaea has a place on the roof for the aeroplanes to land. The theatre is across the street. I respond to the last encore, I run to the elevator of the Aragon, and we fly! Please, just to make the noblest, truest man in the world happy—you will? You will?"

With a feather touch of those wonderful toes she was on her feet and bending over him, her eyes begging. The impulse to please her brought consent to his lips.

"Yes, and we'll have an auto ready to take you to the stage door of the opera instantly we land," he said.

"Oh, oh! You are the *vrai* Meestaire Rodd. You are the same off the stage as on!" she exclaimed, twirling the muff again and dancing a few soft little steps in irresistible expression of her delight. "Thank you! Thank you! And you will not tell anybody evaire that you took me?"

"Never!" he answered, rising, supremely self-conscious that in her fantastic presence he was as clumsy as a hippopotamus.

"It is all a secret—a trick! By and by I tell you," she said. "I must hurry to see the manager of the opera to plan everything so very carefully, now you have promised. In the wings at ten-fifteen! Do not forget!"

It seemed to Rodd that she never touched foot to floor or pavement from the door to the waiting taxicab. He blinked as if to make sure that all that had happened was not a dream, and glanced at his arms and legs, and was really gratified to find that with her out of the room they did not seem any longer or more awkward than those of the average man of his height.

Some one kept slipping a muff back and forth across the plans of the new wing to his factory over which he was working, making a spell of phantasmal stage mystery. Who was the *maestro*? Why should it make him happy forever to have Toinette beat a railroad train? There was more to the story than a whim that she should appear in Philadelphia and New York

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Frederick Palmer, the author of this inimitable story, is a famous writer and war correspondent. His recent articles on the Mexican situation, as well as his stories in the leading magazines, have attracted a wide degree of interest. In "The Toes of Toinette" he is seen at his best. It is one of those rare yarns that combine a theme of real human interest with a setting of stirring adventure. It is one of the most thoroughly readable stories of the year.

the same evening. The three engagements which had stared at him from the calendar pad were brought under one head at the dinner hour. The *Falcon*, which rose above the gleaming city on that crisp winter's night, was a different looking aeroplane from the *Falcon* in her summer rig. The box-like structure over the seats gave the effect of the body of a Brobdingnagian interplanetary bird. As warm as toast when he descended to the roof of the Aragon in Philadelphia, Rodd looked down on skurrying men in the streets with their hands to their ears, and on chauffeurs in rough furs resembling so many clumsy bears with heads drawn shiveringly between the shoulders.

When he entered the theatre he heard a sound like the distant beating of surf, and he saw that Toinette had just gone on the stage. When she came off, with thunders of applause following her, she ran to Rodd and gave his fingers an earnest press, while the audience continued to call.

"I love it! I love to dance!" she cried. "But only one encore to-night!"

The instant she returned, all the theatre was silent, as if, indeed, the people were listening to the singing of her feet. A third time she went back, but only to kiss her toe in adieu. Then her maid threw a heavy fur coat about her and thrust the two precious feet in satin slippers into big fur boots.

"And the make-up box? *Mon Dieu!* That is everything! I must not forget that!" said Toinette, which struck Rodd as odd, considering that she was not made-up at all.

"Here!" said the maid, taking a box off a chair.

Toinette slipped it under her arm.

"All right, Messtaire Rodd—queeck!" But as they passed out she paused long enough to pull the long, knotted forelock in the centre of the comedian's bald wig, and that comedian's round face, through its grease paint, flashed with happiness like the moon coming out under a cloud.

They ran across the street into the doorway of the hotel and were shot up in the back elevator to the roof, where the *Falcon's* engines were softly humming in readiness.

"It's cozy!" she said, when she was seated inside the silken housing. "And why these woolly little wires like a cobweb over the walls?"

"They keep us warm," answered Rodd. "Otherwise, we'd be frozen stiff by the terrific speed."

"Then I could not dance at the opera to-night," she said, "nor until they stood me up beside the radiator and thawed me out—and then it would be too late, too late!"

The motor started; the runners creaked on the frosty track; they were already ascending.

"Oh—oh—oh!" she trilled. The lights of Philadelphia were trailing in confusion like thousands of comet-tails. "That is your audience, Meestaire Rodd," she cried, with a gesture earthward, "and you wait not for the encore!"

"Those toes—those very valuable toes, are they tucked in snugly?" he said, bending over to see for himself that they were.

"Yes, those very valuable toes! Nevaire

do I go on the stage but I have a little stage fright for them," she said. "What if they should not—do as I bid them! They are what you call my capital, my kingdom, my all, is it not? Every morning when I wake up I look down across the sheet at them so far away and say, 'Toes, are you there?' And they wiggle back, 'All right!'"

"Yes, I know how you feel. All the rods and planes and the engines, they dance for me," said Rodd.

"And do you have the stage fright, too?"

"Yes," he confessed. "I never throw in the gear without a feeling that perhaps the *Falcon* will not respond. I never rise without fresh wonder to find myself flying. But if I break a toe I can get a new one, and you can't!"

"Non—nevaire!" She shuddered. "And I will grow old and can't dance any more. No! no!" She shook her head obstinately, defiantly, as if shaking off this shadow. "Non! I will keep young! Oh, that was the river—and it is gone like a needle shot through the cloth, *n'est-ce-pas?*" Then she looked about her inquiringly and exclaimed: "Voila! I can save the time!" and took a mirror out of the box, hung it in a crotch of the asbestos-covered wires, and began making-up.

"It is a part of the trick for the *maestro*. Ah, but I have not told you about the *maestro*!" she added, turning to Rodd in surprise at the discovery, with one eyebrow darkened. "I ask you to do everything and explain nothing. Where shall I begin this *bonne histoire*? With what was the beginning, of course! I was a little girl this tall"—she indicated the height by holding out the rouge brush and measuring carefully from the footrest—"a waif! I ran the errands for Madame of the bakeshop. 'The bread you ordered!' 'The cake you ordered, my lady!' And I dance—always I dance. The music, it touched the little springs in my toes! I danced for the love of the dance, just like I breathe the air for to live.

"The *maestro's* name is Signor Laponi, but we call him *maestro* because he is Italian, and he like that best. *Alors*, one day he is walking by when he sees me dance when the piano came along, so happy; yais, so happy I forgot to deliver the rolls which some one do want in the very great hurry. He stop, he watch, he make the wild gesture, and he mount on his toes and he say: 'Do like me—can you?' Oh, I shall nevaire forget his look! It was like a man waiting to see if he had found a diamond or just a lump of coal. I do the step—it was good fun and so very easy!"

"Le bon Dieu!" he cry, and he pick me up in his arms and demand where I belong, and I point to the bakeshop. He carried me in, and he cried, 'Whose child is this?'

"'Nobody's!' said Madame, very angry to see me still with the rolls in my hand.

"'Nobody's! Thank God! Then she is mine!' said the *maestro*; and he was so very grand.

"'You're welcome to her!' said Madame. 'She is good for nothing!'

"How the *maestro* laugh! He laugh like the child; he laugh like he was a

wrinkled, wise old man of the mountain. Have you understood?

"Good for nothing! The good God has put the spark of genius in her feet just as He put it into Beethoven's head. Good for nothing! She will dance in Paris, London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, New York! Men shall besiege the ticket office to see her! I know! I will train her! This is to pay you, Madame!"

"In his grand way he stand me on the counter right among the pastries. Ah, it was like the *maestro*—all life is art to him—to empty his pockets, to take off his sleeve buttons and his scarfpin, and give them all to Madame, who was so astounded she only breathe hard, with her hands on her hips. And he take me up again, and he pat my toes, and shake my ankles softly, and chuckle all to himself and carry me all the way to his room. It was all most surprising to me. *Hein!* I was so surprised, being such a very little girl, I had not dropped the rolls. That was what you call a very happy coincidence, eh? For the *maestro*, who love the art so he forget everything else, had given away all his money and the rolls were all we had for supper!"

"But the *maestro*, so thin and dark-eyed and earnest, he did not eat any of the rolls. He look at my ankles and my toes and feel them and he ask me to dance again, and he was so very happy that it make me very glad."

"At last, he says, 'I shall train a great dancer!' You see, all his life he had live for that ambition, for the applause of the pupil he had trained."

She paused thoughtfully, taking in a breath of wonder. Trenton was a glow-worm illuminating the ghastly mantle of snow which passed by the frame of the wafer-thin gelatin window. The braces were like threads of spun glass, the rods sparkling and the planes gleaming in their coats of frost under the *Falcon's* lamp.

"There was another little girl. She help me eat the rolls," Toinette went on. "The other little girl was Valerie, the *maestro's* daughter. Oh, wait till you see Valerie! She is good and honest, not just lucky, like me. Valerie's mother was dead. She had a beautiful name, Felicite, is it not? She was a dancer and her mother a dancer, but not the great dancer. *Hein!* You have understood? The great dancer, she walk on the roses and thousand-franc notes! Non? Madame Felicite was the hundred-franc-a-week dancer, and the hope of those dear hearts of the *maestro* and Madame Felicite was that their Valerie should succeed where the mother and grandmother had failed. They would live to see all Europe applaud Valerie. But Madame Felicite she die so very poor, still hoping."

Toinette turned sombre. The willow of her figure drooped, and the corners of her mouth sank until the grease paints which were gradually outlining a countenance far older than her own.

"And the *maestro*! His art and his real daughter and his daughter adopted—it was the fight in his heart. He would scold me and call me the lazy, undeserving one, and then pat my ankles. And once when Valerie had tried so hard and could not, he grew very angry and he shook me

and say, wild-like, 'Why did you have that spark and not my Valerie?' And then he change to tears, and beg my forgiveness, and pat my toes, and say the *bon Dieu* was right in giving the spark to me. Have you understood?

"He love us so much, he was so grand in his ideas, that he would not let us appear at all till we were the finished *artistes*. He come to America the better to make the money, and when we were ready we should go to Europe for the debut. Ah, he live on the sensation we would make one day. We were so very poor I would beg him to let me do the dance just for to boil the pot. 'Non!' he answered, so angry and proud. And—you will not tell?—all in secret I get the engagement in the vaudeville and I dance just well enough, not too well, so he shall not hear, and I get the poor girls to be his pupils and I pay for their teaching, and the *maestro* nevaire know. Oh, it was the good fun!

"And the *maestro* he lost the sight of one eye and the other it go bad, and then one day he go blind. He cannot teach any more, and I find a friend to give us the little money I earn as a loan. You have understood? And how I did practice, remembering everything he tell me and so sorry when he have been so good to me that I have been such a mischief. He could only tell by listening to the steps, and sometimes when he thought it was Valerie dancing it would be me, and he would be very happy to think how Valerie had improved."

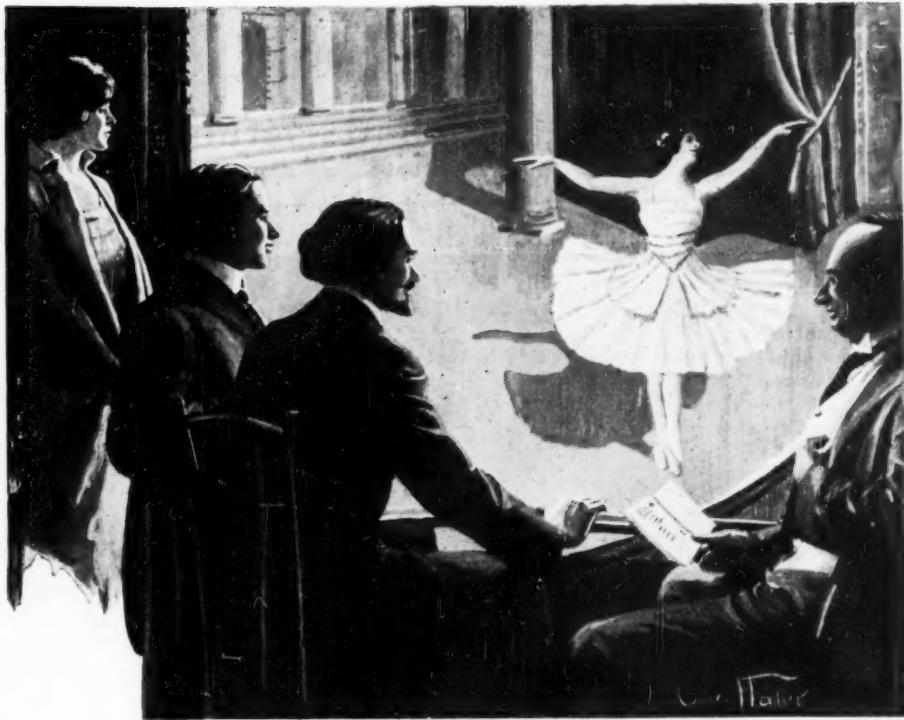
The make-up was finished with a last touch. She turned on Rodd the features of a woman of forty, with the smirking smile of the professional dancer or circus performer, forced under physical strain.

"Why is this?" Rodd inquired indignantly.

"For the audience at the opera. It is a disguise, a part of the trick. And the *maestro*, he not only go blind—oh, the poor *maestro*, may the good God cheer him!—but he cough and cough, and when the doctor examine him the doctor he say, 'Arizona quick, to save the life!'

"'Non!' what is the life?" answer the *maestro*. "I shall live long enough for the European debut, and that is all I want!"

"But we find a friend—the manager of the opera in New York. That big, terrible, knowing, good man, he say, 'All right.



At the command of ten thousand eyes calling for her art, she forgot herself. She let the spark in her toes have its abandoned way in the spell of the musical enchantment. When she stepped, the monster drew a long, deep breath, and through the film of her make-up Rodd saw the fairies frolic, playing for an instant in her natural smile.

I arrange for the European debut.' And he get the *maestro* into a drawing-room on the train for Arizona, oh, so very clevaire and kind!"

"Yes, and then?" said Rodd, guiding himself by the lights of Newark.

"Voila! Valerie and I, we make the debut at the opera in Paris, two girls before all those grand, bored, critical people. Oh, the audience! It can make you so happy when it is all smiles and rustles and hand-claps, and so miserable when all the shirt fronts of the men out there in the silent darkness look like so many little tombstones over your own buried ambition. The singers have to wait and wait on the encores for me—the lucky one.

"Alas, for Valerie only just a little applause. Poor Valerie, standing so *triste*, with nobody speaking to her in the wings! Is it not a shame the *bon Dieu* has not given her the spark in the feet when she is so very worthy, when she work so much harder than I? And then I think of the *maestro* out in Arizona—the poor *maestro*! Everything I owe to him! But for him I still work in the bakeshop, is it not so?

"But Valerie, she kissed me. She was not jealous—no! no! no! And when I ran from all the men who wanted to send me home in their carriages—just as the *maestro* had told me to do, for the sake of the *bon Dieu* and my art—and Valerie and I went back to our room in the omnibus, just as we always had, that night she sobbed and sobbed.

"'Oh,' she say, 'it is not for myself. I do not like the dance. I would better like to keep a shop or anything! Non, it is not for myself—it is father's heartbreak when he knows I have failed!'

"I could not sleep thinking of the *maestro*. Since he become blind his pride was more and more in Valerie, in his Madame Felicite's child. When I read the papers and all the critics say of what they call my singing feet, I had the idea—yais, the grand idea!—Valerie should be me!

"Yais, the handclaps were all for Valerie! For once I was glad that the *maestro* no more have the eyes to see. I make the plan very carefully and a friend in Arizona who is in the secret read aloud all my notices and change my name to Valerie. You have understood? *C'est joli, n'est-ce-pas?*

And Valerie she have to help though she say it is one lie. But is it a lie? *Non!* It is for the *maestro*, and it make him happy till a traveler make some fool talk before our friend in Arizona could stop the stupid.

"The *maestro* grow suspicious, angry, and he come on in this weather—the poor *maestro*, with only a little piece of lung left, just enough so he can live in Arizona—yais, he come on all alone to find the truth! And the first we know was when he appear in Valerie's room at the hotel in New York. She is so good, so honest, she is not quick for—what you say?—for keeping up the story. And to-night in the last act, just for a minute, Valerie appears at the opera for the first time and the *maestro* will be there in the manager's box. He cannot see, but he will know by the applause if he has been fooled. Oh, that terrible monster the audience, it will say 'Another danseuse? So! so! Nothing unusual!'

"Is Valerie forty?" Rodd asked. He resented the spirit of youth and lightness taking on a mask.

"No, no! But New York does not know Valerie!" she answered quickly. "And New York it knows me, my face, which I change. But I cannot change my toes—that is the trouble. Have you understood?"

"Yes."

New York's skyscrapers were blank shadows, with the bright ribbon of upper Broadway softening into the darkness of the lower city.

"Twenty-eight minutes!" said Rodd, as the guiding plane dipped for the descent.

"You take the long steps when you dance, and so quick!" said Toinette.

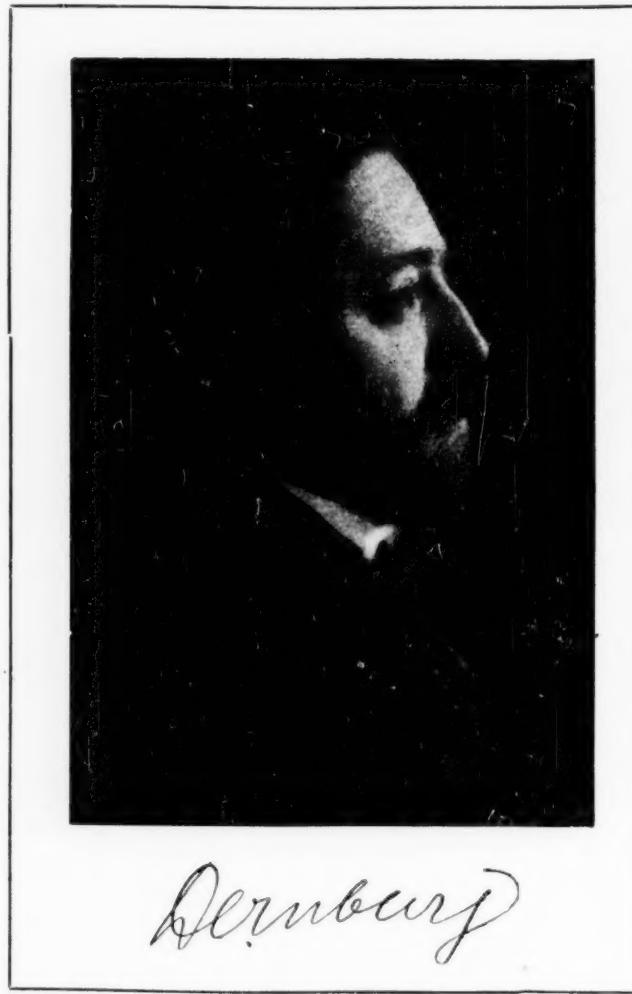
Continued on Page 103.

A Business Man in Politics : A Sketch of Bernhard Dernburg

By FREDERIC
W. WILE

SEVEN years ago this coming autumn, the Kaiser tried a bold experiment. He made a cabinet minister out of a business man who had nothing to recommend him but sheer ability. Though Germany is the vaunted land of efficiency, the experiment failed. Bernhard Dernburg, commoner-banker of Jewish origin, summoned to clean the Augean stables of muddled German colonial administration in September, 1906, was already in June, 1910, a thing of the political past. His career had lasted less than four years. There was no place for mere capacity in a Government saturated with bureaucracy, and Dernburg had to go. Hailed home and abroad as the German Joseph Chamberlain, because of his singular resemblance to the greatest of colonial secretaries in antecedents and methods, Herr Dernburg committed the revolutionary and fatal blunder of applying business ethics to the conduct of Germany's colonies. His ultimate downfall was as inevitable as the grave. He was not the first to strike his colors to the system into which he had been so unconventionally pitchforked, and he will not be the last.

Germany's oversea possessions, embracing in square miles an area very many times that of the Empire in Europe, were irreverently and variously known, prior to the Dernburg era, as sand-wastes and graveyards for subsidies. Hardly any Germans, except officials and soldiers, ever went to them. Togoland, Kamerun, German South-West and East Africa, Kiau-Chau and the dependencies in the far Pacific, in and about the Samoan Islands, figured relentlessly on the wrong side of the Imperial ledger. The Fatherland's cup of colonial misery finally overflowed when to the ordinary burdens of Empire were added the heavy sacrifices in blood and treasure of a stubborn rebellion in South-West Africa. The able gentlemen of the green-table system found, less to their indignation than to their astonishment, that bureaucracy and colonising do not go hand in hand. Half a dozen Geheimrate and Herren Doktoren had been tried at the Colonial Office. All had failed. The last to be found wanting was a kinsman of the Kaiser himself, Prince Ernst von Hohenlohe-Langenburg. Dernburg was relied upon to do for the colonies what he had made a reputation for doing as a rejuvenator of industrial



and financial lame-ducks—to put them on their feet.

Patriotism of a high order induced Dernburg to desert business for office. He gave up the managing-directorship of a great bank worth £10,000 a year, and a dozen company directorships netting him half as much again, for a paltry cabinet salary of £1,250 and a glorious opportunity to fail. But the Kaiser was looking for a specialist in obstacle-smashing, and when Dernburg's record as a financial life-saver was laid before him, William II. declared he had found the man. The dramatic appointment of the self-made young son of the people, whose father was a working journalist on the staff of a Berlin newspaper, speedily followed. His presence on the Government bench in Parliament infused new life into that galaxy of bureaucratic efficiency. Before he had been in office three months his aggressive personality was all-pervading. In the passionate Reichstag electorate crisis which he himself provoked, he was the dominating figure. The

campaign was fought singly on the issue Dernburg raised—the preservation and development of the colonies. Taking the hustings as chief spokesman for the Government, he toured the country, north and south, east and west, preaching everywhere in glowing terms the gospel of Germany's future oversea. He developed remarkable powers as a campaigner and political fighter. Overnight he became the strong man of Prince Bulow's Government, achieving within four months of his entrance upon official life renown and meteoric popularity. When the votes were counted the unholy alliance of clericalism and socialism, which had defied Dernburg's colonial estimates and precipitated the general election, found itself shorn of power.

Dernburg's name now meant energy, daring and success. The wise men and grey beards of the antediluvian system mopped their spectacles, aghast. His enemies became numerous and industrious. They declared he could not, and would not, last. The aristocratic caste, which monopolises high office in Germany by inherited tradition, regardless of merit, bitterly resented the all-conquering progress of a commoner of Semitic ancestry. They called him unmannered. They chided him for his awkwardness in court dress. They said his

whole bearing in his new surroundings was manifestly insufferable. But he went on doing things at the cob-webbed Colonial Office.

Anybody familiar with Dernburg's banking career could have told the gilded popinjays, whose susceptibilities he so grievously offended, that his distinguishing characteristic is Rucksichtslosigkeit—cold-blooded, unrelenting disregard of anything but his objective. Prof. Bergmann, Germany's great surgeon, asked once by a wounded soldier in a field hospital what could be done for him, replied: "Decapitation." Decapitation had been Dernburg's guiding principle when some desperate financial project was brought to his operating room at the Darmstader Bank. He tackled the moribund German colonies in the same spirit. Diseased organs, administrative scandals, red tape, old fogeyism and incompetence were lopped off mercilessly by this political surgeon, who cared nothing for rank or title, and developed an annoying habit of in-

Continued on Page 105.

The Guerdon of Initiative:

By DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN

WHEN General Leonard Wood, head of the U. S. Army, was an interne in the City Hospital of Boston, a child was brought into the hospital who was in great danger of choking to death. For an interne to perform an operation without the consent of the house surgeon was against the hospital rules, but young Wood did not wait for the usual red tape. He performed trichionomæ quickly, and saved the child. He was severely reprimanded and, if I remember correctly, expelled for this violation of rules, but his prompt action saved the child's life, and showed that the young physician had initiative which could act in an emergency. It was this very ability to act quickly in an emergency which attracted the attention of President Roosevelt, who helped him in his unprecedented rise from an assistant army surgeon in a Western military camp to the head of the United States Army.

One of the best surgeons I ever knew, in an emergency case in Italy, in a remote part of the country where he could not get any instruments, performed a delicate operation with an instrument which he manufactured himself in a blacksmith shop. If only an ordinary surgeon had been present, the probabilities are that the woman would have died before they could have got her back to civilization.

A poor workman is always excusing his poor work and his lack of skill as due to poor tools, while the really skilled workman would do good work with almost any kind of tools. It is the resourceful man that is in demand everywhere, the man who can see a way out in an emergency or in a critical situation, when others stand dumb and paralyzed. I have been present when an accident has occurred in the streets of a great city when hundreds of human beings would crowd about and stare, helpless and powerless to act, when perhaps there was only one man in the whole crowd who was equal to the emergency and who knew what to do.

START THINGS YOURSELF.

If procrastination and vacillation run in your blood, if you are always waiting for somebody to start things, to begin things for you; if you feel paralyzed by the very responsibility of deciding things, beginning things of your own accord, just make up your mind that if you ever are to amount to anything in the world you must strangle this habit. The only way to do this is to form the counter-habit of starting out every morning with the grim resolution not to allow yourself, during that day, to waver, or wait for somebody to start things and show you the way. Resolve that during that day you are going to be a pusher, a leader; that you are not going to be a trailer, not going to

wait for somebody else to tell you what to do and how to do it. You are going to take the initiative, start things yourself, and put them through without advice.

MENTAL RESOLUTION.

I have known several men who have suffered from lack of confidence and fear of failure whenever they have attempted to act on their own initiative, to get great benefit from self-encouragement through suggestion. They had a heart-to-heart talk with themselves something after this fashion:—

"All this time my life has been seriously crippled, my career jeopardized, by a serious lack in my mental make-up, which I am going to overcome; otherwise, instead of being a leader as I believe I am capable of becoming, I shall plod along in mediocrity and be a nobody. I have a fair education, good blood in my veins, and I am very ambitious. I am keenly aware that I have a lot of ability, barring my one weakness, my lack of initiative. I am simply paralyzed at the mere thought that I must act on my own initiative. I cannot seem to begin things of my own accord. I can work like a steam engine after I get started, but the very thought of beginning anything of importance for myself and putting it through without assistance or advice from others seems to paralyze my faculties. I have leaned upon others. I have depended upon them so long and have acted under instruction for so many years that my faculty of initiative has never been developed.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Dr. Orison Swett Marden is a man with a message. His clarion call has started many a man on the road to efficiency, his message has helped many a laggard to win a long-sought success. The inspirational articles of Dr. Marden have been a feature of MacLean's Magazine for some years, and it is one feature that readers insist on seeing. "Give us more of Dr. Marden," is the tenor of many a letter that reaches the editor's desk. And accordingly we have arranged with Dr. Marden for an indefinite continuation of his articles. They will appear each month, carrying their message of inspiration.

"Now, from this time on, I am going to be a different sort of a man. I am done with this vacillation, the habit of balancing, reconsidering, the habit of asking everybody's advice before I dare to begin things. I am going to start out to-morrow morning taking as my model some man who is noted for his vigorous initiative. Now, for this day, I am not the vacillating John Jones that I was yesterday, I am James J. Hill, or I am Mr. Wanamaker. Things have got to move to-day. There will be no dilly-dallying, no shilly-shallying, no wavering or balancing as heretofore. My decisions to-day will be quick and final. There will be no opening them up for consideration.

"I may make mistakes, but I am going to do things. I am going to learn to trust my judgment. I do not propose to be a

follower, a learner, a trailer, all my life. I am going to be a leader. I am going to be noted as a man who does things. I am not going to wait for somebody to tell me what to do or to start me. I am not going to come back to my superior every little while, like an automobile that is run out of gasoline, to be recharged with enthusiasm. I am going to furnish my own power to-day, and I want everybody around me to understand that this is not John Jones, not the man around here yesterday who did not know his own mind, and who was so timid that he never dared to start anything of his own accord. The John Jones of yesterday has been ousted forever. I have found a dynamo inside myself, and hereafter I am going to furnish my own motor power."

You will find that you tend to take on the qualities of your model man more and more as you try to put yourself in his place and do your work as you think he would do it. You will gradually develop another personality—stronger, more self-reliant, more independent. There is everything in making and keeping this resolution.

If you have been a victim of waiting for somebody else to take the lead, you need to cultivate more projectile power. A bullet starts from the rifle with what we call the vigor of projection. There must be sufficient force back of every such initiative effort to carry it to its goal. Just make up your mind that wherever you are placed things around you have got to move. Resolve that you are going to

show your employer and those around you that you are a vital living force. Make up your mind that you are going to surprise your employer, that you are going to show him that he never realized what kind of stuff you were made of. Just say to yourself: "My employer does not dream that there is a man here who has yeast in him and is going to rise to the top. He has got the sand, he has the grit, the determination to get on, and he is going to make himself felt."

BE A STAR EMPLOYEE.

Before you realize it, the employees about you are going to begin to whisper of the great change in you. These earmarks of ability that win will not long be kept from your employer. Just as the telescopes of astronomers are ever sweeping the heavens for a new planet, a new star, so every employer is constantly on a sharp outlook for the star employee, the exceptional employee.

Reports of the evidences of your improvement, of the marked change in your endeavor to get on, will get to your employer just as quickly as the opposite report, that you are shirking, that you are clipping hours, that instead of being away from your work an hour at noon

you are taking five or ten minutes of your employer's time to get ready to go out, and it is five or ten minutes after you come in before you are ready to work.

We all know how quickly every now and then a young man emerges from obscurity and forges to the front after he has had some great responsibility thrust upon him. Perhaps it is the death of the superior manager or proprietor which thrusts him into a position of great responsibility. Previous to this he has, probably, never shown any very marked ability excepting the fact that he was always on the job, that he was industrious and was always trying to improve something somewhere; but as his faculties are to have greater responsibility, they develop wonderful strength.

When he begins to depend upon his judgment and to trust it, it improves rapidly. He quickly develops a vigorous initiative and although, perhaps, he only steps into the gap temporarily, only until someone can be found to fill it, the responsibility calls out unexpected reserve power. The work does not sag, as was expected, there is no evidence of breaks along the line, and he is made the permanent head. These things are occurring all the time.

RESPONSIBILITY BROADENS.

There is nothing like responsibility to call out resourcefulness and inventiveness. What a pity that every young person could not have the opportunity to see what a great responsibility would bring out of him. How often we see young men who have never shown any very marked ability starting out in business for themselves, without capital, when everybody expects they are going to fail, and the first thing we know they have established themselves for life. The very fact that they had committed themselves before everybody they knew, so that failure would be a disgrace, helped them to self-discovery, and tended to call out reserve powers which they never used before and probably never knew they possessed, and in a little while they became successfully equipped men.

There is no mental faculty which is not susceptible to every great development, enlargement or shrinkage, and every faculty must be expanded by vigorous exercise or it will shrivel from inaction.

I know a young man who has such a negative mentality that for a long time his life threatened to be a practical failure. He was constantly mocked by an ambition which he did not seem to be able to satisfy, and finally was so humiliated by his failure to get on that he began to study himself closely and to take stock of his mental assets. Then he got a glimpse of the difference between the success group of mental attributes and the failure group, and he immediately began to exercise a positive mental attitude in everything. He was naturally a waverer, a balancer. He had a perfect horror of settling anything of importance finally; he always left a loop-hole in case he wanted to reconsider his decision, which he invariably did. But now he forces himself to decide quickly, once and for all, everything that comes up. Even though he knows he may make a mistake, he will not allow himself to procrastinate or

waver because he has learned that to hesitate is failure.

HAS DOUBLED HIS EFFICIENCY.

He has begun to replace his old pessimism with optimism. He will not allow himself to think failure possible. He has put self-confidence and courage in the place of his former mistrust and timidity, and in a single year this young man has so developed his positive, creative, faculties, his leadership, his executive faculties, that he has doubled his efficiency. His rapid progress has encouraged him to get on, and to-day, instead of the weak, timid, vacillating, hesitating, shrinking, doubting man of former years, he is a strong, vigorous, powerful personality.

There is a great deal of misapprehension regarding the real meaning of initiative. It is really the ability to do the next thing, without being told, in the best way, and at once. Initiative and skill are twins. It means, also, to keep things going in the most effective manner. It often takes much more initiative to keep things going than to start them. Sometimes men with very ordinary ability will start a thing that only a giant can keep going.

A great many people seem to think that there is a sort of an intelligent force abroad in the world that will start things, and keep them going, which will ultimately benefit them without their own effort. They seem to think that things will somehow come out to their advantage, even if they can not decide just what to do themselves. So they wait for this indefinite something to do something, without realizing that, so far as they are concerned, everything in this world would stop just where it is and never move a particle until they started things themselves and pushed them. The most fortunate day in a young person's life is that day when he discovers that there is nothing in the world for him which he does not originate and carry through himself, that all the other people are thinking of themselves, and have no time to help him. Many youths get the unfortunate impression that they are going to be pushed along, going to be boosted into a good position.

I have in mind a man who is extremely talented, and if someone will only open the door for him, he is a giant. He is like a fish thrown upon the sand by the waves. He has all the mechanism for swimming, but is powerless to get into the water of his own initiative. However, if someone comes along and puts him in the water, he starts off at terrific speed.

Some minds are not strong enough to create a current of their own; they simply drift in other people's currents and are carried along by stronger wills. The great mass of human beings are exploited by others, used by others to carry out their own ends in almost any way they wish, just because they have never developed self-assertion, self-reliance, initiative; because they have been passive instead of active, negative instead of positive. Such become weaklings instead of giants. Then there are other men so constituted that everything they touch moves, and everybody knows that when these men take hold of a thing it will go.

They are success organized, natural pushers, thinkers, doers, achievers.

George Eliot says that much ability is often lost for want of a little courage. On every hand we see men with apparently fine ability and good education who never seem to amount to much because they lack courage to branch out, courage to begin anything new, to start out for themselves. They can work well under somebody else, but there is no dare, no initiative, in their natures. They are afraid to take risks; afraid that they will fail and people will laugh at them. And so they settle down into mediocrity and lead a spiceless, flavorless sort of life.

I know a man who would undoubtedly have been a tremendous success but for that one lack in his nature. He had a strong mental grip, his mind was well trained. He had good ideas, good judgment, but he was afraid to begin things, somebody must start him. It was the one weak link in his character chain—no courage to undertake things; and all his other magnificent qualities were practically lost to the world because of that one lack. Had he been taken in hand as a child this could have been remedied by encouraging him to try to do things for himself, by pushing him out upon his own resources, thrusting responsibilities upon him. But his widowed mother was easy with him. She shielded and protected him. The result was he grew up almost a nonentity, when he might have been a magnificent figure in the world's activity.

There is everything in committing yourself courageously, without reservation, to one unwavering aim. Burn all bridges behind you so that you will never be tempted to retreat. One reason why so many young men have such a milk-and-water career is because they never half-committed themselves to their choice of a career. Wishy-washy resolutions never accomplish anything. It is only the grim resolution and iron determination, backed up by grit which never lets go and never turns back, that accomplishes things.

Most young men do not get a firm enough grip upon their vocation. They play at life. They do not play the game for all it is worth. They are not dead-in-earnest. They dabble on the surface, and do the easy things, the pleasantest things first, dreading the hard tasks, postponing the disagreeable ones. They are like the timid general who goes through the enemy's country taking the easy posts, the forts which offer little resistance, leaving the difficult places untaken, which harass him from the rear and weaken his army by picking off his men.

There is only one way to play the life game, and that is to play it for all you are worth. Play it as crack teams play football. How large an audience do you think the average man could attract who played the life game in such a weak, milk-and-water fashion that he aroused no enthusiasm, attracted no attention? Often at these great ball games fifty thousand people are gathered to witness the desperate battle of brain with brain, muscle against muscle.

I know young men who say they are anxious to get on in the world, who are like weak, silly boys in school, who go

through their arithmetic or algebra, skipping all the difficult problems, doing only the easy ones. They just barely manage to squeeze through school, and when they get out in the world these skipped problems are constantly bobbing up all along their careers as stumbling-blocks to mar their progress.

The people who are always skipping the tough problems in life, who slide along the line of least resistance, people with negative mentalities, never make any dent on the world. Negative mentalities never get out of mediocrity, never make much of an impression anywhere. It is only the strong, resourceful, absorbing, unwavering aim that wins. It is the vigorous initiative, the faithful resolution, the determined character, that succeeds.

How Hackett Won a Fortune

Continued from Page 38.

ling entrances in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Neither had his audiences. So the next season, he revived this play, and toured the country. He traveled in great state. Never was celebrity more celebrated than he.

It was just about this time that he made a change in his leading woman. Mary Mannering sought new starring vehicles for herself. She found a sweet little play called *Glorious Betsey*, in which she made a fascinating entrance, quite shoeless and stockingless.

Hackett engaged Beatrice Beckley to play his leads. *The Prisoner of Zenda* furnished them both with romanticism, for a couple of months. Then, about four years ago, something happened. The charming Miss Mannering felt a straining of her connubial strings. She was appearing in *A Man's World*, at the time. She decided that the best thing to do was cut the strings. Such an operation requires time, however. In Miss Mannering's case, it took over a year. And nobody opposed her severing of them. Apparently, Mr. Hackett was quite resigned.

It was not long before Beatrice Beckley became the second Mrs. Hackett. Miss Mannering kept their little girl, and took the leading role in *The Garden of Allah*. Hackett, bereft of a play, toured for a season in *The Grain of Dust*. Then his interest began to fade. He had a big repertory to his credit, a new wife, and the desire for a rest. Fortunately, the deceased uncle's will came into being at the opportune moment. James K. Hackett took his legacy and his wife, and together they sailed across the briny deep, to gay Paree.

They are there now, where the handsome hero of romanticism occasionally deigns to pose before the lenses of a moving-picture machine.

The charming Miss Mannering has retired from the stage, and is enjoying connubial felicity in Detroit.

Thus doth Fate make puppets of us all.

THE LURE of the LAURENTIANS

By EZRA BUTLER EDDY.

The lure of the Laurentians burns within the stranger's bosom
Long before 'tis ever kindled in the thoughtless native son;
The mystic blue that shields them seems to call you, call you to them,
Yet you wander to the end o' earth before your heart is won—
*Won at last by those same mountains that in youth you cared
to shun*

The solemn, stately grandeur of the Rockies, lost to sorrows,
Like sentries of the silences that stretch out to the sea,
Will fill your mind with memories to haunt the dim to-morrows,
And tempt you to return again, as though 'twere Fate's decree;
But listen to the old love, then the others swiftly flee.

The hills of California, that realm of romance golden,
Where black-eyed señoritas look around them with disdain;
And underneath the orange trees, historic tales so olden
Are told of dreary missions, mossy sepulchres of Spain.
The hills of California—I give them back again!

The snowy crests of Oregon, or dreamy Colorado,
Where Pike's Peak guards eternally the Garden of the Gods;
The heights that kiss the heavens on the borders of Nevada;
The southland, where the mountaineer along a pine-trail trods;
Each wins my admiration while a fickle world applauds.

I've seen them all, from east to west, and yet my face is turning
Across to my Laurentians; to each cool, enchanting knoll.
I spurned their simple welcome, still to win it back I'm yearning;
O, death without another glance would be the proper toll,
For he who scorns Laurentian hills is traitor to his soul!



Canadian Progress Told in Paragraph

The fact that millions of dollars were moved from old to new vaults of the Finance Department at Ottawa this week, is another indication that money is loosening up.—*Vancouver Province*.

After seeing the "beach tango" one is convinced that most of the dancers learned it by mail and the course got crossed with the instructions for coal heaving.—*St. Thomas Journal*.

Think of Joe Martin coming away when all the trouble is brewing in Ulster.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

As only one was picked up for dead after last night's Galician wedding in the Coal Docks section it is evident that the hot weather is felt there as much as anywhere.—*Port Arthur News*.

Even if the crop in the West is below the average in some districts, it will be an enormous total. There can be no such thing as a general crop failure, and there should be no such thing as pessimism.—*Port Arthur Chronicle*.

It has come; meat prices, say stockmen, will go up another five per cent. this week. If we cut out roasts for a month or so we'll all be able to buy automobiles.—*New Westminster News*.

Senator Davis will introduce his anti-tipping bill again next session, and he says he will provide drastic penalties both for the tipper and the tipped. The Saskatchewan senator is a statesman with a mission.—*Hamilton Herald*.

According to one scientist, the crops of the future will be pedigreed, but even now certain vegetables are too aristocratic to associate with common people.—*Quebec Telegraph*.

We seem to remember that there was a high cost of living commission looking Canada around once. Did it go north on the Karluk or east on the Komagata Maru, or what has happened it? If it is still in Canada, the Government should poke it out of its pigeon hole and make it tell why our bills are so big.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

Unknown to her husband a Brooklyn woman saved \$20,000 from household expenses. Are



The infant is coming along nicely.
—Racey in *Montreal Star*.

there any more at home like her?—*London Advertiser*.

With the passing of the Komagata Maru grim-visaged war has not smoothed its wrinkled front.



He brought it through safely.
—Chaplin in *Portland Oregon*.

The Christian Michelson is yet to come. First the Balkans, then Mexico, then Ulster, and now Vancouver Harbor. Yet there are some who speak of universal peace!—*Victoria Times*.

We sympathize with the law-abiding citizen who finally despaired of humanity when he heard that a riot had taken place in St. John, N.B. No place is now safe from the curse of modernity.—*Montreal Star*.

The scientist with a fad regards the public school as an experimental farm for the propagation of his brain bulbs.—*Vancouver Province*.

It pays when starting a scrap in an oil company or elsewhere to consider the end as well as the beginning.—*Calgary Herald*.

About the same time that it is announced that work is really to begin on the new Union Station word is received that the Ontario Railway Board will "do something" about the Balmy Beach stub line. We live in an age of rapid progress and transition, rush and hurry, almost taking one's breath away.—*Toronto Star*.

There are so many better ways of spending a vacation that one thinks of afterward.—*Montreal Herald*.

There seems to be a misapprehension. Austria declared war on Servia, not on C. P. R.—*Toronto Star*.

An Ontario member of the House of Commons has notified his constituents that he will be unable to represent them any longer at the present indemnity paid members of the House. It is possible that some self-sacrificing patriot will be found willing to serve at the present scale.—*Vancouver Province*.

Some Eastern critics are still harping upon what they consider the undue haste shown by Lord Mersey in the Empress inquiry. It must be admitted that some Eastern people would find the pace he set a trifle fast. It takes the West to appreciate the way Lord Mersey made the court "get a move on."—*Saskatoon Phoenix*.

Agriculture needs a man who thinks about it all day, and talks about it and dreams about it.—*Toronto Star*.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important, and all that is worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Spending Millions to Beat Lipton

A New York Yachtsman Relates the Efforts Uncle Sam is Making to Retain the Coveted Yachting Cup

From Pearson's Weekly.

The approaching struggle for the America Cup between Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, Shamrock IV., and that chosen to oppose it on behalf of the New York Yacht Club, will be watched with unusual interest by Britons on both sides of the Atlantic. An American yachtsman here tells of the money spent in the endeavor to retain the cup on this side, and the manner of its spending.

WHAT a race it will be! Our boys will have the hardest job they ever struck when Sir Thomas brings his clipper little boat to vie against ours. Having realized this, our American sportsmen are sparing no efforts to get a boat that can shoot along faster than the Shamrock. The cup has simply got to remain in our country, and if Sir Thomas is to regain the trophy his Shamrock and his men will have to be very cute.

We Americans are taking no chances against Sir Thomas. Already we have been organizing, working, and spending for several months, and by the time the great race begins, over a year's preparations will be at an end and millions of dollars will be spent.

You ask how so much money has disappeared.

Well, it's like this. We Americans work on system. Some time before Sir Thomas Lipton sent his challenge to the New York Club, yachting sharps knew it was in the air and they were ready for it. And who was to defend?

"We will try," said a syndicate of flag officers of the New York Club. When the list was made public, it was found to consist of Pierpont Morgan, George F. Baker, jun., Cornelius Vanderbilt, Henry Walters, Frederick G. Bourne, and Arthur C. James—mostly millionaires.

"The more the merrier!" chirped another syndicate, called the 'Tri-City,' being from Boston, Philadelphia and New York, and made up of a number of very wealthy citizens.

"Me, too!" piped another voice.

It was that of Alexander Smith Cochran, our young carpet millionaire, who has been only too glad to build a yacht to defeat your English Shamrock.

And so you see how three boats have been built by Uncle Sam's millionaires to stop that Cup reaching England. These three boats have already taken part in the regatta of New York Yacht Club. Then on July 5th these rivals began to tune up properly. Day after day they will race each other, pausing for breath to make changes in rigging or gear as the owners see fit. Then in the latter part of August the real elimination races take place, and the best yacht of the three will be chosen to race against your Shamrock.

NAMES MEAN A LOT.

You see, it's system does it all the way through. It has cost our American sportsmen easily over a hundred thousand pounds for their three boats, but there's been no waste in building the two extra, because we shall have found out by practical experience which is the best of three boats, all built by the cannierest craftsmen of Yankee-land. Then listen to the names of our yachts—Resolute, Defiance, Vanitie. You perhaps say: "What's in a name?" But we guess there's a good deal in a name. Names win or lose races—any yachting crank will tell you that. To hold America's Cup safe the yacht must have a name expressive of doughty seaworthiness, but more important still it must have eight letters! All our winning boats had names of eight letters. Here are the winner's names in past years: Vigilant, Defender, Columbia, Reliance.

Cute, you say, to think of that, but merely a coincidence. Not at all. Our boat Constitution, built to be a world-beater, failed because she had more than eight letters to her name. Two of our present boats have eight letters—the Resolute and Defiance. Only one has seven letters, and that is Mr. Cochran's Vanitie. Old salts

shake their heads and wish him luck, but they mumble dire predictions—only seven letters and something to do with a woman!

You can bet your bottom dollar that should the Vanitie have the honor of racing with Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock Sir Thomas Lipton's boat will win. But if the Resolute or Defiance is matched against her our millionaire's money will not have been wasted.

I guess you will be interested in the way we choose our crews. It's well-ordered system again. Experts choosing experts.

Each set of owners first selects a sailing master for their yachts. These owners are autocrats of everything—yacht, master, crew, and money. The Resolute's course will be set by Chris Christiansen, former master of Commodore Vanderbilt's Aurora; S. B. Howell will handle the Defiance; and Mr. Cochran has engaged W. B. Dennis, who used to sail the dandy schooner Elena.

\$2,000 EACH FOR THE SKIPPERS.

In turn the masters pick the mates, and the two mates select the crews. This job has all been attended to, and all three outfits are now with their respective yachts. And they are a jolly company, every one, mostly Scandinavian fellows—big and broad-backed, huskies who heard the call of the sea when they were boys. On the boats themselves are from twenty-eight to thirty of these racing salts. More are needed for the tenders and launches, bringing the number of hands up to fifty for each defender.

Their pay? That's nothing! What they want is a whack of big prize-money if they keep the cup nailed down.

The crews of our mahogany-colored racers were chosen at the beginning of April last, and will be continuously employed in getting into the racing swing until the actual event. Each of the crew gets \$40 a month, with five dollars a month extra at the end of the season for

conduct money. The second mate gets \$1,200 for the season, the first mate \$1,500, and the sailing master \$2,000.

Besides this money, whenever a boat starts for a race everyone of the crew receives two and a half dollars each, and if the boat wins, an extra five dollars is added to this nice little pile. They have a good time, these crews, you can guess. All hands help with the boats, cleaning, fixing gear, and tuning up. Some look over the sails, others polish up the underbody.

FOUR WHITE SUITS FOR EVERY MAN.

Each yacht has a tender and attendant launches. On the tender the crew eats and sleeps. The steamer City of Stamford, altered at a cost of \$10,000, is a floating house for the Vanitie. The Defiance has the Irolita, while the Cape Cod is the Resolute's mother ship.

As you may guess, a pretty penny is needed for daily expenses. Yachting crews can eat a deal of provender. And they must be clothed. Every sailor man gets four white canvas working suits to begin with. He must have oilskins and rubber boots and tan leather rubber-soled deck shoes. Likewise his kit must contain a blue jersey and a pair of blue trousers, also a man-of-war's shirt.

Yes, Sir Thomas has got a big job on to beat us. He's working against a score of millionaires, three great designers, a thousand workmen, two hundred crackercrack-jack sailors, and America's best three skippers. The English boat will be a daisy if she beats ours.

But here's luck to Sir Thomas, and best wishes for a great tussle.

Roumania and Her New Territories

(From the *Contemporary Review*.)

The writer of the present article deals with the course which Roumania is pursuing in her new territories, showing that her conception of free government has made no appreciable progress during the last thirty years. Although there have been worse cases of spoliation and oppression, no one had ventured to place them under the aegis of the law. It was reserved for Roumania to create such a precedent, by requisitioning the services of her legislators in support of a policy of unabashed plunder.

OF ALL the Balkan nations, Roumania has least reason for departing from rules of conduct which are observed by every civilized community. Most of the excesses which are charged to the late belligerents were committed in time of war, when passions had attained an unusual degree of excitement. Roumania can plead no such extenuating circumstances: whatever she has done was done in cold blood, and without provocation. During the recent crisis it was she who played the part of aggressor by invading Bulgaria on the flimsiest of pretexts. The spoils which fell to her share at the final settlement surpassed her wildest expectations. At the cost of a few scores of men, none of whom died fighting, she acquired

3,000 square miles of fertile land, with the Balkan hegemony thrown into the bargain. Military laurels Roumania did not win, *faute de combattants*, but any disappointment she may have suffered on that score has been more than compensated by the diplomatic honors and homages which are showered on her from all sides. If ever there was a nation which could afford to be not only just, but even generous, towards ravished populations, it was the Roumanian on the morrow of the peace that bore the name of its capital. Let us see what Roumania has made of this splendid opportunity.

BULGARIA'S BENEFICENT REGIME.

The political and administrative *regime* under which these prosperous and contented regions lived was, as that throughout Bulgaria, of the most democratic type, with universal suffrage and proportional representation. There was no difference between the treatment of Bulgarians and Turks, the latter being, ever since the liberation of Bulgaria, represented in the Bulgarian National Assembly by a dozen of their own people. It is this rule of perfect equality and toleration which explains why Bulgaria, alone among the Balkan States, has succeeded in retaining her Turkish populations. For purely local purposes, the inhabitants enjoyed the benefits of complete self-government, the only right vested in the central authority being that of general control.

With the advent of the Roumanian rule all this has been altered, and in the place of the former free institutions one finds installed bureaucratic omnipotence. That the inhabitants of New Dobrudja would be deprived of their political rights might have been predicted from the first day of the Roumanian occupation. No Government at Bukarest would have dared to maintain the former democratic system with the great majority of the Roumanians unenfranchised. Even before the annexation, the Roumanian oligarchy had great difficulty in keeping the peasants in submission; the presence in their midst of a category of privileged citizens would have rendered that task absolutely impossible. Even as it is, the Roumanian ruling classes have already had to pay for the recent military promenade across the Danube.

One of the decisive reasons for hurrying on the revision of the Roumanian constitution is fear of the redoubled discontent of the Roumanian masses with their miserable lot at home after what they have seen and learned in Bulgaria. The reform movement in Roumania is bound to be further strengthened by the absorption of great numbers of people who all their lives have been accustomed to a democratic *regime*. This fact, no doubt, explains why the Roumanian authorities, who invariably side with the reactionary forces, are so anxious to obliterate every trace of the former state of things.

The same reasons which prompted the Roumanian Government to deprive the new populations of their political rights have also determined its policy as regards the municipal institutions of Dobrudja. What the legislator has left of the old

system is a mere parody of self-government. The county and district councils continue to be elective bodies, with a strong admixture of official members, but all their most important functions are to be exercised by the agents of the central authority. The mayors, who under the Bulgarian system were chosen by the councils and acted as their executive organs, are now the nominees of the all-powerful prefects and sub-prefects. In a word, the local interests of the population have been placed in the hands of irresponsible officials, and the entire administrative life of the community has been withdrawn from the vivifying control of public opinion.

THE SCHOOLS.

But it is when we approach the subject of schools that the tragedy begins. If there is one thing of which Bulgarians have always been proud, to the point of vanity, it is their educational establishments. They are linked with their past history and are living monuments of the gradual progress and development of the Bulgarian race.

When the Roumanians occupied New Dobrudja, they found in the various localities about 200 Bulgarian schools, all of them in a flourishing condition; not one of them remains to-day. Under the pretext that in Roumania the State alone is responsible for public instruction, the Roumanian authorities closed all existing schools and sequestered their property. A score of schools have since been opened, but as most of the new teachers are Roumanians and the children are ignorant of their language, matters have not been much improved. Faced by this intolerable situation, the parents in most of the towns and in many of the larger villages hired, at their private expense, houses and teachers to continue the work of the former schools. But the Roumanian law does not permit the opening of private educational establishments without an authorization from Bukarest, and this has in all cases been refused. As the Bulgarian schoolmasters are now under observation, and may not give private lessons except on condition of becoming Roumanian subjects, all work has to be carried on by methods of conspiracy; pupils and teachers meeting in secret places and using their ingenuity to avoid the inquisitive eye of the police. The promises of the Roumanian authorities to re-open schools in those localities where they have closed existing ones can hardly be taken seriously. The Roumanian Government is not in a position to satisfy the needs of the Roumanian populations, whose children are left without instruction. To suppose that the authorities will do more for the Bulgarian children is to give them credit for superhuman virtues. The probability is that matters will be allowed to continue as they are to-day, in the double hope of forcing the Bulgarian population to emigrate or making it more amenable to Roumanian influence.

Had these considerations been foreign to the Roumanian Government, it would never have thought of closing the old schools until full provision had been made for the new ones. The Bulgarian churches have fared no better than the Bulgarian schools. With

the annexation, the Bulgarian Exarchate was deprived of its legal status in those territories, and all the churches and other religious foundations passed into the hands of the Roumanian clergy. In those cases where the Bulgarian priests agreed to read the service in Roumanian, they were left in possession of their churches. Where that condition was not accepted, the priests were replaced by Roumanians, or the churches were closed. In other places it has been arranged that two languages, Slav and Roumanian, will be used simultaneously. Every day it becomes more clear that the object of the Roumanian authorities is gradually to replace all Bulgarian priests by Roumanians in order to Roumanize the religious service. All church property has been confiscated, and now forms part of the State domain.

Not content with suspending the political and communal liberties of the Bulgarian populations and laying hands on their schools and churches, the Roumanian legislator has gone one step further and has sanctioned spoliation of private property. The law for the organization of New Dobrudja places in the hands of the Roumanian Government an instrument by means of which it can dispossess the inhabitants in the annexed territories of half their land. What adds special savour to the story is that this unprecedented scheme of State robbery is justified by the desire to consolidate private property. A few words will suffice to place the matter in proper light.

The Bulgarian law and the jurisprudence of the Bulgarian law courts only recognize one kind of property—that of absolute freehold. All traces of feudal tenure were swept away with the liberation of Bulgaria, and during the last thirty years people have bought and sold on that understanding.

Let us now see what the Roumanian law has done. In the first place, it refuses to recognize rights of property unless they are established in a certain way, and this under penalty of confiscation. The proof upon which the Roumanian law now insists not being indispensable under the Bulgarian law, a large number of persons who had acquired their rights before the annexation will be unable to comply with the requirements of the new law, and will consequently lose their property. In the second place, it nullifies rights derived from transactions which under the Bulgarian *regime* were held to be valid, the result again being—confiscation. Finally, it forgets that Bulgaria had abolished all forms of feudal tenure, and vests the property of practically all the agricultural land in the State, as under the Turkish law.

WE CANNOT KNOW OURSELVES.

It is so difficult to know, so almost impossible to know in any full and final fashion, what we are deep down below the surface. We are a mystery to ourselves even in what concerns us most intimately; we cannot be sure of possessing adequate self-knowledge in any particular whatsoever.—The Rev. R. J. Campbell.

Fine Period FURNITURE



BEDROOM SUITE, LOUIS XV.

THE strongest argument in favor of our furniture is comparison with ordinary furniture.

Let any woman who intends furnishing any room or corner of her home take the time—and we assure her that it will be time well spent—to compare closely any of our pieces with any other line which may be on display at the same time.

After she has admired the general effect of our designs, let her study carefully the simplicity and strength of construction which marks all our designs. The beautiful match-

ing of the woods—the thorough, conscientious workmanship even in the corners and parts that are not usually seen; feel how smoothly the drawers work; observe how in everything, even to the drawer-pulls, the object has been to turn out a piece of furniture that follows in honesty of construction and fidelity of design the cherished pieces of our forefathers, made "before the world was in a hurry."



Look for our shop-mark on each piece as you would for the signature on fine china or silver.

A representative exhibit of our Fall line is shown by the leading dealer in your town at prices well within the range of the ordinary pocket book. A visit to his show-room will not only be interesting but a distinct help in making you familiar with what is best and distinctly worth while in furniture design to-day.

TORONTO FURNITURE COMPANY, LIMITED
OFFICES AND FACTORY

DUFFERIN STREET, TORONTO

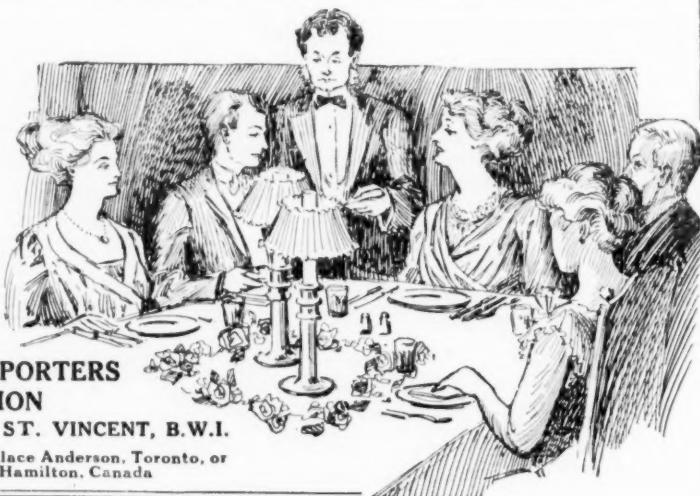
ALSO DISPLAY AT TORONTO INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION

THE PRIDE OF THE HOSTESS

ST. VINCENT ARROWROOT is the final touch to a good meal, which makes the hostess justly proud. It makes such delicious, dainty desserts, and meets with high favor from everyone who tastes it. For custards, blane manges, puddings, biscuits, etc., **St. Vincent Arrow-root** is unexcelled. Ask your grocer about **St. Vincent Arrow-root**. Once you try it you will always use it.

Send for our free
book of recipes.

**ST. VINCENT
ARROWROOT
GROWERS & EXPORTERS
ASSOCIATION**



Your opportunity to come and see

The *Domestic* Vacuum Cleaner

We have told you of the wonderful merits of the DOMESTIC VACUUM CLEANER and we are anxious to prove our claims. Its superior cleaning qualities will be demonstrated to your entire satisfaction. Make it a point to call at our exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. Our new Model H. B. is a combination sweeper. Has powerful vacuum and wide brush, light in weight, easy to operate.

Let your choice be a "Domestic" and eliminate Fall Housecleaning Drudgery from Your Home. Write for Free Booklet "D."

The Domestic Vacuum Cleaner Co., Room 2, 260 Yonge St.
Phone Main 2583 **Toronto, Ont.** Agents wanted everywhere

The Food of the Future What Our Great Grandchildren Will Eat

From The Popular Science Monthly.

A century ago, Malthus argued that if population increased at the (then) present rate, the food supply would be insufficient a century ahead, that is at the present time. The present writer's argument is along the same lines as that of Malthus. The deduction he draws, however, is different, in that he anticipates no shortage of food. The solution of the problem, he considers, will be found in the economic conversion of wheat and corn into palatable and nourishing food.

THE food problem is distinctly a modern one in the United States. Two generations ago no such problem was clearly recognized. Fish were plentiful; pigeons, deer, wild turkeys, water-fowl, quail and buffalo were abundant; wild berries, fruits and nuts could be obtained easily and in large quantities. Naturally food was cheap and there was enough for all, and of a kind sufficiently varied to suit the taste of any. All this has changed. Game animals have practically disappeared. Wild berries, fruits and nuts are no longer of importance in our dietaries. We have seen our population increase at the rate of over twenty per cent. every ten years until the increase in production of food products no longer keeps pace, but lags far behind, and we realize that there is such a thing as a food problem.

If the present rate of increase continues, the population of the United States will approximate five hundred million at the end of the present century. Is it possible to feed that number of persons on the products of our three million square miles? China and India both support a population as dense; but both of these countries are distinctly agricultural. The mass of people live on the land and are engaged in producing food. In this country the great increase in population is in the cities; while the food-producing class is increasing comparatively slowly. Can we continue to feed our people by reducing the exports in food stuffs? Obviously not, and in many instances they have been reduced already near the vanishing point. We have even actually begun to import meat and corn. It is significant also that free government land suitable for agricultural purposes is no longer available; hence we can not look for relief by bringing under the plow large tracts of virgin soil.

Is there likely, then, to be a scarcity of food in this country in the near future? No, there is and will be plenty of food, but some changes in dietaries undoubtedly will have to be made. Let us notice. In 1910 for every man, woman and child in the United States there was produced seven bushels of wheat, thirty-two bushels of corn, four bushels of potatoes, and forty pounds of sugar. There were six tenths cattle for each person, six tenths sheep, and seven tenths swine. Add to this the fruits, vegetables, poultry and dairy pro-

ducts, oats, and other small grains, and we see that there is plenty of food to go around and to spare.

There was grown in the United States in 1912 corn, which if assembled in one immense field might have covered Germany or France entirely with its rustling phalanx. How many millions might be nourished by the produce of this tremendous acreage! Here is a great source of human food at present utilized in a very slight degree.

Man takes food first of all that pleases the palate. We can no longer make our choices on the basis of palatability alone, and a study of the principles of nutrition must be pursued to help us out of those difficulties which arise from a restricted supply of food.

But shall we solve our food problem as it has been handled in some densely populated countries such as India and China? With an area nearly twice that of either of these countries, the capacity of the United States to maintain a population on the same standard as obtains in China for instance, would be perhaps relatively as great. It would mean a great change in our standard of living, one to which we should not take kindly, and one which we hope need never be adopted in this country.

What would the liberty-loving American think had he to subsist on the restricted fare of Chinamen? Their daily foods consist of rice steamed, cabbage boiled in an unnecessarily large amount of water, and, for relish a few bits of raw turnip, pickled in a strong brine. When disposed to be very extravagant and reckless of expense, they buy a few dried water melon seeds, and munch them as dessert.

The corn crop alone of the United States in 1912 was sufficient to supply nourishment for 230,000,000 people living on the standard maintained by the working class in China, India, and some other countries. The American, however, in general has never appeared to relish corn as a direct article of food. We shall, however, learn to eat more corn, not because we are told of its nourishing qualities, but because it will be prepared in an attractive form and because it will be cheap.

Machinery has been perfected for the milling of wheat so that the digestible portions are separated from the indigestible and a superior human food prepared. Wheat flour stands supreme among the cereal flours and is likely to maintain its position, still it is undoubtedly in the development of industrial processes that we shall find the solution of the problem of economically converting corn and similar products into human food which will be palatable and nourishing. A good beginning has already been made in the manufacture of starch and glucose as well as breakfast flakes from corn. These and similar industries are bound to grow rapidly. Nor is corn the only material which might be appropriated directly as human food and which is used at present little or not at all for that purpose. Oats, barley, rye, soy beans and peanuts and various by-products such as cottonseed and linseed cake might be utilized more largely.



Building the Panama Canal

In the construction of the "big ditch" hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of packages of **Grape-Nuts** food were purchased and sent to the Isthmus for army officers, engineers, clerks and laborers.

A pretty good endorsement of this famous food, don't you think?

Great things are accomplished when brain and muscle are well-fed—well-trained.

Grape-Nuts FOOD

has become a sturdy factor in many an enterprise that requires creation and up-building.

"There's a Reason"

Most every grocer sells Grape-Nuts—a food for muscle, brain and nerve.
15c the package—ready baked—ready to eat—crisp and appetizing!

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

All the seven days of the week, all the 52 weeks of the year, Bovril helps to improve the cooking.

Add a spoonful to your soups and stews, your gravies and "made" dishes. One touch of BOVRIL makes the whole dish better; it enriches the soup, strengthens the stew, and deepens the color of the gravy. Many of your own pet recipes will be all the better for the addition of a little Bovril

Many dishes that seem a little weak, just need a touch of BOVRIL to make them perfect. Always keep a bottle on the kitchen table when you're cooking.

CLARK'S TOMATO KETCHUP



12 oz. and 16 oz.
Bottles

prepared from only choice, red, ripe tomatoes and the finest selected spices. Guaranteed absolutely pure and to contain no artificial preservatives or coloring matter. The finest yet.

CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS

Plain Chili Tomato Sauce

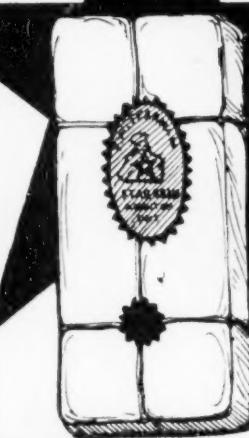
There is no need to dilate on the quality—you KNOW CLARK'S.

Have you tried the 2's Tall size, which contains enough for the small family at a very moderate price? Ask your grocer for it.



W. CLARK, LIMITED, MONTREAL

*It Never Fails to Please by Flavor
and Quality*



USE ONLY

FEARMAN'S
STAR BRAND

Breakfast Bacon

ONLY PRIME CANADIAN HOGS
USED IN ITS MANUFACTURE
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR FEARMAN'S

F. W. FEARMAN CO., LTD.
HAMILTON, ONT.

REMEMBER

Every subscription is entered under the name of the town from which the subscription is received. If you change your address and desire to receive your magazine without delay, always give us your old address in addition to your new address, otherwise we are unable to make the correction in our mailing list. As we publish fourteen magazines and newspapers, please mention The MacLean Magazine in your letter.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

ly. Modern science will very likely devise methods for extracting the valuable constituents from these products in such a way that they will be available for human food in an attractive form and nourish man in a state of highest efficiency. Some progress has already been made along this line, but it is barely a beginning.

Does this mean that we shall all in time turn vegetarian? No, there will always be food for domestic animals and meat and dairy and poultry products will always be important items of human diet. The grasses, clovers, straws, stovers, and certain by-products of the refining processes of seeds, etc., will always be directly unavailable as food for man and can probably best be utilized by converting them into animal products of various kinds. The amount of meat consumed, doubtless, will decline and a reduction in this respect may take place without danger and without detriment to the race.

Long ago Daniel, the prophet, and his companions demonstrated the virtue of a simple vegetable diet when they refused to eat the king's meat and wine, provided for the boys of the court, and chose rather pulse and water. At the end of the training period, when the boys were examined, the faces of the Hebrew children were found to be plumper and their minds more alert and keen than those of their companions who had dined more sumptuously, but who had, perhaps, studied less diligently.

The study of human nutrition has not yet produced a simple formula for man's guidance in the selection of his food. Such formulas have been successfully used in the feeding of rats, and the skillful stockman in his feeding operations carefully follows charts and rules provided him by experts on animal nutrition. We may expect that similar rules will obtain more and more in human nutrition and there will be, some time in the future, such a thing as scientific feeding of men.

The Effect of Radium on Plant Life

How Sleeping Plants are
Awakened by Proximity
to Radium

From *Die Naturwissenschaften*, Berlin.

Not only upon the human body has radium a powerful effect. We have here a description of its powers when directed toward sleeping plants. From a commercial viewpoint this use of radium would be too costly, but the results are none the less interesting on that account.

THE efforts of plant scientists to awaken plants from their period of winter sleep and to cause them to sprout have met with considerable success during the past few years. Having long been occupied with the influence of radium on plants it seemed to me desirable to test also whether it might not be possible by

its use to shorten the rest period of plants or even to do away with it altogether. My investigation, carried out in the Radium Institute of the Imperial Academy of Science and in the Institute of Plant Physiology in Vienna yielded positive results. Glass tubes and plates containing fixed preparations of radium were used in the experiments.

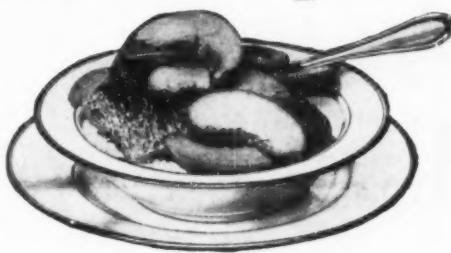
The buds were exposed in such a manner as to receive the radium rays as uniformly as possible. After exposures which varied in duration from one to forty-eight hours the plants were placed in water and then cultivated in a greenhouse in daylight. The experiments made with the common lilac plant show that the twigs when exposed to the rays in the middle of November are not noticeably affected, but are markedly affected when the exposure takes place in the latter half of November and also in the later portion of the rest period in December, when the exposure lasts one to two days. If the experiment is begun later, for example, in January, sprouting is not favorably influenced, unexposed twigs sprouting as well or even better. If the rest period has come to an end, an exposure of seventy-two hours may even have an injurious effect. It should be carefully noted that in the first place the exposure must occur at the right time; that is, at the end of November or December; and secondly, that it must continue neither too short nor too long a time. If the time is too short, no effect is observed; if too long, the buds are injured.

The use of the radium tubes has the disadvantage that the exposure of the buds is naturally very uneven. Hence it seemed desirable to test also the influence of the radium emanation. This being a gas, a more even influence on the buds was to be expected. This expectation was realized, for the effect of the emanation on the sleeping buds was much more striking than that of the radium tubes. As an emanation chamber a cylindrical glass vessel was used, and the emanation was admitted every twenty-four or forty-eight hours. For purposes of comparison a similar vessel was used for a twig left in pure air alone. In all were placed twigs cut from the same bush just before the experiment began. The twig left in the pure air did not sprout at all, the others all sprouted and the longer the exposure, the better the result. Similar experiments were made with other plants with varying results. In some cases similar effects as with the lilac were obtained. In other cases the radium had no visible effect.

What processes are set in motion in the resting buds by the exposure processes which finally cut short the rest period and cause the sprouting of the buds are still unknown to us. It seems probable that certain ferments are hastened in their development, thus leading to the mobilization of the nutritive substances. The cost of radium of course prevents this method of forcing from having any practical value, but it is of the greatest interest to know that this wonderful element should exercise so powerful an influence on the living substance of the sleeping buds.

A Five-Cent Banquet

The costliest banquet ever spread, with all the gastronomic concoctions that culinary genius can devise could not contain as much real body-building, digestible nutriment as two



Shredded Wheat Biscuits

the food that contains all the elements in the whole wheat grain steam-cooked, shredded and baked. It is what you digest, not what you eat, that builds muscle, bone and brain. The filmy, porous shreds of whole wheat are digested when the stomach rejects all other foods. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, with milk or cream and sliced peaches, make a complete, perfect meal at a cost of five or six cents.



Always heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness; then cover it with sliced peaches or other fresh fruit and serve with milk or cream. Try toasted Triscuit, the Shredded Wheat Wafer, for luncheon with butter, cheese or marmalades.

"It's All in the Shreds"

Made only by
The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd.
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St. East

House drudgery vanishes when you have a "SUNDAY"

When buying a vacuum cleaner for the home, don't buy a toy. A machine must necessarily be big enough to do the work thoroughly and small enough to enable the housewife to carry it with ease. Such a machine is the "SUNDAY," a suction cleaner with real power. Weighs 37 lbs.; very easy to carry. Costs only one cent an hour to operate. A paying investment. Keeps the home sweet, clean and sanitary.

Our Booklet "O" will give you more particulars. It's worth getting. A card will bring it free.

The Ottawa Vacuum Cleaner Mfg. Co., Limited
509 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Canada



The Development of the Boy Scout Movement

How the Boy Scout Organization Turns Out Useful Citizens

(From the *Fortnightly Review*.)

"A boy is a fruitful thing for a thoughtful spectator to contemplate." So wrote John Stuart Blackie in his "Notes of Life." How fruitful a thing is the modern boy may be gauged by a study of the developments which have taken place in the Boy Scout movement ever since its inception six years ago, and which are here described.

UNFORTUNATELY there is still a large number of sober-minded people who are convinced that the boy scout movement is an insidious attempt to foster a form of militarism—that it exists merely to give boys an excuse to potter about suburban lanes on Saturday afternoons or camp out during the summer months. It is hardly very edifying or flattering to the British people that there should still be need for explanation of the purpose underlying the Boy Scout organization. The "wideawake" hat, the "shorts," and the staff of the Scouts are possibly still objects of ridicule. In themselves these accoutrements may not be of any great consequence—they may even inspire amusement—but they are not an end but a means to an end, and it is the way in which the end is being reached that must reconcile the public to an organization about whose usefulness there can be no question, as I propose to show.

Professor Griffiths, at the recent meeting of the British Association, recognized that Sir Robert Baden-Powell's praiseworthy organization held great possibilities of good for the moral and physical well-being of the rising generation. The learned professor expressed the belief that the Scout movement was rendering greater service than the complicated State machinery in preparing boys for the struggles of life.

USEFULNESS A FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE.

It is only when one looks closely into the working of the Scout organization that one realizes how carefully it has been designed to help lads to grow into valuable and useful citizens. Usefulness is a fundamental principle of the Boy Scout movement, and each year sees some step forward by the Association in their endeavor to enlarge the sphere of usefulness of the lad who becomes a Boy Scout. The boy who has received a scout training can claim to have graduated in the university of practical life. His school teaching is as nothing compared with the knowledge obtained as a Scout. The defects of the present system of education are grave and palpable. The majority of boys are turned adrift from school at their most impressionable age. The Scout movement picks up a boy's teaching just at that moment in his life when knowledge counts for something more than the bookishness to which he has been subjected. First of all, there is character-training to bring out perseverance, hardihood

pluck, and skill. Then he is taught how to get and keep himself fit, how to assist his fellows in times of emergency and otherwise, how successfully to pursue some art or craft, how to be ready to turn his hand to anything from cooking a hunter's stew to felling a tree.

Now, of all that has been accomplished by the Scout movement for the good of the nation nothing can excel in usefulness the development by which a boy is encouraged to take up hobbies and handicrafts which may be useful in gaining for him a livelihood. The value of this training can hardly be accounted too highly when one remembers the large army of casual laborers which go to make up the ranks of the unemployed—workaday misfits, who, mayhap, have never had the chance of acquiring the elements of any trade.

"We want to help boys," the Executive of the Association say, "on leaving school to escape the evils of blind-alley occupations, e.g., van and messenger boys, newspaper carriers, caddies, etc., such as give the boy a wage for the moment, but leave him stranded without any trade or handicraft to pursue when he is a man." Tracing the development of the last few years, the student of the movement will have observed that increasing attention is being given to the making of craftsmen, and the list of subjects for which badges of proficiency are awarded is formidable. Indeed, there is hardly a department of knowledge which can be turned to the practical use of boys but is represented in that list. It already numbers no less than fifty-two and others are in contemplation. Here is a list of the crafts for which the boys wear distinctive badges on both sleeves of their Scout shirts, after having passed a rather stiffish examination in each particular subject:—Ambulance, airman, bee-farmer, basket-worker, blacksmith, boatman, bugler, carpenter, clerk, cook, cyclist, dairyman, electrician, engineer, farmer, fireman, gardener, handyman, horseman, interpreter, laundryman, leather-worker, mason, miner, marksman, master-at-arms, missioner, musician, naturalist, pathfinder, pilot, photographer, pioneer, piper, plumber, poultry-farmer, printer, prospector, sea fisherman, signaller, stalker, surveyor, telegraphist, tailor, textile worker, woodman, etc.

TO SECURE A BADGE.

Reviewing this important section of the Scout movement, let me examine a few of the handicraft badges and see what sort of a test a boy must pass in any particular subject. Taking the surveyor's badge, I find that he must map correctly from the country itself the main features of half a mile of road, with 440 yards each side, to a scale of two feet to the mile,



and afterwards redraw the same map from memory. He must measure the heights of a tree, telegraph pole, and church steeple, describing the method adopted; measure width of a river and distance apart of two objects a known distance away and unapproachable; be able to measure a gradient, understand what is meant by H.E., V.I., R.F., contours, conventional signs of ordnance survey and scales. Or, if he aspires to the engineer's decoration he must make and repair some of the simpler tinware articles in common use; chip and file a small surface of cast-iron; forge wrought iron to simple forms, viz., "S" hook, ring, staple, hold-fast, or pipe-hook; forge and temper a drill or chipping chisel, fit and braze two pieces of wrought iron together; explain the names, uses, and construction of metal work tools and apparatus in common use, and give reason for shapes, cutting angles, etc., of tools; explain the composition and properties of solders, fluxes, and metals; be familiar with ordinary workshop practices and processes.

Take an aspirant for the carpenter's badge. One learns that he must be able to shute and glue a four-foot straight joint, make a housing, tenon and mortice and halved joint, grind and set a chisel and plane iron; make a dove-tail locked box, or a table or a chair. Or, if the lad seeks to wear the electrician's badge he must possess a knowledge of the methods of rescue and resuscitation of persons insensible from shock; be able to make a simple electro-magnet; have an elementary knowledge of simple battery cells and the working of electric bells and telephones, and finally be able to remedy fused wires and repair broken connections. The Scout printer is also expected to be able to pass a rather severe test before he can wear the coveted badge.

One could go through the whole list of handicrafts and find similar exacting requirements before the examiner is justified in giving a "pass."

The Boy Scout is taught how to make all sorts of things—from a basket to an aeroplane. He may learn how to start a fire without matches or to sail a yacht; how to find his way through and map out a strange country, to bridge a river from trees that grow on its bank, and so on. Indeed, the organization covers all human activities; training the hand and the eye, the faculties of observation and inquiry, and the highest attributes of intelligence and self-sacrifice.

EFFECT ON THE SCHOOLS.

The movement is having a marked effect upon the ordinary curriculum which obtains in schools all over the country, and authorities have realized that character training should be included in the modern system of education. The schools have scholastic training, but that is not sufficient to make a man's career successful, and the aim of the Boy Scout movement is to give that complement to the school training. The value of this system of training cannot be set too high when regard is had to the percentage of lads who leave school to drift into the ranks of casual employment, simply because they have never had a chance of ac-



Who Ever Forgot His First Dish of Puffed Grains?

You have forgotten, no doubt, when you first tasted most things. But one always remembers the first dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Look back—you who know them. Note how well you recollect the first sight of them. What other food dainty in all your lives ever left such an impression?

Your Time is Coming

Your time is coming—if it hasn't come—when you learn the delights of Puffed Grains. Some day you will order a package. Out will roll brown, bubble-like grains, eight times normal size.

You will see crisp, airy, fragile morsels which seem too good to eat. You will serve them with cream and sugar, mix them with fruit, or float like crackers in bowls of milk. And you will find that these thin-walled, flaky grains have a taste like toasted nuts.

You will never forget that morning.

**Puffed Wheat 10c
Puffed Rice 15c**

Except in Extreme West

These are Prof. Anderson's foods—made by his patent process. Every food granule is steam-exploded for easy, complete digestion. Every food atom is made available.

So these are more than dainties. In all the ages, no other process has so fitted grains for food. That is the main reason why you should know them. Get a package of each—get them to-day—and see which kind you like best.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(65)

Historic Bobbins

Few in this busy age are aware of the fact that there was a time not so long ago when pillow lace making was the fashionable pastime and that ladies were as proud of their beautiful bobbins used in this connection as the modern lady is of her trinkets, gold or silver chatelaine.

There are to be found to-day a few collections in Museums of Historic Bobbins and the amateur collector from time to time is enabled



in their possession Bobbins of extreme delicacy and beauty, and these are held in such high esteem that the owner, while in very moderate circumstances, cannot be induced to part with them.

The accompanying illustration shows four of the best known historic bobbins in the Buckingham district, and we are indebted to Mrs. Marjorie Armstrong for the use of the illustration.

Mrs. Armstrong is head of the Buckingham Cottage Workers' Association, and has done much towards the re-establishing of the Buckingham Lace Industry, and will be pleased to mail to any lady an interesting booklet descriptive of Buckingham lace and its production. Applications should be made to Mrs. Marjorie Armstrong, Olney, Bucks, England.

MAKE YOUR WILL TO-DAY

200 FACTS about making a legal will in our book, "The Making of a Will and Laws Pertaining Thereto," with a Legal Will form.

One Dollar Post Paid. Money back if desired.

THE LEGAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
B11 Board of Trade Building, MONTREAL

Windsor
New Hotel
Westminster,
B.C. P. O. Bilo-
deau, Proprietor.
Phone 198.
P.O. Box 573.
Rates: American
Plan, \$1.50-\$2.50.
European Plan,
75c. to \$1.50.



quiring the elements of a skilled trade. A Boy Scout is never likely to become one of the submerged tenth, because his training enables him to find a useful place in the work of the world.

Five years have not passed since the movement was inaugurated, and the work of organization has been successful in establishing throughout the Empire one definite movement. The Scout movement is now not only Imperial, but universal, and it is not only vast and extensive, but

it is growing with a rapidity and a strength that has never hitherto characterized any innovation, either for the younger or the older generation. It is possible to believe that when the historian of this age comes to review its salient events he will point to the Boy Scout movement as one of the most potent and significant developments of twentieth-century civilization—developments which are, to use Lord Rosebery's famous phrase, "for the betterment of the nation's manhood."

Country Life Two Thousand Years Ago

(From the British Review.)

Despite the advance of civilization, the introduction of steam and electricity, it is extraordinary when we come to compare country life as it is to-day with that of 2,000 years ago, how little things have really changed. The writer here compares the pleasures and pursuits of a Roman in the days of Horace with those of a country resident or farmer of the present day.

CIVILIZED existence two thousand years ago has its counterpart and image in the life we see around us: the variations are few and superficial if, even, we compare Rome in the first with London in the twentieth century. But it is when we turn to the country that we notice how little has really altered: those rural pursuits in a Sabine valley which Horace so vividly described are curiously familiar to the native of Kent or Sussex. Shades of difference, of course, appear; for instance, ours is not a wine-producing country: the hopfields are our vineyards, and a glass of home-brewed ale is our substitute for the cups of old Massic or good Falernian with which the farmer-poet used to regale his fashionable friends from Rome; yet no radical change is perceptible and, moreover, there was the same mental attitude towards Nature on the part of cultured Roman citizens (*amatores ruris*) as we find existing to-day among disciples of Gilbert White and Richard Jefferies. For evidence of this we have only to turn to the writings of the poet laureate of Augustus.

THE DELIGHTS OF FARMING.

Horace has devoted one poem especially to the eulogy of country life, and in a few imperishable verses he delineates the surroundings of one who is satisfied to tend his farm and garden. Happy is that man, says our Venusian, who is neither a lender nor a borrower, but ploughs his ancestral acres with his own oxen; who is neither a conscript in dread of a sudden call to arms, nor a merchant trusting life and fortune to an angry sea; who is neither lawyer nor litigant, nor has need of any favors from the insolent rich. Free from all such cares, a man may devote himself to wedging his lusty vines to tall poplars, or watching his herds at pasture. He might fill up a vacant hour by pruning

his fruit trees, lopping off effete branches with a keen blade and inserting more promising shoots. Then in a shapely two-handled jar he preserves the pressed honey, and anon he clips his fleecy sheep. When autumn uplifts her head adorned with ripe fruits, how delightful to pluck the pear which he himself had grafted and gather the purpling grapes! These he will offer to Priapus, the garden god, and to that other deity who is guardian of his boundaries. These sacred duties done, he is at leisure to recline under an ancient ilex, or upon the matted grass where a brook flows between steep banks as the birds sing sweet and low in the woods; and there a tinkling fountain hushes him to light slumbers.

The scene is changed when winter comes and thundering Jove prepares the rains and snows. Now, with many a hound hither and thither he drives the fierce boar, or by means of a thin net upheld with a small stake he snares the greedy thrush. The timid hare he catches in a gin and sometimes captures a foreign crane, the rarest prize of all. Who does not forget, says the poet, amidst field sport the ills of life, and even the fever of love?

THE CHEERFUL HOME.

But, perchance, there is a modest wife who shares these rural joys, keeping house and tending her sweet children. She it is who heaps up the hearth with crackling logs against the home-coming of her lord, having penned the glad cattle within woven hurdles and dried their distended udders at milking time. Presently new wine from a seasoned cask is brought forth, and then an unbought feast is spread. Neither shell-fish nor turbot, grouse nor guinea fowl, grace the board; more appetizing to the farmer-sportsman are his own olives plucked from the ripest branches, and the sorrel which loves the meadows, and mallows meet for sick bodies, to eke out a lamb slain at the feast of Terminus or maybe a kid just snatched from the jaws of a wolf. Between the courses his glance will wander a-field where he may catch sight of his well-fed flocks hastening home, and of his tired oxen whose flaccid necks draw the invert-

ed ploughshare. Later a swarm of laborers, the appanage of a thriving estate, come and take their places in patriarchal fashion round the shining household gods.

Thus the well-to-do husbandman fared just before the Christian era began, when the dark hills of Arcadia saw shepherds reclined on the young grass piping to the great god Pan, when Roman landlords vied with each other in the planting of avenues, and when poets like Horace and Virgil, sauntering in a cool grove, would in fancy surprise a nimble choir of nymphs dancing with the satyrs. Even those "in populous city pent" were not so remote from field and forest that they could not sally forth of a morning to hunt and fish and return before sundown; for the story is told of one Gargilius, who summoned his slaves to carry nets and hunting spears and took out pack-mules to bear home the spoils of the chase and astonish his neighbors. Alas, it happened to him, as often it happens to modern sportsmen. One mule proved more than sufficient for his kill: a single boar—and that acquired by purchase—was all he had to show for his pains.

The poet has left us a picture of his home in a valley that cleft a range of hills, warmed on one side by the rising sun and on the other by his departing chariot, where an equable climate preserved his health even through sickly September. His brambles bore ruddy cornels and prunes; the trees of oak and holm afforded a repast for the cattle and shade for their master; a spring gave pure, cold water that was good for fevered brain and distempered body; and though neighbors might laugh at the obese little poet tidily removing clods and stones, or despise his frugal supper and his pallet among the herbs by running water, he did not care a jot. Hail might crush his vines and corn, the sirocco blight his olives or parch his apple orchards; his herds might sicken in distant pastures: but nothing was allowed to disturb that equanimity which he practised as well as he preached.

OUTDOOR LIFE EULOGIZED.

In season and out of season Horace inveighs against town manners and extols the out-of-door life.

The boy who delights in dogs and horses and hies to the playing fields as soon as released from his tutor, is reminded that to exhibit himself before becoming expert in the use of weapons is to court ridicule from "the gallery," that he who would breast the tape in a foot race must sweat and chill by turns, and meanwhile abstain from wine and the lighter sports of Venus.

Horace, filled with enthusiasm for the open-air life, fancied he could descry a certain tendency to effeminacy in his day and generation: a few young scions of nobility, it seems, were afraid of the chase and could not sit a horse, but amused themselves with a Greek hoop—perhaps the equivalent of golf in our day. He refers to such *faineants* with contempt, comparing them with their forbears sprung from a virile race of rustic soldiery who had turned the soil, and even carried faggots at the bidding of militant matrons. Luxury, he fears, is invading even the countryside for, when the charms

In Spotless Town Professor Wise
Divides and adds and multiplies—
Subtracts the cost upon a slate
4 cleaning things from which he 8.
It shows good cents 2 figure so
The one-ders of

SAPOLIO

Will Sapolio

- (1) CLEAN? ✓
- (2) SCOUR? ✓
- (3) POLISH? ✓

Silver wrapper—
blue band



Answer—(1) YES. ✓

Show your maid how easily she can clean with Sapolio. Rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp cloth.

Show her how quickly the Sapolio suds remove grease spots from the floor, table or shelves.

Answer—(2) YES. ✓

Sapolio quickly scours all stains and rust from steel kitchen knives—all grease from enamel ware.

Answer—(3) YES. ✓

Sapolio brilliantly polishes all metal surfaces—your faucets, aluminum, tins and other metal kitchen ware, bathroom fixtures, etc.

Best of all, you know Sapolio cannot harm the smooth surfaces, or roughen your hands.

FREE SURPRISE FOR CHILDREN!

DEAR CHILDREN:

WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU. A TOY SPOTLESS TOWN—JUST LIKE THE REAL ONE, ONLY SMALLER. IT IS 8½ INCHES LONG. THE NINE (9) CUNNING PEOPLE OF SPOTLESS TOWN, IN COLORS, ARE READY, TO CUT OUT AND STAND UP. SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Co., Sole Manufacturers
New York City.

The Gasoline Automobile

By VICTOR LOUGHEED

Consulting Engineer, Founder Member, Society of Automobile Engineers, Formerly Editor "Motor," Author of "Vehicles of the Air," and Morris A. Hall, B. S., Editor "The Commercial Vehicle," Formerly Associate Editor "The Automobile," Member American Society of Mechanical Engineers, 320 pages, 300 illustrations. This book is right up to the minute, containing the latest word on such subjects as the Knight Sliding-Valve Motor, and Rotary Valve Motor, Self-Starters, and Electric Light Systems, besides giving much general information on the Automobile and its mechanisms. Driving, Private Garage Design and Equipment and Road and Home Repairs. The following is a partial synopsis: ENGINE FEATURES: Historical, Bodies, Running Gear, Transmission, Engine Elements, Cooling (Water and Air), Lubrication Systems, Bearings, Ignition Systems, Electric Lighting; MECHANISMS: Valve Mechanisms, Carburetors, Starting Devices, Fuel Supply; AUTOMOBILE DRIVING: Starting and Stopping, Car, Running the Car, Care of Machine, Road Repairs, Tires, Skidding; PRIVATE GARAGES: Designs, Building Equipment, Machine and Tool Equipment; HOME REPAIRS: Overhauling Engine, Clutches, Transmission, Springs, Tires. Price, \$2.10, post paid.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
TECHNICAL BOOK DEPT.

143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

The Boy Mechanic



700 THINGS FOR 700 BOYS TO DO

480 Pages—700 Articles—800 Illustrations
Cloth—Price \$1.50 Prepaid

THE IDEAL BOOK FOR THE WIDE-AWAKE BOY

All the things described in this volume have actually been built or experimented with by boys. The ideas contained in "The Boy Mechanic" would more than keep a boy occupied until he grows up and also be an incentive to original thinking and achievement.

The Most Interesting Boys' Book

Unlike so many other books of a somewhat similar nature, it is not confined to only one or a few subjects, but describes 700 different things boys can make and do in the fields of mechanics, electricity, sports, arts and crafts work, magic, etc.

An unusually generous book; size 7 x 10 in. and 1 1/2 in. thick; printed from large, clear type on high grade book paper and durably bound in cloth. Attractive four-color cover design.

Many hours of enjoyment are in store for the boy who becomes possessor of this book

Price \$1.50, prepaid to any address

How you can get this book FREE

Send us two new usbscriptions to "MacLean's Magazine" at the yearly rate of \$2.00 per subscription (if you don't subscribe you can send your own and that of a friend), and we will send you by return mail this most interesting book.

USE THIS COUPON

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE..... 1914
143-149 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Please enter the two following yearly subscriptions to "MacLean's Magazine," for which I enclose \$4.00.

Name..... Name.....

Address..... Address.....

Prov..... Prov.....

and send **The Boy Mechanic** to

Name..... Address..... Prov.....

of rural life are sung straightway arrives the plutocrat with his retinue, and the indignant poet prophesies that "regal piles will soon leave few acres for the plough." He pictures the once productive olive garden being turned into beds of roses and violets, surrounding a brand-new villa with ornamental grove and fish-pond, and the peasant farmer being expelled with his family and household gods.

Probably the forecast was wrong, for poets have their fits of pessimism: the charming author of "The Deserted Village" had similar forebodings in regard to "sweet Auburn," but there is yet no lack of holdings for all and sundry within our pleasant isles; and certain it is that the decline of the Roman Empire was not due to a "back-to-the-land" movement on the part of the citizens, but rather to indulgence in those habits to which country life is the true corrective.

Legal Aid for the Poor

New Procedure in the British Courts

From The Contemporary Review.

Will the time ever come when legal aid will be regarded in the same manner as medical aid is now, and will be supplied free of charge to all who cannot afford to pay for it? Perhaps not, but we have here an account of an innovation which is being introduced into the British courts and which tends in that direction.

WHEN the law courts get to work again after the vacation they will dispense, in a more perfect measure than they have hitherto done, equal justice to rich and poor. After ten years of agitation, instituted and pursued by lawyers themselves, with no popular novelist to stir public opinion, drastic changes have been introduced in the procedure of granting legal aid to poor persons. That procedure indeed has been entirely remodeled.

Some two years ago the Rule Committee of the High Court—a body representative of judges, barristers, and solicitors—framed a new set of regulations for proceedings by or against paupers; but the opposition of the Bar Council to some of the provisions prevented the adoption of the scheme. Now, however, the objections of the Bar have been ingeniously met, and it has been found possible to reconcile the exacting claims of professional etiquette with the pressing need of poor suitors. The new rules eliminate the word "pauper" and substitute "poor person" as the class for whom legal aid may be provided; and they advance the limit of poverty from \$125 as at present to \$250, and further prescribe that the judge may, under special circumstances, personally direct that, though an applicant possesses more than \$250, he may be admitted as a poor litigant.

A committee of inquiry which consists of counsel and a solicitor, will investigate every application and make a report to the court.

It should be explained that in England barristers and solicitors form two dis-

tinct branches of the legal profession, and a client never deals direct with the barrister who pleads his cause but only through a solicitor. A solicitor is not allowed to plead before the High Court, barristers alone being entitled to this privilege, although a plaintiff or defendant may plead in person. The committee is to be manned by volunteers and will receive no remuneration. If it recommends the "poor person's" claim the court will assign counsel and solicitor to take up the applicant's case; and the rules provide that no person who has reported on a case shall be appointed to conduct it. This prevents the committee from being influenced by any possible gain to themselves through their decision.

The out-of-pocket expenses which are incurred by the poor man's defenders are to be paid by the treasury independently of the result of the action; and there is a provision for remunerating the solicitor

assigned—but not the barrister—at the expense of the other party when the court certifies that the latter has acted unreasonably in instituting or defending proceedings.

Not a few social reformers contend that access to the courts should be absolutely free to all, and society may in time advance to a stage where the rights to legal aid shall be as fully recognized as the right to medical relief. These rules, as described, apply only to the high courts. In order, however, that the needs of the poor should be adequately met, they should at once be made applicable to the county courts where, to a much larger extent, the workingman has to pursue to defend his rights. It would be anomalous and perverse if he were afforded every assistance as regards the luxuries, and denied help as regards the necessities of litigation.

Roughing It on the Rat

Description of a Journey Over the Most "Northerly Pass of the Rockies

By Emerson Hough in *Everybody's*.

THE Rat Portage is a wilderness trail of such difficult quality, or implied hardships, that it is the goal of all out-door men in search of a reputation. Sometimes it has taken men a year, fifteen months, a year and a half, to cross it. Scores and hundreds of men have partly made it and turned back. It is littered with debris of wrecked ambitions, covered with blighted hopes and frosted friendships, and lined with human bones.

For the purpose of geography it may perhaps be as well to explain that, of all the many rat portages, this is the most northerly. It is not the Rat Portage of Manitoba, Missouri, or Allegash, but that lying above the Arctic Circle on the most northerly pass of the Rocky Mountains.

You come to it by traveling something like two thousand miles northwestward by Hudson's Bay Company steamers from Athabasca Landing just above Edmonton. You pass Lake Athabasca and Great Bear Lake, and finally, near the delta mouth of the Mackenzie river, you reach Fort McPherson on the Peel. The Rat Portage is the road that leads from the Mackenzie River basin to the Yukon basin — upstream by way of the Rat River, over the range, and down-stream by way of the Porcupine.

For the purposes of history it may be said that it was on the Rat Portage that many Klondikers came to grief in 1897-98, that time of geography gone insane. It was these returned Klondikers that never got to the Klondike who gave the Rat Portage its sinister reputation.

It is the touchstone of Northern heroism. "Ah! you have crossed the Rat?" That opens to you the most exclusive

doors at Old Crow, at Rampart House, Fort Yukon, and other places of which you never heard—doors so exclusive that we opened some of them with an ax, as who should break into New York society.

Having crossed the Rat, and being therefore some hero, it ill becomes me to employ other than heroic speech in this tale of derring-do. Afar to the north then, aloof, enshrouded with the eternal mysteries of the icy North, passing between two vast and unknown waterways of the unconquerable wilderness, and hedged about with glittering, snow-swept peaks, lies the inscrutable, the invincible, the peerless Portage du or de la Rat.

In our own case we experienced no hardships worth mention beyond being obliged to eat four meals a day and to get up before noon; and our numbers were not "decimated" any more than Amundsen's dogs when he found the South Pole—he had maybe sixty when he began his voyage and by the time he got to Buenos Aires he had a hundred and fifty-seven. We started on the trail as five, and when we came out we were seven, like the children in the Third Reader. We got six thousand feet of moving picture film, and nine thousand miles of travel; and all of us have had far harder and riskier trips elsewhere.

According to our scientific records, we started from Fort McPherson—that is to say, the canoe did: the boat may have been 1' 2" later—at 4:15:28 p.m. of July 17, and at 7:35:07 p.m. we arrived at a branch of the Delta streams called the Husky River.

We stopped long enough to catch some fish at the Husky River, for we must in part live on the country.

It was at 1:45 p.m. of the second day

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY

ENGLAND'S GREAT GLOVE STORE
CELEBRATED STANDARD MAKES:
PERFECT FIT AND WEAR

The "Francine" Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, made from fine, selected skins, in White, Tans, Beavers, Browns, Greys and Black, with 3 Press Buttons, as illustration, 69 cents per pair.

The "Vallier" Best Quality Washable Real Kid Gloves, Pique sewn; in White, Tans, Beavers, Greys or Lavender, 2 Press Buttons, \$1.09 per pair.

The "Royal" Ladies' Real Suede Kid Gloves, Gold Medal Quality, made from beautiful skins, perfect fitting, in Black, White, Cream, Biscuit, Pastel, Greys, Beavers, Tans, Brown, Mole, or Navy, 3 Buttons, 71 cents per pair; 4 Buttons, 79 cents per pair.

The "Vallier" Ladies' Best Quality Washable Kid Gloves, in White, Biscuit, Pastel, Grey, Lavender or Beaver shades, 4 Pearl Buttons, 95 cents per pair.

Washable Degrain Gloves, our own speciality, a beautifully finished British-made Glove; the skins are delightfully soft, smart in appearance and excellent in wear. Ladies' White or Chamois colour; Men's in Chamois colour only; No. 1 light-weight, Pique sewn; No. 2 stout make, Prix-seam sewn, 79 cents per pair.

Ladies' Washable Doeskin Gloves, in Pure White (British made), will wash perfectly with soap and water and retain their appearance, 2 large Pearl Buttons, 61 cents per pair; 6 Button length with elastic at wrist and wide tops, as illustration, 67 cents per pair.

10 Button length ditto with same style, 85 cents per pair. No. 307 Ladies' Best Quality Washable Doeskin, British made, Reindeer Fallow, in White only, Prix-seam sewn, 2 large Pearl Buttons, 91 cents per pair.

Ditto hand-sewn with black thread, very smart, 95 cents per pair.

The "Operetta" — Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, in White, Cream or Black, 8-Button length Mousseline, 71 cents per pair.

12-Button " " " " 95 cents
16-Button " " " " \$1.20
20-Button " " " " \$1.69

PRICE LISTS of every make of Glove may be obtained free on application to The Ontario Publishing Company, Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Mail Orders despatched by next steamer.

Remittances by International Money Order, payable to The London Glove Company, General Post Office, London, England.

Address all letters

THE LONDON GLOVE CO.
CHEAPSIDE, LONDON ENGLAND



We protect you for a dollar

For one dollar a year we protect your keys and give you an accident policy for \$500 in the North American Accident Insurance Co. We furnish an identification tag, return lost keys and reward the finder with one dollar.

Mailed postpaid to any address in Canada
KEY REGISTRY CO. OF CANADA, Limited
CHIEF OFFICES:

C.P.R. Building
Toronto
B. J. SIMONS,
Pres. and Man. Dir.

Dom. Express Building
Montreal
R. FASKEN,
Vice-President

CHAS. H. COOPER LTD.
C.P.R. BUILDING, TORONTO
A 2245
RECEIVED BY MAIL



BEETHAM'S La-rola

Obtainable from all Stores & Chemists
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENG.



The Pick of the Bulb World

All our bulbs are grown for us especially and are personally selected by the James Carter & Co. experts. Through tests, both before exportation and at the Carter establishment at Raynes Park, London, assure sound, healthy bulbs of the very highest quality. Our Tulips and Narcissus are exceptionally hardy and well suited to the Canadian climate.

CartersBulbs

are unequalled for bowl or bed culture.

The Carter catalogue and handbook—"Bulbs"—will illustrate and describe the choicest varieties of Tulips, Narcissus, Daffodils, Crocus and many others. It lists all well-known favorites and many exclusive kinds not to be had elsewhere. Complimentary copy on request.

Write for it to-day.

Carters Tested Seeds, Inc.

133 E King Street East : Toronto



Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony

(Including Wireless on Aeroplane and Airship)

By CHAS. G. ASHLEY, E.E.

Contains 144 pages, treating in a simple concise manner on the earlier forms of wireless electrical waves, development of radiotelegraphy, radiotelegraphic apparatus, and describing systems of radiotelegraphy. The section on wireless telephony covers Bell's radiophone, Selenium cell, Bell's photophone, "Light Telephony," telephony by means of Hertzian waves, use of a high-frequency telephone current, oscillation generators, telephone control of oscillations, transmitting circuits, receiving arrangements, two-way transmission and system of radiotelephony. The section on aeronautics covers the wireless on dirigibles and on aeroplanes, giving the earliest experiments on balloons, dangers from electric discharge, preventive methods, wireless on the Zeppelins, Horton's experiments, recent records and general problems. Price \$1.10, postage paid.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
TECHNICAL BOOK DEPARTMENT 143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

when we made the mouth of the famous Rat River, of which I made a photograph. It does not show the mosquitoes, but the camera lies—they were there. We nearly all wore head-nets while cooking our lunch. The air and earth were wet and gloomy. We were only about eighty miles from the Arctic Ocean, nothing lying between but willow flats and mosquitoes. Now on before us rose the Rockies; and the most northerly pass through the range was visible ahead of us. From the mountains came down this narrow, deep stream, the Rat. There was our path.

It is twenty to twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Rat to Destruction City at the foot of the rapids, where the real work begins. We made it at 4 p.m., not of that day, as we hoped, but the next day! All the time we had been hedged in, traveling on a deep-cut, narrow stream, with mud banks. Now we saw the banks change for the first time. We were at the rim of the great Delta. The forest growth altered now and the banks grew rocky.

We left Destruction City after a stop of less than one hour—and left it not under paddle but on the tracking line. We were wiser and wetter that night at 9:05 p.m. when we had found that no man can pole or paddle up the Rat. It can only be ascended by the "cordelle," or tracking line, and even so, the steersman can steer but very rarely. He can ride but little, and after a time will learn that the real way for him to get his boat along in the shallow water is to get out and wade, guiding his boat by hand at the bow.

As soon as we landed for the night—after an hour at noon and perhaps a couple of stops to get warm—a good fire was set going, and a drying pole put up for the wet clothing, and a pailful of tea made. We always had rabbit forelegs, and the ptarmigan were just sitting around waiting to be knocked over—at least until Max, our cinema operator, fell down in the river and lost the only .22 rifle we had.

It was 10:30 in the third morning when, tired and still, we pulled the time clock. We were then just two months out from Chicago. By this time we had figured out about how we must work in the ascent of this key, shallow, shifting, slippery-bottomed stream. It was strictly a case of getting wet in ice-water and staying wet all day. Those of us who were condemned to this fate did not really suffer very much from it, although there is a great opportunity to write a typical story *a la* tenderfoot, telling of horrible hardships undergone, and all that sort of thing.

Really, a well-balanced and well-led party of good outdoor men could make a very pleasant and mildly adventurous trip on the Rat Portage, stopping to shoot and fish, and making enjoyment out of it all along. It is a good sporting country, and is almost unvisited now.

None of our party, even the Indians, had been beyond Destruction City before, so we were now practically independent explorers. At night we found traces of other explorers dating back to Klondike days; and at several places we found old ax-work, crumbling cabins, blazes on

trees, scraps of sled-irons, etc., mute relics of another day, and all eloquent of the trials of a heavy outfit trying to cross the summit.

On the day following, July 21, at 2 p.m., we saw the mountains dead ahead, and apparently not over twenty-five miles away. The map marks "a high, sharp peak," near the summit, and we now thought ourselves nearly over. Alas! we now entered on a series of wrong guesses, mostly based on the fact that we logged only about half as many miles as we thought we did. The men now complained that the water was getting colder. We were getting up into tundra country, and the mosquitoes were worse than on the rocky shores. The valley was slightly narrower, but a series of bars and beaches gave plenty of open spaces.

We struck a number of rude, coarse rapids that showed no respect at all for our persons and did their best to set us afoot minus our outfits. One, at a deep canon, gave us a wearying and risky experience. We thought we did four to six miles that day, but later doubted if we made over two miles, though we did not leave our cold-plunge bath from 10 a.m. till almost 9 p.m. There are no union hours on the Rat.

AT THE SUMMIT.

At 10:30 I found the camp, at what proved to be the long-sought junction of the two upper forks of the Rat, which we knew to be on the summit.

We found that at last we were at the top of the hill, or one edge of it. At the side of our camp rose a tall loblolly, or trimmed-out tree, a spruce broadly blazed and labeled, "The Summit Tree. Please Register." This is a curious register of the wilderness, like Independence Rock on the old Plains, and we studied it eagerly for some time. Most of the names had been inscribed fifteen years before and now were faint. We could make out the names of one Watt, of S. S. Goldstein, and N. H. C. Marks, and the date 6-23-'98. We found the name of Robert W. Service registered, at a date two years earlier—when he crossed with the Carroll party. And some one, probably not Mr. Service, although also a poet, had written lines expressive of his relief at reaching the summit:

My feelings here I scarce can tell—
To sum it up, 'twas simply hell!

We modestly inscribed our own names and date.

This Summit Tree is the most interesting and important landmark on the Rat. You can't describe landscapes so any one will understand, but this tree ends all doubts and misgivings—it marks the end of the worst part of the portage on the east slope of the Rockies. Worn out, we made beds in the open, back of the tree, on the icy tundra, into which we could not drive a stake, among mosquitoes so thick you could hardly drive a stake into them.

I have seen the statement that the northern mosquito will bite through leather. This day, one bit through the heel flap of my moccasin. Five days earlier I saw Johnny, our Loucheux, scratch his instep over his moccasin.

A 25-Cent Size

Quaker Oats is put up in both the large 25-cent package and the 10-cent size. The larger size saves buying so often—saves running out. Try it—see how long it lasts.



Study Time

Demands a Breakfast of Delicious Quaker Oats

With school-time comes the time for Quaker Oats—the finest form of Nature's choicest food.

It abounds in the elements which active brains require. One large dish supplies the energy for five or six hours of study.

As a food for growth, as a vim-producer, nothing else compares with Quaker Oats.

Don't serve as a dainty only—in little dishes, just to start the meal. Children need an abundance. Begin every school day with a liberal dish. It will better the day.

Quaker Oats

Just the Large, Luscious Flakes

Quaker is made of just the big, plump grains. They have the greatest food value, the most luscious flavor. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

This extra quality means a delightful dish. It means rare aroma and taste. You can have it every morning at no extra price if you simply order Quaker.

10c and 25c per Package, Except in Far West.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

FIVE CENTS PER WORD

MEN WANTED.

HONEST MAN WANTED IN EACH TOWN to demonstrate high-class household article, \$15.00 a week to start; raise after first month. Experience unnecessary. Allen, Davis, Brummett Co., 311 Builders' Exchange, Winnipeg, Manitoba. (10)

WANTED:—MEN IN EVERY PROVINCE who are capable of organizing and controlling a subscription sales force for our publications. A good opportunity for capable men. Apply to The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd., 143-147 University Ave., Toronto.

INVESTMENTS.

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—MY SPECIAL offer to introduce my magazine "INVESTING FOR PROFIT." It is worth \$10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the REAL earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, CAN acquire riches. INVESTING FOR PROFIT is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200. Write NOW and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 467, 20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago. (10-14)

CAMERAS, ART GOODS AND PHOTO SUPPLIES.

POCKET CAMERAS — NINE STYLES OF Real Pocket Cameras, not sold by other dealers in America. High grade, finest lenses, all movements. Prices from \$14.00 to \$100.00. Send for particulars. R. F. Smith, 116 West Notre Dame St., Montreal. (tf)

ART STUDIES — PHOTOGRAPHS FROM life models. Finest collection for artists and art lovers. Illustrated catalogues sent free on demand. C. Klary, 103 Avenue de Villiers, Paris, France. (11-14)

EDUCATIONAL.

THE DE BRISAY METHOD IS THE ROYAL Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Thorough mall courses. Students everywhere. Highest references. Academie De Brisay, Ottawa. (2-15)

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPT. 1ST—INDIVIDUAL teaching in bookkeeping, shorthand, civil service, matriculation. Write for free catalogue and particulars. Dominion Business College, Brunswick and College, Toronto, J. V. Mitchell, B.A., Principal.

ELLIOTT BUSINESS COLLEGE, 734 YONGE St., Toronto, Canada's popular commercial school; graduates highly successful; commence now; magnificent catalogue free. (10-41)

BOOKS.

1,000,000 VOLUMES ON EVERY SUBJECT at half-prices. New at 25 per cent. discount. Books bought. Catalogues post free. W. & G. Foyle, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, England. (3-15)

HELP WANTED.

WRITERS WANTED AT ONCE TO SEND us poems or melodies for new songs. We can compose music and arrange for publication immediately. Dugdale Co., Dept. 80, Washington, D.C.

CUSTOM TAILORED SHIRTS. SHIRTS, PYJAMAS, AND NIGHT-ROBES made to your measure. Samples and self-measurement form free upon request. Harry Tolton, Berlin, Ont. (8-14)

TYPEWRITERS FOR SALE.

\$22 BUY A BENNETT PORTABLE TYPEWRITER. Visible writing, 84 characters. Neat and handy like a fountain pen. Every housewife, student, traveller, farmer should have one. Duty free. Write for particulars to Frank Wiesner, Bennett Typewriter Agency, Revelstoke, B.C. (9)

AGENTS WANTED.

U.S. GOVERNMENT USES RICHMOND Chemical Extinguishers that kill Gasoline fires. Auto and factory sizes. District managers make 500 per cent. profit. Auto free. Richmond Chemical Co., Div. —, Wheeling, W. Va. (9)

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

NO HOME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A painting by a Real Artist. It is durable. We are specialists and know. Send photograph. Write for particulars and prices. All work guaranteed. T. H. Pemberton, Studio, 6 Gordon St., Hamilton, Ont. (3-15)

STAMPS AND COINS.

STAMPS—PACKAGE FREE TO COLLECTORS for two cents postage. Also offer hundred different foreign. Catalogue. Hinges, all five cents. We buy stamps. MARKS STAMP CO., Toronto, Canada. (4-15)

SET OF RUSSIA FREE TO THOSE GETTING our approvals. N. W. Helwig, Hanover, Ontario. (9)

PRINTING.

PRICE TICKETS, ALL PRICES. ANY ASORTMENT, 50c per '00; also a full line of Window Cards. Send for sample and circular. FRANK H. BARNARD, Printer, 35 Dundas Street, Toronto. (9)

OFFICE EQUIPMENT.

COPELAND - CHATTERSON SYSTEMS — Short, simple. The Copeland-Chatterson Co., Limited, Toronto and Ottawa.

LEGAL.

REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN — BALFOUR, MARTIN, CASEY, & BLAIR, Barristers. First mortgage secured for clients. 7 per cent. and upwards. (tf)

NOVA SCOTIA—OWEN & OWEN, BARRISTERS, Annapolis Royal. (tf)

TECHNICAL BOOKS.

STRENGTH OF MATERIALS. BY EDWARD Rose Maurer, B. C. E., Professor of Mechanics, University of Wisconsin, 144 pp., 58 illus. Cloth binding. A work of great value to Architects, Builders, Designers, Steel and Concrete Workers. Strength of timber, wrought iron, steel, cast iron, brick, stone, etc., under all loads; strength of built-up sections; strength of beams, columns, shafts, riveted joints, etc. Price, \$1.10. MacLean Pub. Co., 143 University Ave., Toronto.

MODERN HOUSE PLANS FOR EVERY body. By S. B. Reed. This useful volume meets the wants of persons of moderate means, and gives a wide range of designs, from a dwelling costing \$250 up to \$8,000, and adapt ed to farm, village or town residences. Nearly all of these plans have been tested by practical working. It gives an estimate of the quality of every article used in the construction, and the cost of each article at the time the building was erected or the design made. Profusely illustrated. 243 pages, 5x7. Cloth, \$1.10. MacLean Pub. Co., 143 University Ave., Toronto.

We reached the last source of the summit creek, or left fork of the Rat, with only two portages, but heavier boats would require one or two more, as we could see. The creek in its upper reaches is simply a marsh thoroughfare, lined with reeds and alders. We had to brush out quite a bit, although for some hours we could pole or paddle along the narrow, deep and crooked channel.

All around the high mountains stood, framing a very wild and pleasing picture. We could not, even yet, tell where the pass broke through; nor did we know until midnight, after we had reached the next to the last lake, and gone on ahead to spy out the final portage.

It was 6.25 in the evening before we broke into the first lake and rested. We waited there an hour and at last found that this lake was not touched by the creek at all, which wandered off to the left through the swamp toward the "next lake," which none of us had even seen before! For an hour or so my friend and I knew what it was to be alone, with no grub, no coats, and few matches, on the tundra, with most of our local geography yet to learn.

After this interesting day, in which, instead of finding a plain portage trail by evening, as we rather had expected, we had not by midnight got out of the marshy creek, we pitched our camp late on the shore of Lake No. 2. It was 1.30 a.m. before we were dry enough for bed.

THE CHANCE FOR A RAILWAY.

On the next day the boats crawled along the creek through the brush yet another half mile toward Lake No. 3, or Summit Lake, but we had to cut a portage through a few yards into the lake, near where the creek choked out. Thence, from the far side of the Lake No. 3, we hauled out everything and made ready for the long portage across the actual summit of the Rat Pass or McDougal Pass, as it is usually called.

The elevation above the sea is marked as 1,050 feet. The entire course through this winding and beautiful pass, over the most northerly crossing of the Rockies—which ought to be called the Arctic Pass—is entirely feasible and simple for a railway. A big gold strike in the Mackenzie might bring one some day. The men of the H.B. Company, in the hard days before the C. P. R. built west, undertook to lay a tram across this pass, and even cut timbers to some extent. It was the intention then to bring all the Delta goods in via the Yukon and not down the Mackenzie.

We dragged our boats by hand over the three-quarter-mile Long Portage into Loon Lake, Bell River waters, at 3 p.m., loafed a bit, picking ptarmigan and squaw berries (much appreciated with bacon and rabbit forelegs), and made one more land portage from a point three hundred yards down the deep-cut creek outlet of that lake. This last overland portage is a quarter of a mile or so. At its end, after running the boats down a steep high bank into the icy blue waters of the Little Bell, we knew we were over the hill and had crossed the Rockies at a spot few men have ever seen and lived to tell the tale.

So now we had run the Rat, and in good, fair working time. We found the Little Bell, our first Pacific waters, very deep and crooked, its upper waters beautifully clear and literally packed with grayling. Ptarmigan and rabbits now were very numerous. The stream was rapid, but not bad. At about ten miles down we struck a couple of miles of rapids, with sharp rocks, which meant wading for us who went with the boats, although the banks could be negotiated on foot comfortably enough.

The water of the Little Bell is just as much colder than the Rat as the Rat is colder than ice-water. It comes off the ice, maybe twenty miles back of where we struck it. The Rat rises in cold lakes and is nourished on tundra ice, but we called the Bell the colder stream, for it comes down from high ice.

We made La Pierre House the morning of July 29th, two days out from the summit, and long and hard ones, too! At an abandoned cabin on the Bell we found the register of an earlier party, C. H. Burt and his wife—"August, 1912, eleven days out from McPherson, in canoes." It had taken us eleven days also to make this point. We saw also the names of two trappers who had crossed that season; so on the whole we thought the region quite civilized.

DRIFTING UP-STREAM.

We tried lashing the boats together and traveling all night, taking turns at rowing or steering—that is, some of us did. The beds were cramped and uncomfortable—part of the time very wet. I remember waking one morning, after my turn-in, with both feet in ice-water, which had pocketed in the boat. But in this clumsy fashion of locomotion we reached the Porcupine at 1.30 of July 30th. Here we lost half a day by turning the wrong way and trying to drift up-stream!

This seems unbelievable, but the upstream wind, half a gale, rolled up the waves so pronouncedly that our captain, who rather prided himself on being no chekako, thought the river ran to the left in spite of the map, and so spread all sail on the big bateau to make some "real time." Pete, a trapper who had joined our party was asleep. I was trying to steer and not getting anywhere at all, and at last turned, as any worm may. "The weeds don't point right," I said, "and the stream doesn't run right by the map, which brings it in from the left, and moreover, I've been an hour trying to sail down-stream in half a gale, and I can't pass a sea gull sitting on a given point on a sand-bar. To my feeble brain it looks a safe bet something is wrong." There was. The river ran the other way! So we hardy explorers tried the Porcupine the other way.

We got off at 8.30 in the evening, bound for Old Crow, an old trading-post on the Porcupine, where we had figured on buying more grub. It came on to rain that night, and then to snow. And when we got to Old Crow there was no one there, and we had to break open doors to get in out of the snow.

It was still sixty miles to Rampart House, where certainly there must be

Use Stationery that you will be proud to send anywhere---

It has been truly said that "The Quality of Stationery used is an index to the character of the sender." We would call your attention to the dainty, exclusive FRENCH ORGANDIE notepaper. It is the choice of people of refinement who use discrimination in the selection of their writing paper.

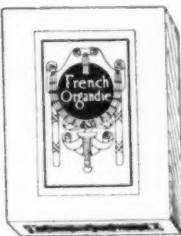


FRENCH ORGANDIE will give a distinctiveness to your correspondence never before enjoyed.

To prove the excellence of this quality paper we will send you a free sample box containing sufficient paper for you to write several letters to your friends.

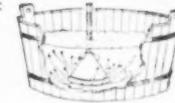
SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS FOR THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER.

BARBER-ELLIS, LIMITED
Dept. B, 126 MARLBOROUGH STREET, BRANTFORD, ONT.



SUMMER AND WINTER

Wash day is the hardest day of the week for the housewife. But this has all been changed by the introduction of the



Showing method of circulation

"AIR CELL" WASHER

No more standing over hot steam, no more boiling. The "AIR CELL" WASHER is a practical household necessity. A child can use it. Think of the saving of health and energy for only \$1.50. The "Air Cell" Washer will wash spotless a whole tubful of clothes in from 3 to 5 minutes, and it is guaranteed not to damage the most delicate fabric.

We want agents, men or women, in many splendid counties, and will give sole control of the territory. If you can give your whole time, so much the better for you, and us; if only part time, you will soon find it worth while to give up your present job.

Sample "Air Cell" Washer to genuine agent-enquirers sent post paid for \$1.00.

Every machine sold gives unbounded delight and brings other sales. We prove our honesty, our co-operation and our square deal to all by our Money Back guarantee.

Write to-day, enclosing price for sample. You'll be delighted.

C. A. RUKAMP, Treasurer

WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

71-F

The "Air Cell" Washer



IF YOU ARE ACCUSTOMED

to seeing your face tanned, freckled, spotted or discolored, and anything but clear, do you ever think how it looks to others? Consider how much it would improve your appearance to have a clear, natural complexion.

PRINCESS COMPLEXION PURIFIER

will make it right. It corrects the objectionable condition and makes the skin wonderfully pure and fine. It isn't a "cure-all," but it removes scale, rashes, incipient pimples, blackheads, etc.

We treat successfully that humiliating facial blemish,

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

the ban of many a woman's existence. Do not cut, pull or tamper with the hairs in any way, but come to us and have them properly and scientifically removed by our method of antiseptic Electrolysis. MOLES, WARTS, RED VEINS, etc., also destroyed. Booklet "D" and sample of Greaseless Cream mailed free.

Estab. 1892. HISCOTT DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE 65 College St. TORONTO

Agriculture in War Times

Despite the awfulness of warring Dreadnoughts and the doubtful glory of all army manoeuvres on land, the business of the farm must go on. After all the sustaining of the life of a people is everything. We must feed our people. And the farmer is the feeder.

The farmers of this generation are realizing their hour of supreme service to their country and to humanity.

A leading article on the relation of agriculture to war appears in the September issue of

Farmer's Magazine

Other subjects of big importance to every province by able staff correspondents, give our readers real information. Every farmer knows the story of his home endeavor. Not everyone knows how another is making good. Farmer's Magazine is the agency for doing this.

A DAIRY ENTERPRISE IN NOVA SCOTIA

This is the story, well illustrated, of a modern dairy farm down by Cape Breton in our extreme East. Written by a Nova Scotian agriculturist.

THE LURE OF THE OPEN PRAIRIE

W. D. Albright, a well-known agricultural writer now pioneering in the Peace River, gives a graphic touch to the life.

THE SCENT OF THE BLACK FOX

The Russians are great consumers of Black Fox Fur and the story of this farming industry is now well told by many firesides. This is something new.

SETTING THE ANCHOR POST

"Do you think," I said, "that if I planted the Rock of Gibraltar at that point and stapled a wire to it, that it would ease the strain on the end posts?" Pungent wit and brilliant technique make this article a choice morsel to the reader. It is by a new writer discovered by Farmer's.

WHERE HONEY MAKES MONEY

This romance of bee-keeping in Ontario will be full of interest to every reader. A staff correspondent has made a trip inland.

THE PRAIRIE CALL FOR CATTLE

Mixed farming is coming in fast. Everybody is after breeding stock in sheep, cattle and hogs out upon the unfenced fertile stretches. It is a mighty move. The story is told by a staff writer.

There are other articles equally as good. Especially so is the Bungalow house for the prairie. Sheep in Manitoba, Schools in Alberta, Land o' Gold, Improving the Rural Surroundings, and several Women's Institute specials. September is full of real merit.

Send us a postal and have your name added to our subscription list.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

SINGLE COPY, 20c.

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited

143-153 University Avenue, Toronto, Canada

supplies. All the men now were the worse for wear, and had lost sleep, weight and good nature. I recall that I was tired that night, for the night before I had not slept above an hour or so, and had not slept all day more than an hour, and had paddled practically all of eleven hours, so that when we hit Rampart House—after twenty miles of bold scenery along the Porcupine—I was indifferent about scenery or anything else, except sleep.

Rampart House was the present home of Pete, his dusky spouse and the new baby, so here we left him and his boat. We traded our canoe for a long, low craft, thirty feet long and thirty years old, flimsy and leaky; and on the evening of August 4 we pulled out, seven of us, for the two hundred and twenty-mile journey to Fort Yukon. Here we could catch the Yukon river steamboats, four days below Dawson, and twice as many below White Horse, where rail transportation connects with the river boats. We found the snow, now melting, had put the Porcupine in flood. It is a big river, and fast in many of the lower reaches. We did fifty miles in jig time; and so, paddling four-hour stretches, eating four times a day, and urging on, we reached the mouth of the Porcupine slough, saw the milky waters of the Yukon pouring in, and knew our journey in the wilderness was done.

The Rat Portage is almost as far away as you can get. It is a very tame frontier, however, that is left to-day, sometimes a trifle stupid, and it lacks in thrills and bones. It doesn't take a hero to do the trip. It takes an ostrich, who can assimilate rabbit forelegs. That was the only sort of bones left behind by our party of stern, adventurous souls. Personally I have lost all hope of a Carnegie hero medal since old John Firth, the Hudson's Bay post trader at McPherson, told me casually that in the past forty years he has crossed the Rat summit one hundred and thirty-seven times! What chance has a poor, hard-working adventurer got these days?

WHY SOME PEOPLE LISP.

There is one sound of the human speech which it is practically impossible to perfectly reproduce by mechanical means. It is the sound of the letter "s." Neither the telephone nor the phonograph renders it properly. Lord Rayleigh, an English physicist of note, was the first to observe this and to subject the phenomenon to scientific investigation. He found that to pronounce the sound "s" the muscles of the mouth must exert only a slight pressure upon the air, but at the same time the breath must be projected with such force as to produce not less than 1,000 vibrations of the air waves per second. This is a higher number than in the case of any other sound of the human speech.

Is Parisian Influence Declining

(From the London, Eng., Times.)

The influence of Paris in the world of art and fashion has long been predominant. The question here raised is whether she is to lose the position she has so long occupied. Munich, Vienna and Berlin are the three cities the writer considers as likely to dispute pride of place with her.

THREE are many signs that the dominance of Paris is crumbling away. One of these is that significant episode of the harem skirt, which Paris ordained and the rest of the civilized world politely or impolitely hooted. Besides this, there is a triumvirate of young and extremely virile rivals in Munich, Vienna and Berlin.

MUNICH THE CHIEF RIVAL.

Munich especially is a strong rival. At the present time the latter city is attracting artistic genius from all over the world for the purpose of study and practice. She has 5,000 artists, professors, practitioners and students to support her claims. The city is in itself inspirational. The air is clean, keen and tonic. From any rise an Alpine chain stretches out a fifty-mile panorama of peaks. Housing is modern and wholesome. In substitution for the dirt-and-disease-rotted Quartier Latin or the vice-infested region of Montmartre, the artist quarter of Munich has broad and spacious streets, clean and sanitary dwellings, and a wonderfully reasonable scale of living. In order to study art, it is no longer necessary to live in conditions of medieval piggery. Hygiene and genius are not incompatible elements. Munich has fine ancient galleries, an abundance of modern collections, and an infinity of "one-man shows." But its chief asset is its sense of overflowing youth. Munich is essentially young and modern. The ancient portion of the city is healthily being broken and scrapped. The artist is not shackled to the past. He is not overwhelmed by the dominance of traditional greatness. He is not tempted to fritter away his abilities in an endeavor to ape the ancients.

In consequence, the "Munich style" in pictures, furniture, fabrics, and the applied artistry of the home is *sui generis*, a vivid expression of young and modern thought. Its influence is at the present moment sweeping over Europe. You can know "Munich style" by its bold, broad splashes of color and its severe simplicity of line. This is not the "Noveau Art" of the early years of the century, wriggly and snaky and curliquesque. It is based on the straight line, the square, and the plain circle; and it is sane and pleasant to live with. If you insist on an ancient analogy, it is Grecian simplicity in a modern renaissance of feeling.

The movement in architecture, furniture and interior decoration is not confined to the home. One finds it embodied in banks, insurance buildings, business offices, even in factories. There is, for example, a turbine factory in Berlin which is a joy to look upon. There is a cham-

pagne works near Wiesbaden which rivals an art gallery. There is a recent insurance building in Munich which is more dignified than a great many palaces. Outside and in, down to the smallest detail of fittings, these buildings are conceived in modern, virile thought.

VIENNA STRONG ON FASHIONS.

With regard to the question of fashions, Vienna has all the daring and smartness for which Paris has gained its reputation, plus the virility of youth. It is claimed, with seeming reason, that nowhere else in Europe are there such artists in the "tailor-made." The new fabrics for dress and home decoration which Vienna is now pouring over Europe are startlingly beautiful and original. They open up a whole new territory of color harmonies.

Berlin is the commercial partner in the trio. Here are hard-headed men who are thrusting into the markets of the world the creative thought of Munich and Vienna. Recently Berlin staged an exhibition of "German Clothes" in order to prove that Paris is no longer the undisputed arbiter of fashion.

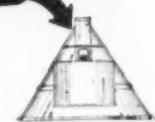
For half a century or more French genius has been most strikingly manifest in the region of artistic taste. That dominance is passing. French genius is seemingly turning to another direction—mechanical invention. The pioneers in motor cars, the pioneers in submarines, the pioneers in air-craft, Frenchmen are losing one field and gaining another. It seems curious to think that two nations can be so exchanging traditional activities. The prosaic German excelling in matters of artistic fancy; the temperamental Frenchman excelling in cold mechanical inventions. Yet this seems to be the shifting of contemporary history.

THE BUSINESS VIEWPOINT.

From the special point of view of the British business man, the new movement is worth close attention. All who cater to woman and the home—and that means men engaged in scores of manufacturing and merchandising industries—will have to reckon with the trend of thought of the new triumvirate of Munich-Vienna-Berlin. Its backing of artistic genius is a driving power of tremendous forcefulness. Munich art is not merely a local art confined to natives. There are few real Munichers among the artists there. It is rather that men and women from all over the world—Austrians, Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen, Australians, Canadians, Americans, South Americans—are concentrating on Munich as a desirable focus for artistic study and pooling genius there. They are exchanging ideas, striking sparks from one another. The "Munich style" they are evolving is a crystallate of cosmopolitan thought. Their common factor is their youth and virility.

**We Give You
\$2.50
For Coupon Below**

This illustration shows the sectional view and interior mechanism of the



MINUTE VACUUM WASHER

Delivered to you for \$1.00

The Minute Vacuum Washer was patented in 1914. It is therefore the latest and best on the market, and yet is being used to-day by over 75,000 satisfied housewives in all parts of Canada. It has all the good qualities of all the other washers and none of their faults. It will absolutely do all we claim for it or we will return every cent of your money. We have confidence in the washer or else we could not make this offer:

WE GUARANTEE IT
Some reasons why you should buy the Minute Vacuum Washer.

It is the strongest on the market because—it has quadruple turned seams. Triple rolled and pressed rim.

Costs \$1.00 delivered

It is the lightest machine made.

Will do the fastest work.

Does its work in three minutes.

A child can operate it.

Your clothes last twice as long.

Your hands do not touch the water. It forces the boiling suds through the clothes, NOT the clothes through the suds

We make this offer for

A SHORT TIME ONLY,
in order to secure agents. \$1.00 is practically *cost price*, and if we were not absolutely sure that we had the best washer made, we could not afford to make this offer. We count on repeat sales for our profit.

SEND TO-DAY—DON'T WAIT!!!

If this publication was not absolutely sure that the Minute Vacuum Washer would do all we claim, they would not accept our advertising, and you know it.

YOU ARE PROTECTED

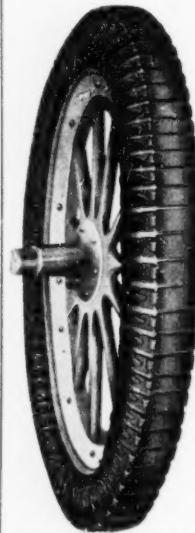
\$2.50 Coupon

Send us this coupon and \$1.00 cash and we will send you the Famous Minute Vacuum Washer, directions for use, and agent's offer, by parcel post, all charges paid, to any address. Remember this offer holds good for a short time only. We will send the washer to you no matter where you live by mail for one dollar.

MINUTE VACUUM WASHER CO.
Dept. 45 Franklin Building, Toronto, Ont.

Save Tire Expenses, use STEEL TIRE CLASPS

To Repair and Prevent
Blowouts.



"Patented April, 1914."

AGENTS WANTED

Sample postpaid, 50c. Our Free Booklet "S" will interest every auto owner. Write for copy to-day.

**The Steel Protector
& Auto Tire Co.**

246 Montrose Avenue,
TORONTO

Phone—College 7235

ROUND THE WORLD

Travel de Luxe, perfected by 73 years' experience and exclusive world-wide facilities. Tours leave during Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec., Jan., Small private parties, cultured leadership.

Egypt and the Nile

Highest class Tours to THE ORIENT, including Egypt, the Nile, Bible Lands, Algeria, Tunisia, the Mediterranean, etc., leave during Nov., Jan., Feb. and March.

COOK'S NILE STEAMERS leave Cairo every few days during the season for the First and Second Cataracts, Sudan, etc. Also private steamers and dahabees for families and private parties.

South America

Two Complete Tours of South America, including Panama, leave Nov. 14 and Feb. 3. A novel and delightful experience. Send for Program desired.

Our complete chain of 160 offices in all parts of the world furnishes unequalled facilities for travelers.

THOS. COOK & SON

MONTREAL—530 St. Catherine Street West. TORONTO—Traders Bank Bldg., 65 Yonge St. NEW YORK (4 offices), BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES.

Cook's Travelers' Cheques Are Good All Over the World.

The Investor's Primer

A Concise Handbook by John Moody, containing definitions of all the important terms and phrases employed in the investment and banking business. Part 1 covers the definitions of Finance. Part 2 gives specific information regarding various of Preferred and Guaranteed Stocks.

Price \$1.00. Send all orders to

MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
143-149 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

The Disease of Fear

How Persons Suffering from Mental Fancies May be Cured

(From *MacLure's Magazine*.)

The mental complaint which manifests itself in some form of fear, has only lately been recognized as a disease. Thousands of people suffer from this malady—from some obsession of dread which makes their lives a misery. How this sickness of mind may be cured is told in the following article.

SEVEN years ago, a young woman suffering from a peculiar malady made her appearance at the out-patient department of a large New England hospital. An exhaustive examination disclosed that she was enjoying excellent physical health. She was happily married, intelligent, and, to the ordinary observer, in full possession of her mental and moral faculties.

One obsessing horror, however, dogged her every footstep and made existence one lingering agony. She had an unearthly, unreasoning fear of sharp knives. The sight of the most harmless table utensil would make her desperate. She would shriek if she caught a glimpse of her husband shaving. She would almost faint at the sight of an assortment of goods in a hardware dealer's store. Whenever fresh cutlery arrived at her house, she would immediately throw it out of the window. The family were reduced to the most ludicrous makeshifts for tableware.

Anything that suggested sharp-edged tools, even remotely, had the same distressing effect—steam-heating coils, the metallic clasp on a purse, a finger-ring, a hat-pin, would produce a reminiscent trembling. She was afraid to read the newspapers, because their pages were crowded with suggestions of knives; and yet, she could not turn her thoughts away from her obsession. She nurtured it as carefully as if it were something that she loved.

FAMOUS VICTIMS OF "MENTAL TWISTS."

What kind of medicine should the doctors prescribe for diseases of this kind? The average citizen would have had no difficulty in making a diagnosis and prescribing treatment. "She's crazy; she ought to be put in an insane asylum," would have been his curbstone verdict. But this woman was not insane at all; in all probability, she never would be even though this mental state continued indefinitely. Except for this one mental twist, she was entirely rational; moreover she realized intellectually—something insane people never do—the absurdity and unreasonableness of her psychological predicament.

She was suffering from a complaint that has assailed many of the world's greatest intellects. When Samuel Johnson, as Boswell tells us, could not pass a post without touching it—if he inadvertently made this omission he would have to retrace his steps and pay it his tribute—he, too, was suffering from a similar kind of

psychical disease. Erasmus, the great reformer, would have a high fever if he caught a glimpse of fish or lentils. Bayle, the philosopher, would have convulsions at the sound of water dripping from a tap. Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, would faint away at the sight of a goat. Both Napoleon and Wellington would rush from a room if it contained a "harmless necessary cat."

One of the most interesting discoveries of modern medicine is that these sufferers, in a considerable number of cases, can be cured. The hospital to which this woman came has treated thousands in the last seven years. Following its example, other institutions are establishing departments for a similar work. A few months ago Johns Hopkins University opened a new Psychiatric Clinic, which, among other things, will undertake the treatment of psychoneurotics. Modern medicine, that is, has at last recognized the fact that the human mind is quite as subject to disorganization as is its physical tene- ment.

RE-EDUCATING THE LOGICAL FACULTY.

In the "treatment" that follows there is nothing miraculous, nothing hypnotic. That hypnotism, in certain cases, may be used beneficially, nobody denies; the most intelligent authorities, however, do not advocate its use in the treatment of psychoneurotics. The remedy for this disease is the gentle and healing power of good talk.

The preliminary step is to impress the patient with an idea that previously has not occurred to her—the possibility that she may be cured. Up to this time she has regarded herself as irredeemably enmeshed in her troubles. Very likely she regards them as only the initial steps to insanity, and she already sees the lunatic asylum opening its doors. Once the patient understands that she can be cured, and believes it, the battle is more than half won. Another fact to be emphasized is that, serious and real as the trouble is, the mind is the only thing that is really wrong.

"What, after all," the worker may say, "is a piece of steel? Just look the problem squarely in the face. What can it possibly do to you? How can it hurt you? Don't you see that the trouble is only in your mind? Try as hard as you can, you can give me no reason for this feeling. What you need to do is to understand this fact completely, and the fear is bound to disappear."

Take the case of the woman who was afraid of razors. This was no case of an impossible husband; the woman was happily married, though the fact that she had no children was undoubtedly one of the causes of her "nervousness." Two years before she had gone through experiences that easily amounted to "psy-

chic shock." She had had a surgical operation, and before she recovered from it, her mother had died. Her grief was so great that she tried to take the dead woman: forcibly out of her coffin. These things stimulated a natural tendency to neurasthenia. As this patient was intelligent, the explanation and re-education method made rapid progress. Her fear of razors, when sympathetically explained, became a comedy to her. At the suggestion of her new friend, she adopted a little formula every night as she went to bed. Just before saying her prayers, she would put her face in her hands and repeat:

"This fear is nonsense; I shall never harm myself or others. I am perfectly sane, and I am going to get well. There is no more harm in a razor than in a stick of wood."

TRAINING IN SOCIAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

A training in the "social consciousness" is another useful adjunct. Many of these people have no strong interest in life. A favorite plan is, have these women take charge of certain parts of the social work themselves. By getting interested in others' troubles they are less inclined to concentrate on their own.

After all, however, the great weapon against these ills is conversation. The problem is a human one. It is not so difficult, as long as one is sympathetic, friendly, and personally pleasing, to talk these people out of their troubles. Professor Dubois says, in speaking of especially difficult cases: "I cured him in three conversations." Professor Dubois has had amazing success, not only in freeing patients from their fears and obsessions, but in the functional troubles that so commonly go with them — indigestion, insomnia, loss of appetite, heart troubles, and the various manifestations of hysteria. And already certain private and public institutions, in this country and Europe, have had success enough to demonstrate that the new science has a firm foundation. This is peculiarly the age of "mental twists;" but mental twists, in the majority of cases, can be cured.

Poison for Gold

How a Deadly Acid Assists the World's Wealth

The average reader will probably learn with surprise that the success of one of the greatest gold-fields of the world is due to the assistance of one of the most deadly poisons known to man. The chemist plays a far from inconspicuous part in the world's drama, and it will here be seen how he is the magician of the modern gold-mine.

IT is perhaps unnecessary to point out that gold is not dug out of the earth as one extracts, say, potatoes or turnips. No; it is literally 'won' after a hard battle with the elements with which Nature has seen fit to guard her treasures. The golden lure which has made Johannesburg the most cosmopolitan of cities is nowhere visible. There on the Ridge of the White Waters, whence comes at least one-third of the world's wealth, visible gold is a thing of the past, and the precious metal

The Kindel Kind



WITHOUT a doubt a convertible Davenport or Divanette is a convenience; when needed it is absolutely indispensable. It permits of accommodations being made for the guest who unexpectedly remains over night, without inconvenience to the hostess.

WHETHER it be a Davenport or a Divanette (occupying but 4½ ft. of wall space) is, of course, a matter of preference and space accommodations, but whether it meets every requirement of such an article depends entirely upon the kind it is. If it is a Kindel it will.

For if it is a Kindel it will never by any detail of appearance in its daytime use suggest its other purpose, that of a bed. In service as a bed it will meet every requirement of comfort that could be made of it.

The furniture store you know and like to patronize is the store that sells the KINDEL kind.

The Kindel Bed Co., 12 Clifford St., Toronto
NEW YORK

HERE are three types of the Kindel Kind: The Somersaultic, the DeLuxe and the Divanette. Each type accomplishes the same purpose; perhaps one kind will find greater favor in your consideration than another. If it is a Kindel it is the final possibility of choice. The new booklet, "The House That Grew," is ready for distribution. Will you send for your copy to-day, as the edition is limited?

GAS ENGINES AND GAS PRODUCERS

By LIONEL S. MARKS, S.B., M.M.E.

Professor of Mechanical Engineering, Harvard University, American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and Samuel S. Wyer, Mechanical Engineer, American Society of Engineers, American Institute of Mining Engineers, Author of "Gas-Producers and Producer Gas." 160 pp., 90 illus. Cloth binding. Embodying the latest information in this rapidly developing field. Of immense practical value to all Engineers, Machinists, Automobiles, Power-Boat Owners or Managers, etc.—in fact, all interested in efficient and economical power production. Price \$1.00.

Technical Book Department
THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
143 University Avenue, TORONTO, ONT.

What the German Government did before the War!

"The Men Around the Kaiser"

By FREDERIC W. WILE

Berlin Correspondent of the "Daily Mail"

Everybody interested in the present war situation will find here a book full of vital interest, dealing, as it does, with the social, financial, industrial, military, and political side of the life of the German people.



Emperor William of Germany.

The German Empire has been striding the highway of progress with seven-league shoes. Its development in industrial, financial and military matters during the past few decades has been almost unprecedented, nay epochal. Starting with grim Bismarck and the Kaiser himself, the list of outstanding personalities extends to every branch of enterprise and includes many names which will be written large in the history of the world.

The military and naval ambitions of this Empire point to one man. That man is one of the subjects of this book. He it is also who recently replied to Hon. Winston Churchill's suggestion that the competing nations of Europe take a naval holiday!

THIS BOOK, CONTAINING 279 PAGES, BOUND IN "SILK LUSTRE" CLOTH, DE LUXE EDITION, WILL GIVE YOU AN IMPARTIAL AND COMPREHENSIVE INSIGHT INTO POLITICAL AND NATIONAL PROBLEMS.

MAILED POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF \$1.75.

The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited

MONTREAL

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER

Book Department: 143-153 University Avenue, TORONTO

is hard-held in what may be termed an iron hand; for not content with imprisoning it in mere crushable stone, Nature has still further secreted her gold in what is known to geologists as iron pyrites, from which no amount of crushing will extract it. It is here that our friend the chemist comes upon the scene with his stuff, three drops of which in solution would suffice to kill a grown man.

Not all the gold, however, is so tenaciously held. To obtain what is known as the free-milling ore, the rock is beaten under mighty iron stamps, weighing two thousand pounds each, until in a fine sand it is poured in a muddy flood over copper plates covered in mercury. These catch up the free gold and the remaining sand is collected in huge vats to undergo medicinal treatment.

The mysterious agency which liberates gold almost as quickly as it can destroy the life of man and beast is known as cyanide of potassium and is a salt of prussic acid, the well-known deadly poison. In minute quantities it is found in the kernel of the otherwise luscious peach, and is what imparts that bitter sweet flavor known by those who break open the stone of that fruit.

The quantities of cyanide to be used having been dissolved in water to an approved strength, the solution is poured upon the sands in the vats until they are submerged by a few inches. The cyanide solution immediately begins to exercise its functions by attacking the gleaming pyritic crystals and eating out the imprisoned gold, so that what previously looked like a collection of diamonds under the microscope now presents the appearance of furnace slag.

After a few hours of this treatment the gold is, almost to a grain per ton, in solution; and, deadly as ever, this is run through pipes into long, narrow, partitioned extractor-boxes, the compartments of which are filled with fine zinc shavings. As is seen by the brisk bubbling of hydrocyanic acid gas which ensues, the gold is rapidly taken up by the zinc, which discolors and "rots," ultimately becoming a thick black sludge resembling nothing so much as filthy river mud! But, oh, what precious mud!

A curious feature may here be noted—namely, that while neither horses nor dogs will touch the cyanide solution, it has a quite extraordinary fascination for cattle. When the solution has become very weak, and contains, if any, mere traces of gold, it is frequently run off when no storage-room remains for it. The instant any browsing cattle near scent it down-wind they will gallop for it wildly, heads down and tails in the air, and will literally drink themselves to death, dropping with their mouths in it! The writer has seen eight young steers together fall victims to this weird taste before they could be driven from a tiny stream of very weak solution which had not been railed off.

At the end of the month the flow of solution through the boxes is temporarily stopped and the unaffected zinc is removed; and after the addition of alum or lime has cleared the coal-black liquid, the pure solution is carefully siphoned off as close as possible to the muddy deposit—which, be it remembered, is gold, and

not to be trifled with! This literal "pay dirt" is then scooped up into pans and left to dry for a time; after which it is placed in a calcining-furnace on a thick iron plate heated to a cherry-red. This is to burn off the zinc which has succumbed to the chemical action of the cyanide; and after very careful raveling with iron rods for the purpose, a chocolate-colored powder remains. Here we have the long-suffering gold in another form! The powder is then drawn off with much care—for it "dusts" very easily, and there are better ways of breathing an atmosphere of gold!—and, being mixed with due proportions of clean sand, carbonate of soda and borax is placed in plumbago crucibles and subjected to the fierce heat of one thousand degrees, which the smelting of gold demands.

Great care must be taken that the mixture does not "freeze" through a fault in the temperature of the furnace, as vexatious troubles and delay thus take place; but, all being well, the crucibles are in due time removed and their boiling con-

tents poured into an iron mould (usually conical), where the gold by its weight percolates to the bottom, leaving the mass of often gorgeously colored glass slag to cool and harden above it. This accomplished, the mould is overturned, and there, pointing at us as if in accusation after its various trying metamorphoses, we see a "button" weighing several ounces of more or less pure gold. This, together with his brothers, is then placed in another crucible, and, a couple of whisky-bottles—empty, be it remarked!—having been broken over his head to provide a flux, is returned to the furnace, finally to be poured into a rhomboid mould, whence he issues as the component part of a weighty, wealth-suggesting "bar" of gold.

This, then, is a rapid résumé of the famous cyanide process, which, as already suggested, has been the saviour of the vast majority of the mines so busily exhausting the thirty miles of reef composing the world-renowned goldfields of the Witwatersrand.

Healing by Suggestion

Extraordinary Cure Which Anyone May Attempt

From *Nash's Magazine*.

This extraordinary article is from the pen of Upton Sinclair, who, in 1910, wrote an article on "Starving for Health's Sake," which created quite a furore at the time. He now proposes a much simpler method than starving for the cure of one's bodily ills. The idea at least is unique, and may prove a physical salvation to some.

WHO is there, among the chance readers of this article, who does not know of some one who is suffering cruelly and undeservedly, and who would not give a share of his time and energy to be able to put an end to it?

I am going to tell about a way that you may try. I don't say that it will work in all cases, but it has worked in many. It will cost you nothing, it will not take you long to learn, and it may give you something new to live for. It is a method which has ancient and venerable sanctions—you have read about it in the Bible under the name of "the laying on of hands." But you thought it was a miracle—if you believed it at all; you never dreamed that a commonplace person like yourself might be able to do it.

Before I tell anything of what I have seen, let me explain a few general ideas, which possibly may dispose the reader to think me less preposterous.

First. It has been definitely established that there exists such a thing as the subconscious mind; that is, underneath our ordinary consciousness, there is a vast ocean, as it were, of mental states, memories, desires, fears, and so on. We try to recall a name; it is "on the tip of our tongue," as we say, but it won't come off; we go on about other matters, and by-and-by the name comes to us. That is because

our subconscious mind has been working; and it worked better when our conscious mind let it alone. There seems to be ground for believing that this "subliminal self" retains everything that we ever had in our consciousness; that it is possible by means of hypnotic trance, automatic writing, dream analysis, and other methods of tapping the subconscious, to remind us of anything we ever knew.

Second. It is definitely established that this subconscious mind is extremely open to suggestion. Take the simplest case; some one is hypnotized, and told that he is in the water, and instantly he begins to swim; or he is told that after he is out of the trance he will go to a certain place, and do a certain thing—and automatically he does it. Of course, it was quickly realized that this characteristic of the subconscious mind could be made use of in the treatment of diseases; that many functional irregularities might be corrected, many phobias and obsessions taken away.

And now for my experiences. The friend I was visiting in London is the wife of a well-known man. She has been for ten years a sort of big sister to me—I say this so that you may realize that I was not imposed upon. Her husband has for years suffered from frightful headaches, caused by stomach-trouble. These headaches have been a sort of family tradition; I have myself watched him through many of them, and have listened to accounts of scores of different remedies he was trying or intending to try. He is a person with a hobby for new medical devices, and has a workshop full of vaccines, intestinal disinfectants, reform foods, and what not. But nothing ever

\$1200 IN COLD CASH

Made, Paid, Banked, in 80 Days By Stoneman—\$15,000 to Date

Korstad, a farmer, did \$1,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, \$195 first 12 hours after appointment. Join our famous \$1,000 class, which absolutely insures

\$1,000 per Man, per County.

Ten inexperienced men divided \$10,000 within 18 months. Strange invention startles world. Agents amazed. Think what this invention does. Gives every home a bath system with hot and cold running water for \$6.50. Abolishes plumbing, waterworks. Self-heating. No wonder Hart sold 16 in three hours—\$5,000 altogether; Lodewick 17 first day. Investigate. Postal will do. Exclusive sales—requires quick action, but means \$1,000 and more for you.



THE ALLEN MFG. CO., 3950 Allen Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

AGENTS—SALESMEN

WE WILL INCREASE YOUR INCOME

Your Chance

to make \$6,000 a year. Get started in an honest, reliable, money-making business. The wonder of the 20th Century. Hickman writes, I am making \$21.00 per day. Spaine takes 9 orders first day. Shimmerhorn orders 8 doz. first month. World's Magical gift has been realized by this new invention. Removes blackheads, wrinkles, rounds out any part of the face or body, and brings back Nature's beauty.

The BLACKSTONE Water Power MASSAGE MACHINE for the Home

Lasts a life-time, new field, new business, price within reach of all; that is why it's easy to sell. Endorsed by Doctors and Massagists. Best agent's article ever invented, sells itself, no experience necessary.

FREE—Our big book, *The Power and the Love of Beauty and Health*. Investigate now, to day. A postal will do.

THE BLACKSTONE MFG. CO.
928 Meredith Building Toledo, Ohio

EXCELLO

Users have No Worry on Washday. It is easy on clothes, simply constructed, cost of water is practically nothing, runs easy, no experience required, any one can operate it, no backache. The EXCELLO, the reliable servant, wants to work for you. She never gets tired, and is very powerful.

Just turn on the tap, that's all.

Write us how your washing can be done in comfort.

Excello Motor Washer Co.
Berlin, Ont.

STUDY AT HOME

Our courses are thorough, practical, economical, and their efficiency has been fully proved.

Ask about what interests you.

Complete Commercial.	Stationary Engineering.
Shorthand and Type-writing.	Automobile Engineering.
Beginner's Course.	Electrical Course.
Special English.	Teachers' Examinations.
Journalism.	Matriculation.
Mechanical Drawing.	Civil Service.
Architectural Drawing.	Single Subjects (any grade).
Plan Reading and Estimating.	

Canadian Correspondence College, Limited
Dept. B, Toronto, Canada



TRAVEL IN SAFETY AND COMFORT

Consult this Department

WE have placed a Travel Department at the disposal of our subscribers to help them to travel without the annoyances that come to the inexperienced traveller. If you are planning a short trip or an extended tour, we will be glad to have you write us stating your intended itinerary; we will supply you with information about Hotels, Resorts, Routes and make helpful suggestions or answer other questions of interest to you. Readers of MacLean's Magazine should avail themselves of this opportunity to travel in security and comfort.

Address your correspondence to the Travel Department

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

worked on his headaches. When they came, he would have to lie up for one or two days, and would be ghastly to look at—almost green in the face. And now came this lady who called herself a "doctor," and cured such a headache in two or three minutes by laying her hands upon the man's head.

Naturally this interested the wife. She found that the "doctor" could take her when she was run down and nervous and troubled with a bad cough, and in a few minutes could make her serene, and in two or three "treatments" could end the cough. Being herself a person with psychic gifts, my friend set out to learn how the thing was done. She found almost at once that she could cure her husband's headaches. Then she tried with other people; among them the wife of one of the best-known men in England, an elderly lady in wretched health, suffering from what was apparently complete inanition of the lower bowel. The details of a cure of such trouble do not lend themselves to description in a magazine article; suffice it to say that the result was amazing to all parties concerned, and converted to an interest in the subject one of the most hard-headed and dogmatic materialists in England. Shortly afterwards the lady cured two cases which the surgeons had declared must be operated upon at once—one a case of mastoiditis, and the other a stoppage of the fallopian tubes.

When I came to this friend's house, my wife had recently met with a serious accident by falling, and was almost a nervous wreck as a consequence. She went to call on the "doctor," and reported so great a benefit to her nerves, that after I had been about to enough London hospitality to collect a headache, I took it to be cured. Fasting is such a handicap to hospitality!

The doctor (I will omit the quotation marks after this) was gentle and soft-voiced.

"I must tell you," I said, "that I don't in the least believe in this." In truth, I felt very foolish, as no doubt you will at first, if you are tempted to try the procedure.

I sat in a chair, and she stood behind me. She told me to make my mind a blank, to tell myself that I put myself in her power; she moved her hands gently and soothingly over my forehead, and talked to me softly, telling me that there were deeper forces within me, able to cure my pain, and that I would gradually find the trouble disappearing.

So on for several minutes; and what happened was exactly what I expected would happen—nothing. My head ached just as badly as before. I told the doctor gallantly that no doubt the reason was that I was such a "tough-minded" customer; I hadn't really been able to make my mind a blank. The honest truth was that all the time, while the soft-voiced lady had been "treating" me, I had been thinking: If this only works, what a picturesque scene it would make in a story!

The experiment failed. But then I went home, and, my headache being worse, my wife said, "Let me try it." She did what the doctor had done—and behold, the headache was gone! We laughed,

and said it was an accident. But I went down into the country and overworked continuously for a couple of months, until I began to suffer with dyspepsia and headaches, and then with insomnia. As I would not stop work, my wife would say, "Let me treat you." And each time, quite regularly, the trouble would disappear under the treatment. You can call that an accident a certain number of times, but you can't keep on doing so. The strangest thing was, that whatever symptoms I lost, my wife immediately got. She had never had dyspepsia in her life before, but she had it now—and the same with insomnia. Naturally, I didn't want to be cured on those terms, and so we dropped psychotherapy, and I stopped work and took a fast.

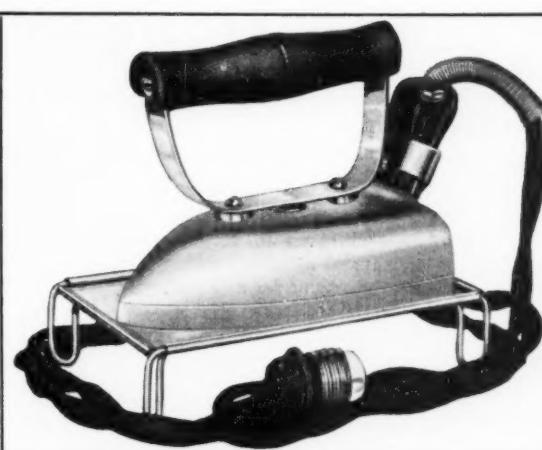
We took the thing up again, almost by accident, under the pressure of a sudden need. We were traveling on a train, a tedious journey, and my wife was seized with a terrible headache. She is a person who does not complain until things have become desperate. I was frightened about her, and I said, "Let me give you a 'treatment.'" So I put my hand across her forehead, and followed the advice of my friend: to hold in silence, and as intensely as I could, the thought that this pain was to be immediately relieved. I was naturally in no joking mood, and I really tried my best to "will" the pain away. In a few minutes my wife was asleep. After a while I went into the dining-car, and while I was gone she awakened, and the pain returned; she told me afterwards that it was so bad that she had an impulse to throw herself from the train. I came back, and gave another "treatment"; and in about five minutes she sat up and stared at me in wonder, exclaiming, "The pain is gone!"

And that is always the way. We never can believe it—it always seems a joke to us. It happens—and then comes the exclamation, "The pain is *gone!*" I have cured in all four such headaches, and I haven't yet got over my own surprise that it works—to say nothing of beginning to explain *how* it works.

* * *

If you will accept my word that these incidents happened as described, I don't see how you can fail to admit that here is a tremendous force which can be used for the rational control of our lives. I do not mean by this that you are to give yourself into the hands of the charlatans and fanatics who swarm in this unexplored region; nor do I mean that you are to use this new idea to enable you to neglect the rational physical means of keeping in health. And, too, I have a nervous feeling about this power—it mayn't last! It seems really too good to be true!

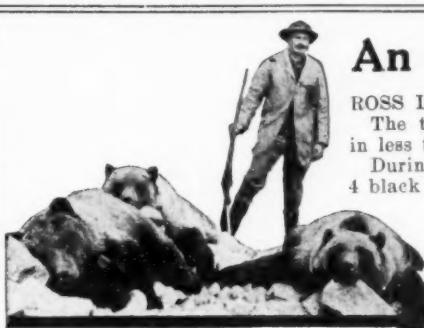
Deep within me I agree with a saying of Voltaire: "You can kill a cow with enchantment, if you use a little strychnine too!"



THE "Canadian Queen" Electric Iron is entirely Canadian-made—fully guaranteed. Are sold by all dealers. Look at a "Canadian Queen" before buying an Electric Iron.

Ask us for Folder "H," which contains some information worth knowing.

The Flexible Conduit Co., Limited
Guelph, Ontario



An Exciting Hunting Trip

ROSS LUCK followed Mr. Cluny C. Luke.

The three grizzlies shown in the cut were shot down in less than a minute with a ROSS .280.

During the same expedition Mr. Luke shot 3 grizzlies, 4 black bears, 2 goats, 2 caribou and 2 moose. In all he fired only 27 shots, and has no words too good for the ROSS .280, whose low trajectory dispenses with all judging of distances.

Mr. Luke assures us that he killed a goat at 500' with exactly the same adjustment of sights as at 100 yards.

The low trajectory, accuracy and smoothness of action make the ROSS .280 the ideal Sporting Rifle.

Its price is \$35.00, other models \$12.00 up.

Catalogue free on request.

ROSS RIFLE CO., QUEBEC

Make Fall Housecleaning easier by using DUSTBANE

the sanitary sweeping compound. Absorbs dust while sweeping, disinfects, kills germs, brightens carpets. Makes sweeping easy and saves dusting. If only for the sake of good health you need "DUSTBANE" in your home.

GET IT FROM YOUR DEALER OR WRITE DIRECT



Just Published



Questions and Answers Relating to Modern Automobile Design, Construction and Repair

[By VICTOR W. PAGE, M.E.]

Answers every question you may ask relating to the modern automobile. Will save you time, trouble and expense.

This practical treatise consists of a series of thirty-six lessons, covering with nearly 2,000 questions and their answers—the automobile, its construction, operation and repair—600 (6x9) Pages, 360 Illustrations. The subject matter is absolutely correct and explained in simple language. If you can't answer all of the following questions, you need this work. The answers to these and nearly 2,000 more are to be found in its pages.

Give the name of all important parts of an automobile and describe their functions. Describe action of latest types of kerosene carburetors. What is the difference between a "Double" ignition system and a "dual" ignition system? How are valves timed? What are advantages of worm drive gearing? Name all important types of ball and roller bearings? What is a "Three-quarter" floating axle? What is a two-speed axle? What is the Vulcan electric gear shift? Name the causes of lost power in automobiles. Describe all noises due to deranged mechanism and give causes. How can you adjust a carburetor by the color of the exhaust gases? What causes "popping" in the carburetor? How do you drive various makes of cars? What is a differential lock and where is it used? Etc., etc.

Sent prepaid to any address on receipt of price—\$1.60. Keep the book ten days, and if it is not satisfactory return it and get your money back.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD., Book Dept., 143-153 University Ave., Toronto



The Quickest Way to Wash Clothes

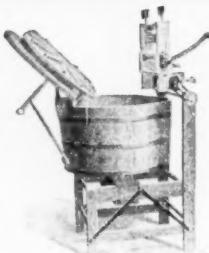
The most sanitary way, the most economical way, the easiest way is to use a

CONNOR Ball-Bearing WASHER

May we explain this machine to you fully?

Write for Catalog "C."

J. H. CONNOR & SON, Limited
OTTAWA, ONT.
Established in 1881.



Canadians in the Mediterranean

I am open for engagements to take tourists into any part of Spain, Portugal, Morocco. Have taken some Canadians to interesting parts seldom seen by even experienced tourists. By arranging in advance can meet the steamer and take parties.

JOSEPH BUZAGLO, Family Courier, GIBRALTAR

TRICKS FOR STAGE OR PARLOR USE

All the latest Magic Novelties, Puzzles, etc.
Large Illustrated Catalogue Free
THE PROCTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
155 King Street East — TORONTO, Ontario



Electric Storms

How to Get Struck by Lighting and How Not To

(From Sir Ray Lankester's "Science From an Easy Chair," in the Daily Telegraph.)

ALL children in schools ought to be warned against seeking shelter in a thunderstorm under any solitary upstanding shed, tree, or group of trees. The danger arises from the fact that the shed or the tree stands out high above the general surface, and its top is the nearest point, for some distance round, to the thunder-cloud, and is likely to "attract" the electric discharge, or to serve as the passage of the electricity from the cloud to the earth. If the tree or the shed or such building were a good "conductor" of electricity, and were fixed deeply in wet earth or water (which is also a good "conductor" of electricity), no harm would be done; the electricity of the earth and of the cloud would quietly adjust themselves by aid of the projecting conductor. That is the service which "lightning conductors" perform. They are metal rods placed in high, prominent positions where they come into relation with the electrically-disturbed thunder clouds, and as there is free passage through them to the vast area of deeply-lying wet earth and subterranean water, the adjustment between the cloud and the earth is easily and quietly effected. As we say the electric current "flows" through the conductor to—or it may be away from—the earth. But nothing is more fatal than a lightning conductor which is not properly "earthing." The upstanding metal rod must end below in a great plate of metal sunk in permanently moist earth, or, better, in flowing water. When there is not this regular and sufficient outlet for the electric current, as when a lightning conductor is broken from its "earth" or unprovided with such a base, the current behaves like a pent-up stream let loose, and dashes (so to speak) at and through anything leading ultimately to the soil. It is on this account that trees and wooden sheds are dangerous. They attract the electric current, but are not "good" conductors, and so do not provide a passage to the deep wet earth. The pent-up obstructed electricity takes the form of the "spark," or "lightning flash," instead of flowing quietly away. It is terribly destructive and erratic in its course—bursting and burning living as well as inert things on its way.

It is obvious that since it is dangerous to seek shelter in a thunderstorm under or at the side of a prominent tree, or a solitary shed, on account of their "upstanding" character, so it is dangerous to be yourself the most prominent object on a plain or a hill side during a thunderstorm. More persons are struck and killed in this way than when sheltering under trees. Sheep are often struck and killed when lying open on a hill side in a thunderstorm. What then is man, woman or child to do when caught in the open

in a thunderstorm? They may take shelter in a wood though not under an isolated tree, nor under a long high hedge-row. They should ask for shelter in any available house or cottage which is built for human habitation, and has weathered former storms. Failing these they may (as goats and sheep and cattle do) get under a low-lying rock-face, or into a ditch, or dry hole—or even (if the storm is close round them) lie flat on the ground. It is less dangerous to be wet through than to be dry, since wet clothes may and have before now saved a man's life, owing to the fact that they are good conductors, and allow the electric current to pass away without obstruction. It is a very dangerous thing to be out in a thunderstorm, which is close to you, on a golf links, in a boat on a lake or wide river, or on the sea. The larger animals always seek shelter from a thunderstorm.

When you are in a house during a close and immediate thunderstorm you should keep the windows shut and avoid placing yourself between two large and prominent conductors of electricity such as the water-pipe or gas main (if your plumber has permitted you to know where they are) and the fire-place. If the house is a detached one or a corner house, and the storm is close, you will be acting reasonably if you retire into the basement until the storm is over. But you must be prepared to put up with criticism from the fool-hardy. On the whole, the long rows of houses of fairly equal height in the streets of a great town are about as safe as any place during an electric storm. A railway carriage on the rails is theoretically very unlikely to be "struck by lightning," since the rails are a first-rate conductor. The Eiffel Tower, in Paris, being entirely built of iron, is a huge lightning conductor, and has been photographed in storms with forked lightning playing harmlessly about its head.

The inhabitants of towns are much more frequently struck by lightning than country folk, because living as a rule in the protection of the streets, they have no traditions and habits to guide them when they are out for a holiday and are overtaken by a thunder-storm on commons or in open country. They are both indifferent to the danger and ignorant as to the conditions under which that danger is greatest, and those under which it is reduced to a minimum. When they go into the country they do not know how to behave in a thunderstorm.

Learned writers on atmospheric electricity and thunderstorms do not trouble themselves to give information as to the precautions which a man should take to avoid being "struck," and what positions are the safest and what the most perilous. On the other hand, they have carried the knowledge of how to protect buildings by

aid of lightning conductors to such a point that it is now possible to build a powder magazine which is practically safe from danger in any thunderstorm. This is effected by applying a network of conducting wire over its surface connected to upstanding metal rods, the bases of which are sunk in permanent subterranean water. The protection of property is more remunerative than the protection of human life.

It is important that everyone should be able to judge of the nearness or distance of a thunderstorm. The sound of thunder caused by the heating and sudden expansion of the air by the great electric spark which we call "a flash of lightning" travels a mile in five seconds. When there is an interval between the flash and the sound of the thunder of two seconds or more, the storm is for the time being at a safe distance, but when the interval is only a second or less the storm is close, and any prominent object near you or you yourself may be "struck."

Illicit Diamond Buying

A Leaf From a Fascinating Chapter of South African Romance

From *Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

The I. D. B. traffic, as it is called, or practice of purchasing from Kaffirs employed in the mines, diamonds which they have stolen or have not handed over when found, is one of the most attractive forms of crime in South Africa, but although there is material for an engrossing romance in the illicit diamond trade, the records are particularly meagre. The incidents related below give some idea of the methods employed in this little-known criminal traffic.

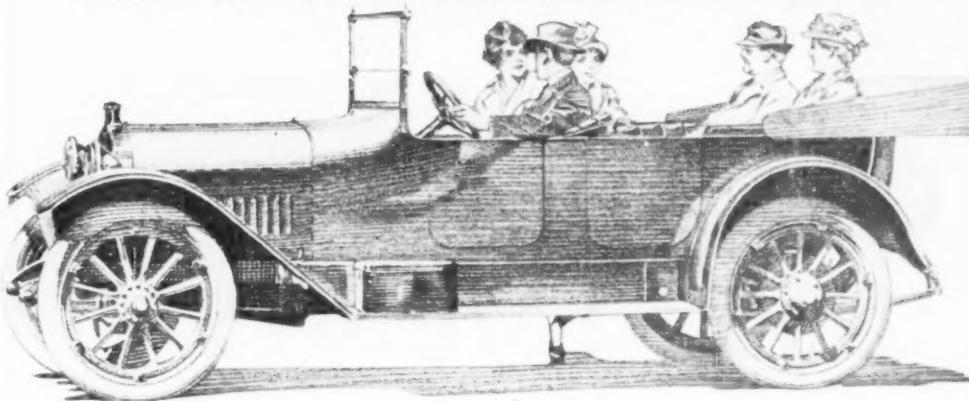
ONE of the first big robberies of stones was engineered by a young Englishman of good family, who came out to the fields, having about a thousand dollars but no experience, joined a Scotsman, who was working a claim. Their funds which were poor at first soon rose considerably then dropped back to almost nothing. The Englishman announced that he was tired of the game and was going home leaving his partner to refund him his money if things turned out well. His liberality in standing drinks on his last evening roused the suspicions of his partner, especially as the young man was supposed to have had great difficulty in raising his homeward fare. The partner induced him to linger over his drinking and carried him home very drunk, and on making a search was rewarded by finding \$20,000 worth of stones hidden in the Englishman's baggage, besides conclusive evidence of parcels having been sent through the post to Cape Town.

CLEVER KAFFIR THIEVES.

Very early in the chapter Cecil Rhodes realized that the only practical way of stopping the wholesale thefts of diamonds was by segregating the Kaffir employees.

1915 Hupmobile

Car of the Canadian Family



\$1400 Complete

For the third time the Hupp Motor Car Company has produced a car which, we believe, will prove immeasurably superior to any that assumes to compete with it.

The first Hupmobile 20 made for itself, and held against all rivalry, an immense following, at home and abroad.

The "32" put the Hupmobile into another class and surpassed the "20" in world-wide popularity. This new Hupmobile bids fair to eclipse them both, as the **very utmost a motorist can desire**. A highly specialized, individualized, Hupmobilized motor car which gives you, we believe, more service and comfort for your money than you can find if you comb the market a dozen times over.

Specifications

More Power.

Motor, 33½-inch bore x 5½-inch stroke; cylinders cast en bloc, with water jacket space between barrels; valves 1½-inch clear diameter, mushroom tappets, with special shape cams, very quiet; valve spring chamber closed by oil-tight cover, so that contacts are made in an oil bath. New shape combustion chamber, larger valves and larger cylinder bore produce more power. Multiple disc clutch, with thirteen 13-inch plates.

New Type Carburetor.

Horizontal type, bolted directly to cylinder block. Gas passage between cylinders, so that intake manifold is heated its entire length, assuring complete vaporization of even the heaviest gasoline.

Longer Wheelbase; More Room.

Wheelbase, 119 inches; tires 34 x 4½ inches. Roomy 5-passenger body; 2 inches more leg-room in front; 7 inches more in tonneau; full tufted upholstery; concealed door hinges, flush handles. Front springs, 37 inches long, practically flat; rear springs, semi-elliptic, 52

inches long, swung under axle; springs self-oiling. Brakes, 14 inches in diameter.

Left Steer, Center Control.

Steering wheel at left; gear change and hand-brake levers at driver's right. Speedometer, starting and lighting switches mounted flush in center of cowl board. Speedometer drive from transmission.

Improved Oiling.

A system already highly efficient made still better. Pressure feed from flywheel to main bearings and connecting rod bearings; cylinder walls lubricated by mist from crankshaft.

Modern Ignition.

Ignition from storage battery, with automatic spark advance. Type rapidly being adopted by progressive engineers.

Single Unit Electrical System.

Generator and starting motor combined, driven by silent chain from front end of crankshaft. Supplies current for starting, ignition and lighting. Makes motor non-stallable. Westinghouse 12-volt system.

Non-Glare, Dimmer Headlights.

Hupmobile design. Upper half of headlight glass corrugated. Kills reflector glare, complying with many city ordinances, and giving full illumination on road. One bulb in headlights, dimmed at will through resistance in switch. No side-lamps.

Equipment and Other Details.

16-gallon gasoline tank in cowl; rain-vision windshield, fixed uprights, lower half adjustable for ventilation. One-man type top, attaching to windshield. Crowned fenders, with flat edge and without beading. Tail lamp exclusive Hupmobile design. Illuminates license plate and entire width of road for considerable distance behind car. Non-skid tires on rear. Demountable rims, carrier at rear for spare rim and tire. Lighting and ignition switches controlled by Yale locks. Speedometer, robe rail, foot rail and cocoa mat in tonneau. Cedar, blue-black with maroon running gear. Price F.O.B. Windsor.

Model 32—Complete with electric starter and lights, demountable rims, oversize tires, etc.—\$1230 F.O.B. Windsor

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Desk F., - Windsor, Ont.

THREE YEARS' SUBSCRIPTION FREE

How would you like to have three years added to your subscription without any expense on your part? Here is how you can get it.

Among your acquaintances you have no doubt six friends that would appreciate being introduced to the MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. Show them your last copy. Tell them about MACLEAN'S. They will take the Magazine on your recommendation and thank you for it.

Remit the \$12.00 to us, and we will extend your subscriptions for the next three years.

The MacLean Publishing Co., 143-153 University Ave., Toronto

WAR AND CANADIAN INVESTMENTS

The European political upheaval has had far-reaching effects.

The ordinary channels of information to the business man and investor were closed by a week's war.

Do not let sensational rumors guide you from day to day. Keep yourself informed through the authentic information concerning Canadian securities, bond issues, real estate, company promotions, crops and business conditions which is published in

The Financial Post of Canada

"The Canadian Newspaper for Investors."

Sign and Mail the attached coupon

Date 1914

The Financial Post of Canada,
143-153 University Avenue, Toronto

Please enter my subscription to THE FINANCIAL POST at the rate of one dollar for four months.

NAME

STREET

CITY

10 CENTS THE COPY.

MM

\$3.00 PER ANNUM.

So long as they were free to wander at will, the leakage would and must continue. No system of search had so far proved absolutely effective. Even under the latter-day conditions, Kaffirs contrived to conceal stones found on the floor, pass through the search on leaving work, and carry the stone into the compound, where it would be concealed until it was smuggled out by some of the privileged whites who had the entry to the compound.

The natives developed an amazing adroitness in concealing stones. Some of the true stories are almost unbelievable. As in the case of conjuring tricks, the simplest were often the most successful, their apparent simplicity throwing the watcher off his guard.

The following is a case in point.

A native at the Kimberley mine found a fine stone. He was wearing a battered slouch hat of the Alpine type, with a very pronounced cleft formed by the two sides of the crown. With a piece of fat, probably kept in reserve for such an opportunity, he stuck the stone to the outside of the crown, in that part of the cleft where the two sides would touch when the hat was lifted off by the centre. The boy submitted himself to the usual search, first throwing his hat on to the ground, where it lay with the inside exposed. The searcher gave it a perfunctory glance and proceeded with the exploration of the parts of the native's body always examined most closely. The ordeal was successfully passed. The boy replaced his hat and carried to his quarters a stone that eventually changed hands for \$4,500. The Kaffir received \$75.

This same boy is said to have passed through, in the course of three years, before and during the compound system, over \$50,000 worth of stones. He was never caught, but the diamonds were the cause of his tragic end. He left the mines, probably feeling that his marvelous luck could not always keep in, and became a runner—that is, one of the natives employed to carry stolen stones from Kimberley into Freetown, a town founded by I.D.B.'s just over the Free State border as a sanctuary and marketplace. He was going over in the capacity of decoy, in company with another native. His business was to run, if challenged by the police, in order to give his companion, who carried the stones, a chance to get through while the pursuers were devoting attention to the runner. Occasion arose for acting up to his instructions. The pair were stopped by the mounted patrol, and the decoy started off towards the border while the other slipped away in another direction.

A mounted trooper followed and rode him down, horse and rider coming a cropper over the fugitive whose ribs and arms were broken. He died before he could be carried to shelter. His employer is said to have found three hundred sovereigns in the boy's sleeping quarters.

A simple method of transferring stones was practised by a famous I.D.B., who had for an accomplice a barmaid who afterwards became his wife. Entering the bar he would order a glass of stout, which he would leave unfinished, the barmaid taking the half empty glass in which she

knew diamonds had been dropped from his mouth.

A FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

The largest parcel of diamonds ever captured would have been got through but for an accident. Three men leaving Kimberley with a wagon for the Free State were under suspicion and observation. The detectives made no sign till the wagon was well out on the veldt and a search could be made without a crowd of onlookers. Just on the Free State border, the police patrol came up and began a systematic and microscopic search. They even cut the dissel-boom—or wagon-pole—into small pieces, and sounded or prodded every part of the wagon large enough to conceal a stone. They expected to find an unusually large parcel, hence their extra pains; but nothing rewarded their efforts, and after two hours' hard work they retired. On the way, one of the detectives remembered that he had left a knife or gimlet on the wagon, and returned for it. He found the men ruefully repairing the damage as well as they could, and replenishing the water in the water-kid, which had been emptied out in the search. The detective asked for a drink, and, in helping himself, was struck with something odd about the large bung which closed the kid. He examined closer, and found a packet nailed to the bung—in fact, it was the bung—one solid mass of pitch containing four pounds' weight of extra fine stones.

Possibilities of the Gyroscope

How the Gyroscope May Revolutionize Motor Traffic

(From *Current Opinion and Knowledge*, London.)

ONE may speak with a certain enthusiasm of the gyroscopic mono-rail car invented by Mr. Peter Schilowsky. It happens to be the first model mono-rail car on this principle which has ever been shown to the public with all its working parts freely exposed. On a curved mono-rail track the car can be seen at South Kensington Museum, in London, traveling in either direction, weirdly upright and quickly righting itself if depressed by external influence. Mr. Schilowsky is a Russian scientist, residing in London. He is quite an enthusiast as to the future of the gyroscope. He is an idealist who does not believe in keeping his invention secret.

The many problems connected with the gyroscope are by no means solved but Mr. Schilowsky has unquestionably overcome some of the obstacles which hitherto have retarded progress. He is distinctly a pioneer in gyroscopic science, there being but three or four other men similarly engaged.

BRENNAN'S SYSTEM.

In the first place, Schilowsky avowedly bases his system upon that of Brennan, whose mono-rail car made such a sensa-



Your FILING DESK becomes

THE CENTER OF YOUR OFFICE SYSTEM

All data indexed in Filing Drawers at your elbow.

There are 10 kinds of drawers for filing Index Cards, Letters, Catalogs, Clippings, etc. Your choice of these files may be arranged as you want them.



Gentlemen:

That Desk I bought of you last July is a splendid servant.

There are no dust-gathering pigeon holes, no losing of papers, nor interference with air circulation as in most roll-top desks. Its built-for-the-purpose filing drawers are much better than the stick-and-bind old-style storage drawers that were a part of the flat top desk I used previously. My mail and advertising work is sixty per cent. heavier than when I bought the desk and yet it gives me such assistance that I attend to all this with much less effort. Although I am ordering additional filing equipment from you, the system will have its headquarters at this desk.

The Manufacturing Co.
85 Union Street, Monroe, Mich.

New York Office - - - 75 John St.
Made in Canada by the Knechtel Furniture Co., Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

Solid Oak, Handsomely Finished Golden, Natural or Weathered. Top 28x52. Drawers on Rollers.

Practical Build—Enormous Capacity and Ease of Reference command this file to you. All Solid Oak, so put together that it is almost wearproof. Roller Bearing Dust Proof drawers have follow blocks and full height sides. As efficient and serviceable as any file at any price. Capacity 20,000 letters. Golden, Natural Weathered finish. No. 421



A SERVANT AT YOUR ELBOW

Swinging Desk Stand

Swings and Locks into position when wanted. Swings out of way when not in use. Strong, Staunch, Solid. Does not vibrate. Oak Top 14x18. Black Enameled Metal parts.

Name of Canadian dealer nearest you sent promptly on receipt of your inquiry.

HELPFUL BOOKLET

"Filing Suggestions" sent with Catalog "S" of Time-Saving Office Devices and 2 kinds Expansive Book-cases—Free.



Reasons Why

The Superiority of the

EXCELSIOR AUTO CYCLE

in Speed, Power and Endurance has been repeatedly proven in public tests and private service, but while accepting the accomplishment as proof of quality some ask

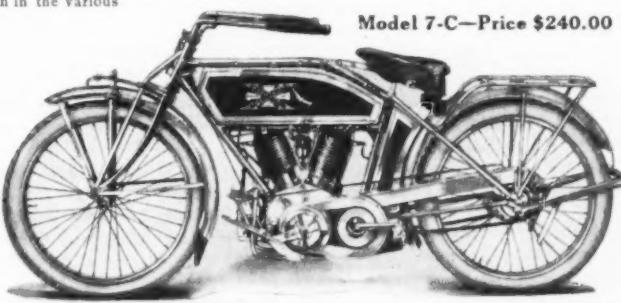
Why The EXCELSIOR Is Better

Power and Speed are the natural results of correct motor design, perfect workmanship and the Rigid Straight Frame that insures perfect alignment of every part and consequently high efficiency in power and transmission. Reliability and durability are derived from the best of material properly treated and handled by skilled workmen. Comfort and Safety are insured by the Kumfort Cushion Seat, Low Saddle Position, Drop-Forged Foot Rests and Complete Grip Control. Every feature that insures Power, Speed, Safety and Comfort are brought to the highest point of perfection in the various models of the

Model 7-C—Price \$240.00

EXCELSIOR AUTO CYCLE

Our catalog gives full details of seven models ranging in price from \$190 to \$290. Write for it to-day or see the nearest dealer.



Excelsior Motor Manufacturing & Supply Co.

2200 Union Street, Chicago

Canadian Distributor:
PERCY A. McBRIDE - TORONTO

tion a few years ago. Schilowsky uses a stabilizing force obtained by a high-speed, rapidly revolving, heavy wheel—that is, a gyroscope. He has ingeniously utilized its reactive propensities against pressure for bringing it to its normal position when that normal position has been altered by pressure on the vehicle's lateral or vertical plane.

As we know, Brennan uses vertically spinning gyroscopes pivoted in the center of gravity. Schilowsky's gyroscope is pivoted below the center of gravity, thereby ensuring far greater stability of the vehicle in an upright position, and has

specially designed mechanisms formulated on the principle of ratchet-device engagements for automatically restoring the right (here the horizontal) plane of rotation if it has been disturbed by any cause, such as pressure of the wind, the changing of places by persons inside the car, and so on. This corrective mechanism is automatically controlled by two heavy pendula which are sensitive to the slightest disturbance of the equilibrium of the car and instantly transmit to the gyroscope, through a ratchet quadrant, an impulse just of the necessary strength to restore the equilibrium of the car and the

right plane of rotation of the gyroscope. M. Schilowsky's system differs also from others in that his gyroscope works without air-tight casing, without lubricating arrangements under pressure, and in several other subsidiary details.

The model car already constructed is worked by electric current, and so is the gyroscope. But in actual practice any other means of obtaining power can be employed to work gyroscope and vehicle. I timed the gyroscope at the Science Museum and found it ran and kept the car upright for over three minutes after the current had been cut off.

An American View of the War

The Stand of the Allied Nations Against Germany is Warmly Applauded

From The Outlook.

The United States nation is made up of people of all races and nationalities, and it is not to be expected that it could take an undivided view on the war situation in Europe. Nevertheless, it is gratifying to observe that the consensus of opinion in America is strongly in favor of the cause of Great Britain and her allies. The reasons for this are set forth very succinctly in the accompanying article.

HISTORY will hold the German Emperor responsible for the war in Europe. Austria would never have made her indefensible attack on Servia if she had not been assured beforehand of the support of Germany. The German Emperor's consent to co-operate with England would have halted Austria's advance. His refusal was notice to all Europe that Germany was Austria's ally in her predetermined attack on Servia. When Russia was seen to be preparing for a threatened war, Germany declared war against Russia. When France refused to pledge herself to neutrality, Germany made war on France. To doubt that Germany and Austria have been in practical alliance in this act of brigandage—for it deserves no better name—is to shut one's eyes to all signs. In order to make this war The Hague Treaty has been disregarded, the pledge to observe the neutrality of the Duchy of Luxemburg and Kingdom of Belgium has been promptly violated. That this violation was part of the original plan of campaign is naively acknowledged by the Imperial Chancellor of Germany. In a speech to the German Parliament he has said: "Our troops have occupied Luxemburg and perhaps have already advanced into Belgian territory. This is against the law of nations. . . . The injustice that we thereby committed we shall rectify as soon as our military object is achieved."

Austria wanted Servia and proposed to take it, and Germany undertook to prevent other European Powers from interfering. While the burglar enters the house and takes possession his confederate keeps watch outside and warns the neighbors not to interfere.

The charge that Servia contrived the assassination of the Crown Prince of Austria has not a shred of evidence in its support. No evidence has been so much as offered. It is not even a specious pretext. Burke has said that it is impossible to indict a nation. This indictment of Servia, inherently incredible, is made more so by the avowed policy of the murdered Prince. If the interesting article by Mr. W. F. Johnson in the New York "Tribune" of August 2 may be trusted, it was the purpose of that Prince, whenever he should come to the throne, to convert the dual monarchy into a federated kingdom; to unite Hungary, Bohemia, and Croatia with Austria in one fraternal union, as Wales and Scotland have been united, and as the Liberal party is endeavoring to unite Ireland with England. To-day the seventeen million Slavs in Austria-Hungary are under the despotic authority of the nine million Germans.

The Supreme Court of the United States has laid down the principle that the intent of an actor may be reasonably deducted from the inevitable consequences of his action. The inevitable consequences of the Austro-Germanic alliance, if it is successful, it requires no prophet to foresee. It would put an end to all hope of a Balkan Confederacy. It would reduce the Balkan States to provinces of Germany and Austria. It would make Belgium and Holland Germanic provinces, as Finland has been made a Russian province. It would result either in a close alliance or, more probably, in an organic union between Austria and Germany. It would create a Germanic Empire which would extend from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. It would bring all Europe under the domination of this Germanic Empire, as all southern Europe was under the domination of Rome in the first century, and as Napoleon endeavored to bring all eastern Europe under his personal domination in the last century. It would reduce Italy, Spain, Portugal,

France, and England to subordinate positions, if not to dependencies. It would banish from all eastern Europe for the time the democratic movement of which France and England are the leaders. It would discourage the hopes of democracy in Spain, Italy, and Russia. It would enthronize autocracy from the Atlantic coast to Siberia and from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. For the statesmanship of Gladstone, Gambetta, and Cavour it would substitute the statesmanship of Metternich and Bismarck. This aim we cannot better define than by quoting a single sentence from "On War of To-day," published last year by a German retired military officer. Speaking of the Japanese, he says: "It was, above all, their boldness which paralyzed the arm of their far superior enemy, and made them by one stroke the dominating race of eastern Asia, the same as I hope the German people will assert and maintain itself as the dominating race of Europe." Because the German Emperor combines with remarkable ability for organization this mediæval ambition to dominate all Europe, he is the greatest personal peril of the century to popular liberty and human development.

On the other hand, if the Germanic scheme is defeated, no such control of Europe would be possible to the allied Powers, and none such would be desired by them. England, France, and Russia could never unite to exercise a mastery over Europe. The supremacy of the people would receive a new impulse not only in the victorious, but in the defeated countries. A Balkan federation would become not only possible, but probable. Either Austria would be broken up into separate kingdoms or the plan of the late Crown Prince would be carried out and a federated kingdom of free peoples would result. The suppressed democracy in Germany would receive a new endowment of power. And the European war and its significance, penetrating the consciousness of even the Russian peasantry, would

communicate strength and intelligence to the democratic aspirations of that people.

We are far from asserting that all these results would follow the victory of either party to this war. We describe tendencies by their possible results. But we regard the conflict as one not merely involving historic racial jealousies, but also as one of autocracy, intelligent, capable, and highly organized, against aspiring but imperfectly organized democracy.

What are the prospects of the war?

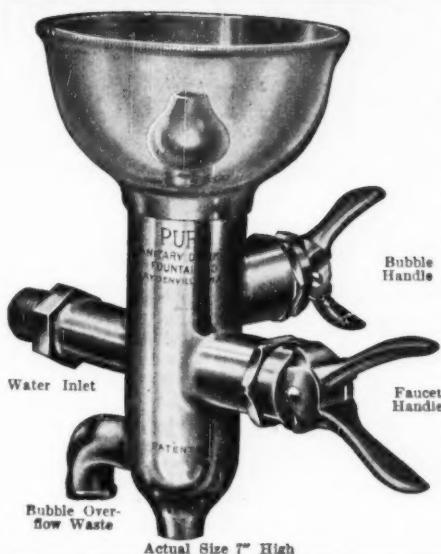
The daily papers have given estimates of the military and naval forces of the several nations engaged. But these do not adequately represent the strength of the real parties to the conflict. There are three factors which have often exerted a powerful and sometimes a controlling influence in great campaigns, of which he who desires to forecast the future must take cognizance.

Mr. W. F. Johnson, from whose article we have already quoted, says that "scarcely once in her more than eleven centuries of existence has Austria been entirely successful in an aggressive war, unless through the aid of powerful allies"; and in a compact historical paragraph he verifies this statement. Nor do we recall in Austrian history any such great general as Wellington, or Napoleon, or von Moltke, or Garibaldi. Yet great campaigns are quite as often determined by the quality of leadership as by the number of men engaged. If Servia's forces should be commanded by a Robert E. Lee and the Austrian forces by a George B. McClellan, it is by no means certain that the smaller army might not be more than a match for the larger one. War both discovers commanders and develops them; what commanders this war will discover or develop no one can now even guess.

Not less important than the quality of the leadership is the quality of the men in the ranks. "According to that great leader Napoleon," said General Kuropatkin, "three-fourths of an army's success is due to the moral character of its soldiers." Napoleon's army illustrated the truth of this saying. So did Cromwell's army; so did the army of William of Orange in the Netherlands. It was because Europe forgot this truth that it expected gigantic Russia to crush Japan as a strong man crushes an eggshell in his hand. It is reported that the women of Servia have volunteered to fight with their husbands and brothers in the field. That they would add much to the fighting force is not probable; but the enthusiasm which their offer expresses and will inspire may add an entirely incalculable element to Servia's fighting force.

Nor is this popular enthusiasm confined to Servia. It has prevented Italy's unnatural alliance with Austria. It has inspired the unexpected and plucky resistance of Belgium. It has aroused the delayed but sturdy resolve of Great Britain. The action of Germany has united the moral judgment of Europe against her. In Germany's plea with Great Britain to allow her to violate the neutrality of Belgium, in the German Emperor's speech to his Imperial Parlia-

PURO



Actual Size 7" High

the ideal fountain for home, factory or office —gives double service

This improved, sanitary drinking fountain makes direct drinking a real pleasure. The "PURO" combines the Faucet and Bubble features, takes care of the overflow without splashing. No spurts, no choking; inside regulation prevents "shower-bath."

BUBBLE and FAUCET are each controlled by separate handle. Faucet gives full water pressure. Has thread for hose if desired.

For health, economy and convenience it will pay you to install the "PURO."

Puro Sanitary Drinking Fountain Co.
342 Main Street, Haydenville, Mass.

Crystallized Comments on ASBESTOSLATE ROOFING

Several thousand readers of one of Canada's leading magazines, "Everywoman's World," recently accepted an editorial invitation to tell candidly what they thought about ASBESTOSLATE—the fireproof and everlasting roofing of Asbestos and Cement. Here are a few of their interesting opinions:

"Asbestoslate Roofing is a great protection in time of fire. My father owns a number of houses and every one has an Asbestoslate Roof."

Mrs. A. S. Lucas, 399 King St. W.,
Brockville, Ont.

"I know of several builders who have used Asbestoslate Roofing, and it has proved most satisfactory in every way."

Mrs. J. H. Waddington,
Combermere, Ont.

"We have used Asbestoslate and like it splendidly."

Mrs. P. F. McCully,
James River Sta., N.S.

Such disinterested opinions are certainly worthy of your careful consideration. Write for full information and samples of Asbestoslate to Dept. M.C.L.

ASBESTOS MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED

Address: E.T. Bank Bldg., 263 St. James Street, Montreal

Factory at Lachine, P.Q. (near Montreal)

Do not fail to visit our Asbestos Bungalow at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, August 29th to September 11th.

OPEN
ENTIRE YEAR



College Building
All commonly
known as

Get Particulars Now

And arrange for a course of study either at school or at home. The cost is little. The results are very satisfactory. Our training will double your efficiency. The following schools are at your service:

- (1) The Central Business and Shorthand School with Six City Branches.
- (2) The Central Telegraph and Railroad School.
- (3) The Shaw Correspondence School.

SHAW'S SCHOOLS
Head Office: Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

ENTER
ANY TIME



W. H. SHAW,
President

Are You One of the Capable Men of Your Locality?

DOES your present income permit you to enjoy all the every-day luxuries, an occasional vacation trip, a new watch, bicycle, or possibly an extra suit of clothes?

We are anxious to appoint a capable man in your district to represent MacLean's Magazine.

In all parts of the country hundreds of energetic men are representing our publication supplementing limited home incomes, or, in other cases, making this work their only vocation. Some of them earn more than managers of leading concerns.

The work is enjoyable, keeping you out of doors and in touch with the activities of the community. You will not be a canvasser, for as a representative of MacLean's Magazine you will be received as one of the successful, capable men of the community. Consequently your success is assured from the very start.

On each order, new or renewal, you will receive a definite commission, so that your salary will be gauged entirely by your efforts. No previous business experience is necessary. We coach you and co-operate with you at all times. If you will write us to-day, we will gladly tell you further about the work.

Do not delay Writing.

MacLean's Magazine

143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE
TORONTO, CANADA

ment defending his course, the fact that the moral judgment of Europe condemns that course is tacitly recognized, and vain is the endeavor to dull the awakened conscience.

While it can be said that this war is one of a united Europe against Germany and Austria, it must be remembered that Austria is a house divided against itself. The seventeen million Slavs in the Austrian Empire are more likely to make a division in her enemy's favor than to add to her military strength. What the four million Socialists of Germany think of this war no one knows or will be allowed to know, but their radical allies in the rest of Europe are fused into one host by a passion for liberty. The war is not merely one of race against race. It is the war of a modern people against a mediæval autocracy. Even the pacifists are almost without exception for the war. The lovers of peace in all countries are in alliance against militarism. The people are arming to disarm the army of the absolutist. The moral sentiment of the civilized world is a military force not to be despised.

One other element which the skill of man cannot foresee and against which it cannot guard, is perhaps more important than either skill in leadership or quality in the soldiers. Military history is full of illustrations of the fact quaintly expressed by the ancient Hebrew historian in the saying, "The stars in their courses fought against Siser?" It was the incoming of the sea which co-operated with William of Orange to save the Netherlands from Alva's army. The Spanish Armada was bravely and wisely fought by Drake and Hawkins; but, says the historian Green, "the work of destruction was reserved for a mightier foe than Drake." The storm completed what he had begun, but could not have completed without its aid. After the battle of Trafalgar the English fleet was close to the rocks, and, their cables shot away, had not an anchor ready. Lord Collingwood, who had succeeded to the command on the death of Nelson, wrote to his friend. "Providence did for us what no human effort could have done; the wind shifted a few points, and we drifted off the land." After the battle of Long Island, the capture of General Washington and his entire army was imminent. An "unexampled fog" came out of the sea to hide the American army and prevent the advance of the British fleet, and lay between the two until the last detachment of the retreating army had made its escape.

History does not sustain Napoleon's saying that God is on the side of the strong battalions. We do not undertake to interpret the will or purpose of the Almighty; but we believe with Hegel that God has a plan and that history is nothing but the working out of his plan in human affairs. And we believe that the Austrian Prime Minister and the German Emperor have made a fatal mistake in leaving this truth out of their reckoning in their endeavor to destroy the great democratic movement in Europe.

The Legacy of Huerta

A Forecast of the Immediate Future of Mexico

From The Literary Digest.

Is the real crisis in Mexican affairs yet to come? President Huerta has gone but has left behind him the possibilities of counter revolutions and factional fights and it is at present doubtful whether Mexico has any man, such as the late president, Porfirio Diaz, strong enough to rule this turbulent nation.

DISPATCHES from Washington tell us that it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the general opinion in Washington official circles is that the war between the Constitutionalists and the Huerta Government is over, and that peace will soon be restored throughout the country, except in the regions where the Zapatistas, the forces of General de la O, and guerrilla bands are operating. But whatever the future, every one seems a unit in the belief that Huerta has done his native land a great service by leaving it, and President Wilson's policy is praised even by some opposition papers for the success of eighteen months of watchful waiting. As to the actual situation, Huerta is bound for Europe, with six millions of dollars for his "rainy" day, and to succeed him Francisco Carbajal, a jurist, is installed as Provisional President, claiming no ambition other than "to terminate the internal conflict" of his country. To this end he is preparing to transfer control of the national government to General Carranza, requiring only that Carranza grant a general amnesty and insure the protection of life and property in Mexico. Carranza's attitude is plainly shown in his telegraphed statements to various newspapers, and may be summed up in the following message to the *New York World*:

"Relying to your courteous message of yesterday, I would say: Huerta's surrender of the power which he had usurped may bring as a consequence the unconditional surrender of the army which sustained him. With such a surrender the existing warfare in our country should terminate. Otherwise the strife will continue to a definite and complete triumph of the Constitutional cause."

The procedure of the United States, is that President Wilson has tacitly agreed to Carranza's plan to establish an absolute dictatorship, but has also warned the Constitutionalists that if violence accompanies the occupation of Mexico City, intervention still may be necessary, and that the American forces will be retained at Vera Cruz until peace is fully restored.

To restore peace, Carranza will rule with absolute power over life and property. And yet in wielding this enormous power comes the likelihood of his offending Villa or Zapata.

Even the reforms which Carranza has been fighting for will be put into effect, the State Department is informed, through military decree.



"The Penetang Line—Built to Satisfy."



In the following:
23' x 5' 4"
27' x 5' 6"
30' x 6' 0"
35' x 7' 0"
Prices:
\$600 to \$3,500,
according to
Power and
Equipment.

Singled Out from the Ordinary

The illustration shows one of the "PENETANG LINE" LAUNCHES that are built on the "SAFETY FIRST" idea without sacrifice of speed. For real comfort, handsome appearance and reliability, you'll go a long way to beat this spacious craft. The picture doesn't do justice to this craft. Come in and examine one for yourself and you'll appreciate the perfection of construction and superiority of workmanship that distinguish the "PENETANG LINE." If you want a craft that will give satisfaction down to the smallest detail, you'll be interested in this handsome "PENETANG LINE CRAFT."

Orders filled at once. An absolute guarantee of satisfaction is given. Our catalog "G" will give you complete particulars. Get one, or pay us a visit and investigate.

The Gidley Boat Co., Limited, Penetang, Ontario, Canada
Toronto Show Room, 117 Bay St. Distributing Agents for the Loew Victor and Kermath 4-Cycle Motors



\$295

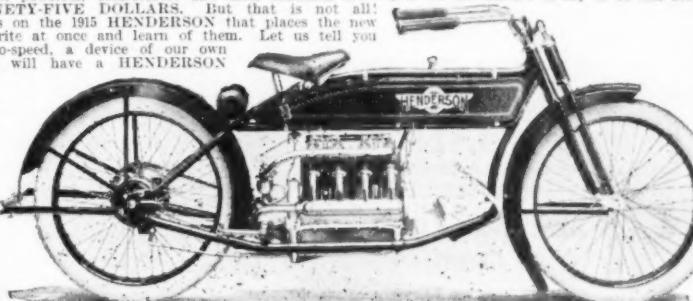
1915

\$295

MODELS ARE READY FOR DELIVERY

There is no time to lose if you wish to secure three months of Fall riding—the most enjoyable riding of the whole year. And this on a 1915 four-cylinder HENDERSON: for our new price; the biggest "cut" in the history of motor-cycles. Think of it! The most powerful, comfortable and most beautiful motorcycle on the market to-day is to sell for TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIVE DOLLARS. But that is not all! There are numerous refinements on the 1915 HENDERSON that places the new model beyond comparison. Write at once and learn of them. Let us tell you of the new HENDERSON two-speed, a device of our own design and manufacture. We will have a HENDERSON representative in every town, village and rural community in the Dominion for 1915. Perhaps this would interest you. But orders are swamping us now, so if you want immediate delivery: There is no time to lose.

Henderson Motorcycle Company
1156 Cass Ave.
Detroit. Mich.



The Gasoline Automobile

By VICTOR LOUGHEED

Consulting Engineer, Founder Member, Society of Automobile Engineers. Formerly Editor "Motor," Author of "Vehicles of the Air," and Morris A. Hall, B. S., Editor "The Commercial Vehicle," Formerly Associate Editor "The Automobile." Member American Society of Mechanical Engineers, 220 pages, 300 illustrations. This book is right up to the minute, containing the latest word on such subjects as the Knight Sliding Valve Motor and Rotary Valve Motor, Self-Starters, and Electric Light Systems, besides giving much general information on the Automobile and its mechanics. DIVISIONS: PRIVATE GARAGES: Designs and Equipment; Road and Home Repairs. The following is a partial synopsis: ENGINE FEATURES: Historical, Bodies, Bumping Gear, Transmission, Engine Elements, Cooling (Water and Air), Lubrication Systems, Bearings, Ignition Systems, Electric Lighting; MECHANISMS: Valve Mechanisms, Carburetors, Starting Devices, Fuel Supply; AUTOMOBILE DRIVING: Starting and Stopping Car, Running the Car, Care of Machine, Road Repairs, Tires, Skidding; PRIVATE GARAGES: Designs, Building Equipment, Machine and Tool Equipment; HOME REPAIRS: Overhauling Engine, Clutches, Transmission, Springs, Tires, Price, £1.10, post paid.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
TECHNICAL BOOK DEPT. 143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

PURGEN
The
IDEAL APERIENT

Of Druggists, 30c. per box or postage paid
 for 35c. direct from
LYMAN'S, LTD.,
 474, St. Paul Street,
 MONTREAL

WEANING BABY

It is always an anxious time with Mothers when it is advisable to wean the Baby, to know what is best to feed them on.

There is nothing better than

NEAVE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS

It is used in every part of the world, and has been the standard food in England for nearly 90 years.

It is the oldest, the cheapest, and still the best.

"231 Dorien Street,

Dear Sir:—Montreal, 30 June, 1913.

I received the sample of Neave's Food and can highly recommend it.

My Mother used it for a family of 13 children—my wife is pleased with it. Our Baby is increasing daily in weight and she says all her friends shall know of the food.

Yours truly, C. H. LEWIS."

NEAVE'S FOOD is sold in 1 lb. tins by all druggists

FREE TO MOTHERS. Write for free tin of Neave's Food and copy of a valuable Book—"Hints About Baby"—to the Canadian Agent, Edwin Utley, 14Y Front Street East, Toronto.

Mfrs., J. R. Neave & Co., England. 48

Constitutionalism will have to await the restoration of peace and the installation of another Government. Until this occurs, Mexico and the United States will have to place their faith in the benevolence of Carranza's despotism.

It is a continuous obligation in Mexico which President Wilson has assumed—an obligation partly international in its character—and the ways and means of

seeking to execute it, delicately but with effect, will need to be carefully thought out. The country, however, will little heed these things at present. It will be inclined to believe that the smaller matters go with the greater; and that a President who, without a war, has succeeded in enforcing his original demand on Huerta can be trusted to deal successfully with the various sequels as they arise.

The Finest Scenic Railway in the World

The Bergen Railway—An Engineering Miracle

(From *The Royal Magazine*.)

THE EXPRESSION "scenic railway" recalls to the majority of mankind riotous evenings among the artificial rockies at some exhibition or amusement grounds.

But there are other scenic railways, real ones before which the artificial and circumscribed specimens whose fare is the economical one of sixpence all the way pale into nothingness. And the king of such is the Bergen Railway in Norway.

It needs the lyrical gifts of some ancient Norwegian skald, some poet-laureate of a Viking long-ship, adequately to describe the wonders of the \$15,000,000 marvel of engineering which the Norwegians have built between Kristiania and Bergen, bisecting their country in its broadest part.

In 1883, the Norwegian Government began the long patient preliminary work necessary before the railway could be carried over the mountains to Kristiania. Such were the difficulties of the undertaking that a definite start could not be made till 1894, and the railway was not completed till 1909.

A glance at the map will plainly show even the proudest duffer at geography that the Bergen Railway is an engineering miracle. The country it traverses used to be practically impassable, and previous to the railways the only communication between the east and west of Norway was either by sea along a very exposed coast, or by very difficult and indifferent roads across the mountains. It is almost impossible for the modern traveler in his comfortable railway carriage to realize the conditions that existed before the line was laid. Perhaps the long stretches of snow-sheds, built over the line to prevent its being blocked by snow-drifts, may help him a little.

However, the toil of the Norwegian engineers, who used to live through the winter practically isolated in mountain barracks, provides the traveler's delight, and enables him to take a winter or spring or summer holiday amid the most beautiful scenery in Norway, where, in these flabby days, he would never arrive on his own weary feet. *Ski-ing* is possible practically all the year round—you can *ski* in June at Finse, and on the Hardanger

Glacier, where the Prince of Wales has recently spent a happy and healthy holiday.

The journey thither is the experience of a lifetime. Giant snow-ploughs clear the line, and as you are whisked along under protecting snow-sheds you catch glimpses, through thoughtfully provided windows in the sheds, of marvellous scenery, at one time enjoyed only by the reindeer and grouse, or hardy native mountaineer.

Finse, 4,070 feet above the sea, is far beyond the tree line, and near Myrdal, where the tunnel is left behind, you can see, two thousand feet *ski*-jumping and cross-country races, tobogganing, and sleighing. Not the least interesting sight in this Norwegian fairyland are the herds of reindeer, single specimens of which are employed to draw the boat-like Lapland sledges used in this part of the world.

A good reindeer will travel a hundred miles over the snow without rest, and a bad one will turn round and try to savage his driver. In this event the best thing is to reverse the sleigh and get underneath it!

Experts state that an angry reindeer is no joke, so that it is as well to do the right thing quickly.

Finse is the central station for snow-clearing work. This is done by great rotary snow-ploughs of 1,000 horse-power, which revolve a shovel-wheel at 140 revolutions a minute. All this energy is devoted to snow-clearing, and so they are propelled by special locomotives, at the rate of about eight miles an hour. They and the snow-sheds enable the Bergen Railway to maintain a regular service throughout the winter. Some idea of the difficulty this entails may be realized when it is remembered that there are 9½ miles of tunnels, and 12½ miles of snow-sheds completely covering the line, together with 28 miles of snow screens.

To the tourist, the Bergen Railway is a good friend, for it leads him into an all-the-year-round playground. He can go there and *ski* in the winter, and he can go and *ski* in the summer on the glacier. Summer tours can be made from the end of May till the middle of September, and in the latter month there is often splendid weather for weeks.

NEWCOMBE PIANOS

Matchless in Tone Quality

NEWCOMBE PIANOS are essential for the discriminating where refinement and delicacy of tone is required to please the sensitively trained ear.

The only Piano Equipped with Howard's Patent Straining Rod

NEWCOMBE PIANO PLAYERS embody all the latest improvements in the art of Piano making. Human-like in expression and responsiveness. Come and hear for yourself. There is a NEWCOMBE dealer in almost every community. If convenient, visit our show rooms, or write us, and we will point you to the nearest dealer.

Newcombe Piano Co., Limited.

Head Office and Warehouses:
 359 Yonge Street Toronto, Ont.

Reminiscences of a Famous War Correspondent

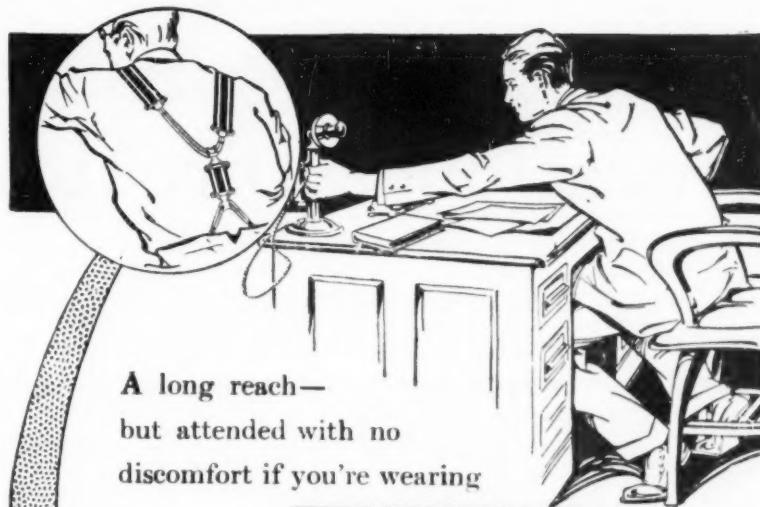
Incidents in the Life of Bennet Burleigh, the Doyen of War Correspondents, Who Lately Died

(From the Daily Telegraph.)

An article appeared in a recent issue of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE on the passing of the old-time war correspondent. Of that class the late Bennet Burleigh whose death was recently reported, was undoubtedly the greatest and best known member. A few of his adventures and exploits are here related.

ONE of Bennet Burleigh's first personal adventures took the form of privateering on the Potomac and Chesapeake Rivers. In one of these escapades he was wounded, captured, and imprisoned in Delaware jail, near Philadelphia. From this durance he and some of his comrades escaped through a drain, and thence had to swim across a tidal river. Two of them, Burleigh being one, were rescued in mid-stream by a vessel, bound for Philadelphia, two were drowned, and two others recaptured. The leader of these filibustering enterprises was a daring spirit named John Yates Beall, and a story is told of a most audacious venture, in which Burleigh and Beall were implicated. The object was to release 2,500 confederates from the prison camp in Johnson's Island. The account, from which we quote, without vouching for the details, states that:

On Sunday evening, Sept. 18, 1864, Burleigh boarded a steamer, the Philo-Parsons, at Detroit. Twenty fellow passengers were picked up at handy Canadian ports, having with them an old trunk securely tied with rope. Beall was also on board disguised. At four p.m., the next day the boat had just left Kelly's Island, in Lake Erie, when a commotion was heard on deck. Beall pulled a revolver on the helmsman and cried: "I am a Confederate officer. I seize this boat and take you prisoner. Resist at your peril!" Simultaneously, Burleigh performed the same operation on the captain-purser, Ashley, ordering him into the cabin while he counted three; and, as Ashley afterwards tersely remarked, "Before the end of the count I was in the ladies' cabin." The twenty conspirators produced from the trunk swords and pistols, and stood at arms. The eighty passengers and the crew were transformed into prisoners in the twinkling of an eye; a guard was placed over them, and they were huddled in the main cabin. The Confederate flag was then unfurled to the breeze. The boat was headed for Middle Bass Island, where the prisoners were landed, and where a small boat, the Island Queen, was also captured, its passengers taken into similar custody, and the craft scuttled. Under a full moon



Look for
"EZE"
on buckles

EZE
Pronounced EASY

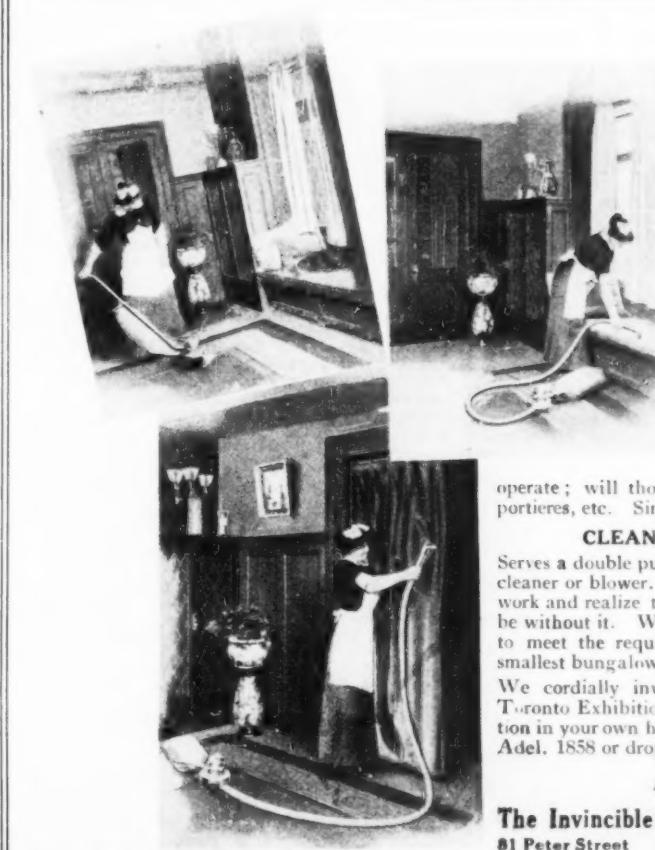
Look for
"EZE"
on buckles

SUSPENDERS

—they slide to suit your movements.

Guaranteed for one year.

The King Suspender Co., Toronto, Canada



It's EASY For Women

to do away with the back-aching, fatiguing part of housework, especially when it can be done at such a moderate cost.

The Invincible Baby

is a practical little electric cleaner, weighs 10½ lbs., only costs 4 c. an hour to operate; will thoroughly clean carpets, bedding, portieres, etc. Simple, scientific, economical.

CLEANS CLEAN QUICKLY

Serves a double purpose; can be used as a vacuum cleaner or blower. When you see this machine at work and realize the small cost, you won't want to be without it. We have a line of Invincibles made to meet the requirements of the largest office or smallest bungalow.

We cordially invite you to our exhibit at the Toronto Exhibition, or offer you a free demonstration in your own home, without obligation. Phone Adel. 1858 or drop us a post card for catalogue.

Agents Wanted

The Invincible Renovator Mfg. Co., Ltd.
81 Peter Street - Toronto - Canada

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Educational Directory

For Nineteen Fourteen

An Authoritative and Up-to-date Directory of Private Schools—Colleges
—Correspondence Schools—Telegraph and Railroad Schools—
Trade Colleges and Co-educational Institutions

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

Alberta Ladies' College, Red Deer, Alta.
Balmy Beach College and School of Music and
Art, Beach Ave., Balmy Beach, Toronto.
Branksome Hall, 592 Sherbourne St., Toronto.
Bishop Strachan School, 31 College Street,
Toronto.
Bishop Bethune College, Toronto.
Glen Mawr, Spadina Ave., Toronto.
Hawergal Ladies' College, 354 Jarvis Street,
Toronto.
Margaret Eaton School of Literature and
Expression, North St., Toronto.
Mont Notre Dame, Sherbrooke, Que.
Ottawa Ladies' College, Ottawa, Ont.
Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Ont.
Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.
Royal Victoria College, McGill University,
Montreal.
Stanstead College, Stanstead, Que.
St. Agnes School, Belleville, Ont.
Westbourne School for Girls, 340 Bloor St.
W., Toronto.
Westminster College, Bloor St. W., Toronto.

BOYS' SCHOOLS

Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.
Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.
Lower Canada College, C. S. Fosberry, Head-
master, Montreal.
Lakefield Preparatory School, Lakefield, Ont.
Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.
Ridley College, St. Catharines.
Rothsay Collegiate Institute, Rothsay, N.B.
St. Andrew's College, Rosedale, Toronto.
St. Clements College, North Toronto, after
Sept. 1st, Brampton, Ont.
St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.
Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
Upper Canada College, Deer Park, Ont.
Woodstock College, Woodstock, Ont.
Western Canada College, Calgary, Alta.
Wickfield School, Cobourg, Ont.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Canadian Authors' Service Bureau, Room 46,
Wesley Bldg., Toronto.
Canadian Correspondence School, 15 Toronto
St., Toronto.
Chicago Correspondence School, 900 Chicago
Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.
Dickson School of Memory, 955 Auditorium
Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Dominion Business College, College Street and
Brunswick Ave., Toronto.
Dominion School of Accountancy and Finance,
Bell Block, Princess St., Winnipeg.
Home Correspondence School, Springfield,
Ohio.
International Correspondence Schools, Scranton,
Pa.
L'Academie De Brissay, Ottawa, Ont.
National Press Ass'n, Dept. 42, Indianapolis,
Ind.
Shaw Correspondence School, Y.M.C.A. Bldg.,
Yonge St., Toronto.
Universal Correspondence School, Niagara
Falls, Ont.
Walton School of Accountancy, 800 People's
Gas Bldg., Chicago.

TRADE SCHOOLS

Practical Auto School, 68-S Beaver Street, New
York.
Y.M.C.A. Auto School, 278 Broadview Ave.,
Toronto.

UNIVERSITIES

Royal Victoria College, Montreal, Que.
Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

SCHOOLS OF TELEGRAPHY

Central School of Telegraphy, Yonge and
Gerrard Sts., Toronto.
Lalline Practical Business School, St. Hyacinthe, Que.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

Authors' Motion Picture School, Dept. C, 122
So. Michigan Ave., Chicago.
American College of Mechano-Therapy, Dept.
927, 81 W. Randolph St., Chicago.
Arnott Institute, Berlin, Ont.
Art Association of Montreal, Montreal, Que.
L'Academie De Brissay, Bank St., Ottawa.
Margaret Eaton School of Literature and
Expression, North St., Toronto.
National School of Chiropractic, 1553 W. Madison
St., Chicago.
Toronto Riding School, 4 Cawthra Square,
Toronto.

BUSINESS COLLEGES

Belleville Business College, Belleville, Ont.
British America Business College, Yonge and
Gerrard Sts., Toronto.
Canada Business College, Hamilton, Ont.
Central Business College, Yonge and Gerrard
Sts., Toronto.
Central Business College, Hamilton.
Dominion Business College, College St. and
Brunswick Ave., Toronto.
Dominion School of Accountancy and Finance,
Bell Block, Princess St., Winnipeg.
Kennedy Business College, 570 Bloor St. W.,
Toronto.
Miss Graham's Business College, 109 Metcalfe
St., Montreal.
National Salesman's Training Assn., 806 Kent
Bldg., Toronto.
Practical Business School, St. Hyacinthe, Que.
Stanstead College, Stanstead, Que.
Spotton Business College, Wingham, Ont.
Tallons School of Touch Typewriting, 5664
College Hill, Springfield, Ohio.
Wingham Business College, Wingham, Ont.

MUSICAL INSTITUTIONS

American School of Music, 5 Lakeside Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.
Balmy Beach College and School of Music
and Art, Beach Ave., Balmy Beach, Toronto.
Canadian Academy of Music, 12 Spadina Road,
Toronto.
Easy Method Music Co., Wilson Bldg., Toronto.
Hamburg Conservatory of Music, 100 Gloucester
St., Toronto.
London Conservatory of Music, London, Ont.
Numerical Music Co., of Canada, 225A Curry
Hall Bldg., Windsor, Ont.
Stanstead College, Stanstead, Que.
Toronto College of Music, 12-14 Pembroke St.,
Toronto.
Toronto Conservatory of Music, College St.,
Toronto.

the Philo-Parsons, with its new officers, steamed towards the prison isle. A rocket signal was expected from spies that were operating there, and among the crew of the United States gunboat Michigan, but none appeared. Their plans had manifestly failed. At this critical moment, when the outline of the guns on the Michigan could be seen, most of the privateers under Beall and Burleigh mutinied. The hold-up had failed, and an ignominious retreat was begun. The next morning the mutineers were landed on Canadian soil, and the steamer was deserted.

Beall was afterwards caught in the States, accused of an attempt to wreck a train, court-martialled, and hanged. Burleigh was apprehended on Canadian soil, and became the hero of an exciting trial at Toronto, on the demand of the United States for his extradition. The defence was that the acts were justifiable under the code of war, but in the end extradition was granted. Tried again in Ohio, the jury disagreed, and before the trial could be resumed he had escaped from jail, made his way to Canada, and thence to this country. Twice during the American campaign he was condemned to death, but managed somehow to evade execution.

TWO JOURNALISTIC COUPS.

Two of Mr. Burleigh's best "scoops," as the *Westminister Gazette* recalls, were concerned with the South African War. The first of them was an interview with Joubert, just before hostilities broke out. The slow troop train by which he was traveling was overtaken by a special on which Joubert and his staff were going to the front. Burleigh waited till it was just moving out of the station, and then bluffed the station-master into stopping it by signal, telling him that he had been left behind. The special stopped, and Burleigh got on board—to be congratulated heartily by Joubert on his enterprise, and to get from the Boer generalissimo a capital interview.

The second "scoop" was one which enabled *The Daily Telegraph* to make an early announcement of the conclusion of peace, for which everybody was waiting. The censorship was extremely strict, and every precaution had been taken to make it impossible for news to leak out until it had been sent to London through the official channels; but Burleigh, having assured himself that the conference at Pretoria had achieved its object, hit upon the plan of despatching two telegrams so innocent that no censor could find it in his heart to stop them. The story was told subsequently, by *The Daily Telegraph*, in these words:

"On Whit Monday Mr. Burleigh telegraphed to us from Pretoria the following message: 'Whitsuntide greetings!' When his despatch reached us, without any official delay, our first idea was that its transmission at full rate from the seat of war was a somewhat superfluous demonstration of politeness. A little reflection, however, served to indicate the significance of the particular season at which the sociable sentiment was expressed; and we fortunately remembered that in the Eastern Churches the symbol of

Whitsuntide was the dove of Peace. But on this surmise we did not feel justified in making any comment. We turned, however, to the Prayer-book—knowing Mr. Burleigh to be well acquainted with Holy Writ—and, reading over the Gospel for Whit Sunday, the date of his despatch, we came upon the following sentence:

'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

"Even then we did not feel justified in coming to a fixed conclusion. But when we received Mr. Burleigh's message to his brother in Glasgow—'Returning. Tell Lawson'—we felt that the moment had arrived when we might fairly take the public into our confidence."

REPORTER IN DISGUISE.

Resourcefulness is one of the qualities that distinguish the successful journalist. In this characteristic, as will have been seen, Bennet Burleigh was far ahead of most of his competitors. One striking instance may be mentioned. At the time when public excitement was at fever heat regarding the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh to the House of Commons, there came a climax to the proceedings when the hon. member was going down to the House to force his way into the chamber. A scene in the lobby of the House was, therefore, inevitable. Reporters were, of course, excluded. Bennet Burleigh was then in the service of a news agency, and it was of much consequence to him to have a description of this scene. He therefore donned the disguise of a gas-fitter, bearing his ladders, and busied himself cleaning the lamps in the lobby. Mr. Bradlaugh came, the historic struggle ensued at the door of the House, and from his position of vantage, Burleigh looked on—seeing and hearing all that passed. This over, the gas-fitter produced a capital account of what, it was supposed, no reporter had seen.

Wonder Shots at Golf

A Description of a Few Extraordinary Shots that Won Championship

From *The American Magazine*.

The writer of this article is Mr. Jerome D. Travers, who is at present for the fourth time Amateur Golf Champion of the United States. Those whom fortune has not yet favored with an introduction to the Royal Game will perhaps find some difficulty in appreciating Mr. Travers' enthusiasm. But to lovers of the game the "thrilling" shots here described will be of especial interest.

I HAVE watched a ball game and at some critical point I have seen a home batsman lash out a two base hit just beyond some in-fielder's reach, scoring the winning run. And I have thought that I was thrilled to the limit.

I have watched football games, and at some close stage have seen a fast half-back suddenly swing loose, dash past all

Bishop Strachan School

FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR

A Church Residential and Day School for Girls. Full Matriculation Course. Elementary Work, Domestic Arts, Music and Painting. President: The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto.

Principal, MISS WALSH

Vice-Principal, MISS NATION

Wykeham Hall, College Street, Toronto
JUNIOR DAY SCHOOL—423 AVENUE ROAD

Head Mistress—MISS R. E. CHURCHARD (Higher Certificate National Froebel Union).

Reopens Sept. 10th for Resident Pupils, and 10 A.M., Sept. 11th, for Classes.



Branksome Hall

10 Elm Ave.
Rosedale
TORONTO

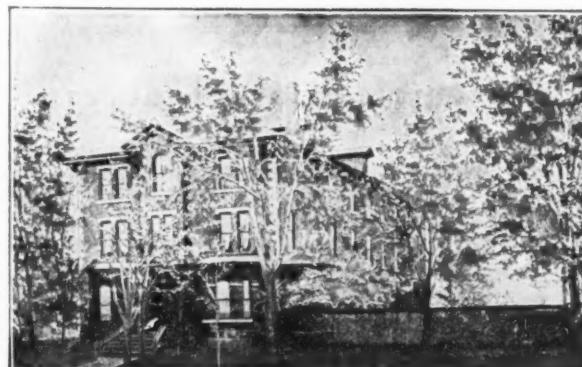
A Residential and Day School for Girls

Hon. Principal, MISS M. T. SCOTT
Principal, MISS EDITH M. READ, M.A.

Preparation for the University and for Examinations in Music. Well equipped Art Department. Domestic Science Department. Thoroughly efficient staff. Large playgrounds. Outdoor games—Tennis, Basketball, Rink. Healthful locality.

PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR DAY PUPILS.

Autumn Term will begin September 10th.
For Prospectus apply to the Principal.



Glen Mawr

651 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO

Residential and Day School for Girls

Principal: MISS J. J. STUART
(Successor to Miss Veals)

Classical Tripos, Cambridge University, England
Large well-ventilated house, pleasantly situated. Highly qualified staff of Canadian and European teachers. The curriculum shows close touch with modern thought and education. Preparation for matriculation examinations. Special attention given to individual needs. Outdoor games. Rink. New Prospectus from

MISS STUART
School Re-opens September 15th.

St. Margaret's College, Toronto

A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

(Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., former Principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson.)

ACADEMIC COURSE, from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work. MUSIC, ART, DOMESTIC SCIENCE, PHYSICAL EDUCATION—Cricket, Tennis, Basket Ball, Hockey, Swimming Bath.

School Re-opens September 9th, 1914

Write for Prospectus.

Miss J. E. Macdonald, B.A., Principal

OTTAWA LADIES' COLLEGE

WILL RE-OPEN SEPT. 8th

In new building costing \$140,000. This building complete in every respect and is Absolutely Fireproof. Every Department fully equipped. For further information write for *Calendar*.

Rev. W. D. Armstrong, M.A., D.D., President



Westbourne

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

278 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Canada

School re-opens Monday, Sept. 14, 1914
A residential and day school, well appointed, and convenient. Students prepared for University Examinations. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. F. McMillan Knowles, B.C.A., Art Director. For information, address the Principal.

MISS M. CURLETT, B.A.

AVERGAL LADIES' COLLEGE

PRINCIPAL

MISS KNOX

AVERGAL COLLEGE

Thorough education on modern lines. First Year University work. Avergal Diploma, Honor Matriculation, and other examinations. Domestic Science Department, Separate Junior School, Gymnasium, Large Grounds for Outdoor Games, Skating Rink, Swimming Bath.

AVERGAL-ON-THE-HILL

Day and Boarding School for Northern Toronto, Separate Junior School for children under ten years of age. Large playing grounds—cricket, tennis, basketball, hockey. Schools re-open for Fall Term Sept. 10th.

For illustrated calendar and prospectus apply to the Bursar.

R. MILLICHAMP, Hon. Sec.-Treas.

Jarvis St., Toronto

St. Clair Ave., Toronto

opposition except one lone man playing well back, and as this lone tackler dived for his man I was still sure that I was thrilled to the limit of things.

But last fall at Brookline, Massachusetts, where America's Open Golf Championship was under way, I found that I had never been thrilled before—that I had just discovered what the word thrill really means.

We were standing around the eighteenth green that Friday afternoon, knowing that Vardon and Ray, the great English players, had tied for first place, when word came in that young Francis Ouimet, the fine young Massachusetts amateur, was still in the fight and with a bare outside chance to tie the two English stars.

The story of that remarkable finish, where Ouimet accomplished the miraculous, has already become old in the telling, but there are two shots concerning, which I do not believe that "the half has ever been told."

When Ouimet had finished the sixteenth hole he still had a three and a four left for a tie with the two Britons. And a three on the eighteenth hole was next to impossible except by a fluke, so he had to get a three on the seventeenth.

On his second shot that day Ouimet planted his ball on the green about twenty feet from the cup and above the hole. It was almost impossible to get close to the cup on your second shot here, as the hole was close to a bunker that would have meant disaster in case of any deviation from an almost perfect line. So Ouimet had to play above and to the right of the hole, leaving the hardest of all putting combinations, a down-hill, side-hill putt. It was as about as difficult a putt as a man was ever called upon to make. He went for the cup as if he had been trying a practice putt. Over the wet, slippery green rolled to a fast smoothness the ball started on a perfect line, curved in at exactly the right spot and struck the back of the cup with as welcome a cluck-cluck as I have ever heard.

But that wasn't all. He had gotten his three on a bogey four hole—the hole that next day cost Vardon any chance for the championship, as the Englishman took a five there—but there was still another hole to play and a hard one, calling for fine golf to register the needed four. Ouimet had a good drive and played a fine second shot over a road guarding the green to the edge of the bank, where the ball struck in the rain-soaked turf and stopped dead. There was a dip in the green between his ball and the cup with the hole up the slope. On this shot I would have used a putter to follow the roll of the ground and get up fairly close. But Ouimet elected to use a mashie, and when he pitched the ball landed six or seven feet short—not an exceptionally long distance away but the most trying distance imaginable when one needs that putt badly. He had already wriggled out of one close call and was up against another—one shot left to tie Britain's two golfing kings and keep his country on the golfing map. It was that one shot, or America passed, to let England fight out

Westminster College
Toronto

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Situated opposite Queen's Park, Bloor St. W.

Every Educational facility provided. Pupils prepared for Senior Matriculation. Music, Art, and Physical Education. The School, by an unfailing emphasis upon the moral as well as the intellectual, aims at the development of a true womanhood.

School Re-opens September 8th, 1914. For Calendar apply—
JOHN A. PATERSON, K.C. MRS. A. B. GREGORY
President. Principal.



Art Association of Montreal

Schools of Art, Life Cast Drawing,
Painting in Oils

WILL RE-OPEN OCTOBER 1st

J. B. ABBOTT - Curator and Secretary



Comfortable School Desks For Efficient Study



The "Paragon" School Desks are designed to give the correct position for your children's comfort and health, giving them a chance for efficient study.

Paragon Desks are high-grade and neatly furnished. They are strongly built, withstand rough usage, and give lasting satisfaction.

Our Catalog "S" gives detailed description and prices of School Desks, Hall Settees, Garden Seats, etc. A copy sent free on request.

Jas. Smart Mfg. Co., Limited
Brockville, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

Ridley College
St. Catharines,
Ontario

A CANADIAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Preparatory Department entirely separate as to buildings, grounds and Staff. The School has won scholarships at University matriculation in four out of the last five years. Three were won in 1913. REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal

WICKFIELD SCHOOL
COBOURG, ONTARIO

The Ideal Home School for Young Boys
from 4 to 12 Years

Only a select number of pupils enrolled. This allows individual training and instruction for each. Mother's care given.

Write for prospectus to
MRS. K. MICHENNER, Principal

Take This College

to your own home and train yourself in any line. No need to leave home and give up present wages. No need to sacrifice pleasures and duties. Just give a few spare evenings to study. Departments: Commercial (including Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Accountancy, Advertising Penmanship); Agriculture, Architecture (High School and Preparatory); Arts, Civil Service; Engineering (all branches); Law, Railroading and Telegraphy, etc.

SPECIAL SUMMER OFFER

To the first student enrolling from each post office during this month we will give a course in any line at **ALSO LUTE COST**. Be first from your post office. Write name, address and course below, cut out, and mail today before some one else gets in ahead of you.

Name Course
Address

UNIVERSAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Dept. F, Niagara Falls and Vancouver, Canada

St. Jerome's College

BERLIN — ONTARIO

Excellent Business College Department.
Excellent High School Department.
Excellent College or Arts Department.

New Buildings with latest Hygienic Equipments.

The Largest Gymnasium in Canada, Running Track, Swimming Pool, Shower Baths, Theatre.

First-Class Comfortable Board Sleeping Rooms

Special attention given to students preparing for University Matriculation.

RATES MODERATE

Address:
REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph.D., President

Bishop Bethune College

OSHAWA, ONTARIO

VISITOR—THE LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO

A Residential School for Girls.
Young Children also received.

Preparation for the University, Art Department, including drawing, painting, wood carving and art needlework. Toronto Conservatory Degree of A.T.C.M. may be taken at the School. Fine, healthful situation. Tennis, basketball, skating, snowshoeing and other outdoor games.

For terms and particulars apply to the Sister-in-Charge, or to the Sisters of St. John the Divine, Major Street, Toronto.

COLLEGE RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 11.

ST CLEMENT'S COLLEGE

FOR BOYS
Residential and Day School
NORTH TORONTO, ONT.

Boys prepared for the University, Royal Military College and for business.

RE-OPENS IN SEPTEMBER FOR 1914-15 AT
BRAMPTON, ONT., where an attractive site of 100
acres has been purchased. For information apply to
REV. A. K. GRIFFIN, Principal.

America's championship on American soil.

He walked up to his ball with an easy, steady stride, barely took a look at the hole, wasted no time in getting set, and with three thousand of his followers almost breaking apart under the strain he putted boldly for the center with a clean, free tap that could have come only from muscles under perfect mental control.

And when that putt dropped I realized then that I had never felt a regular thrill before—that the others were all counterfeits.

A RECORD PUTT.

From the viewpoint of psychology these two putts of Ouimet's were the most wonderful I ever saw. But from the physical side of things I once saw Walter J. Travis, the veteran, sink the most wonderful putt it has ever been my lot to witness.

The occasion was a Metropolitan Championship at Garden City with Travis and Wilder of Boston in a hard match. Travis was four down and four to play, hanging on by a thin thread of hope. But Travis settled down and won the fifteenth and sixteenth holes, leaving himself only two down with two holes left. He had to win both, of course, to even get a half. But his rally seemed to be fading out at the seventeenth hole and those who had wagered four to one against Wilder—one man I know had bet two hundred dollars to fifty dollars on Travis—were looking on with sick expressions. For all Wilder needed was a half here to win the match. And after playing three shots he was only four feet from the cup. And Travis on his third shot was barely on the green, thirty feet away.

The battle seemed to be over beyond any hope, for Travis was not only thirty feet away but he had one of the trickiest and hardest greens on the course to putt over. And even if he made the putt the odds were that Wilder would also make his from that distance. Travis had no chance to try for a straight putt. There were two decided breaks in the slope of the green, one to the left and one to the right. And between these two mounded slopes there was a narrow gap between knolls. It was impossible to follow the line of this gap because the cup was set back of a knoll to the left, blocking entrance in that direction.

He had only one way to go, and that was to take the mounded slope to the right. The Old Man walked up to the cup and studied the lie carefully from that angle. Then he walked slowly back, studying the lay of the ground along the lie he must take. He had to figure all this tricky slope to the inch, and to the inch for thirty feet. For any slight break off the right line would probably put him three or four feet away at the finish.

After a careful survey he walked back to his putt and with a free tap sent the ball spinning along. It took the slope to the right, wound its way along this raised mound and, winding, turning, twisting up-slope and down-slope, it broke in at exactly the right spot, about twenty-eight feet away, and it then plumped squarely into the center of the cup, taking its last run from a decided down-hill spin where

ALBERTA LADIES' COLLEGE RED DEER, ALBERTA

**A High-Class Residential School
for Girls and Young Women.**

Courses include Public and High School Work; Music Vocal and Instrumental, Household Science, Painting in Oils and Water Color, Physical Culture and Expression. Also Full Commercial Course, including Stenography and Typewriting. A Christian School with a Home Atmosphere. Seven Resident and Four Non-resident Teachers. Discipline Firm, Kindly, Constant. Equipment First Class. Grounds comprise 30 acres. Healthfulness of the location unsurpassed. Outdoor and Indoor Sports. Diplomas Granted to Students passing the required Examinations. Fees Moderate.

AUTUMN TERM OPENS SEPT. 8, 1914
Calendar and information on request.

REV. N. D. KEITH, President



The First Result Of Training

More money is not the only result of training but it is the first.

Whether you are training to advance in your present position or to enter a new field, the first place you feel your new training is in your pocket-book—your pay envelope.

**Prepare yourself to EARN better pay.
You cannot GET it unless you are qualified to EARN it.**

The International Correspondence Schools will bring right into your own home all the help you need to train in a little of your spare time for whatever position you mark on the attached coupon now.

No matter what education you have missed; what you do; how old you are or where you live, you can win like all the rest, through I. C. S. training.

Mail the coupon today

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 1094 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark **X**:

Salesmanship	Civil Service
Electrical Engineer	Bookkeeping
Engineering Drafting Supt.	Stenography and Typewriting
Telephone Expert	Window Trimming
Architect	Show-Card Writing
Building Contractor	Lettering & Sign Painting
Architectural Draftsman	Advertising
Structural Engineer	Commercial Illustrating
Concrete Construction	Industrial Designing
Mechanical Engineer	Commercial Law
Mechanical Draftsman	Automobile Running
Car Engineers	English—French
Mine Superintendent	Poultry Farming
Stationary Engineer	Teacher
Plumbing and Steam Fit.	Agriculture
Gas Engines	Spanish
	French
	German

Name

Present Employer

St. and No.

City

State

St. ANDREW'S COLLEGE



A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

TORONTO ONTARIO

Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business
UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS

Calendar sent on application
Autumn term commences Sept. 10th, 1914
Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

TORONTO

PREMIER BOYS' SCHOOL OF CANADA

Founded 1829 by SIR JOHN COLBORNE, GOVERNOR OF UPPER CANADA.

AUTUMN TERM BEGINS THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, AT 10 A.M.

BOARDERS RETURN ON THE 9th.

Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate buildings. Fifty acres playing and athletic fields, with rinks, gymnasium and full equipment. Detached infirmary, with resident nurse. Summer camp at Lake Timagami, conducted by the Physical Instructor of the College. SUCCESSES 1913—Honours (Matriculation) 31, Pass Matriculation 10, Royal Military College Passes 3. All particulars on application to ARNOLD MORPHY, Bursar.

H. W. AUDEN, M.A., Principal.



Ashbury College

Rockcliffe Park, Near Ottawa

Resident School for Boys

Modern fireproof buildings. Own filtered well water. Excellent sanitation. Ten acres of playing fields. Chapel.

Many recent Successes at R. M. C. and Universities

A limited number of little boys received into the Head Master's House.

Rev. Geo. P. Woolcombe, M.A. (Oxon)

Headmaster

School re-opens Sept. 9th, 1914.

LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

MONTREAL

Head Master

C. S. Fosbery, M.A.

SUCCESSES

**1st Place McGill Science
Matric. in 1910 and 1912**

Spotton Business Colleges

Largest Trainers in Canada

30 years' experience. Home study courses. Position guaranteed. Colleges at London, Wingham, Welland, Peterboro, Walkerton, Clinton, etc. Ask our graduates about us, they are to be found everywhere. 2,000 students per year. Geo. Spotton, President.

Wingham Business College

Lakefield Preparatory School

Educate your boy in the country.

FOUR VACANCIES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Rev. A. W. MACKENZIE, M.A., Headmaster

LAKEFIELD, ONTARIO.

the green sloped off abruptly toward the hole. I've never seen another like it.

The effect was so startling that Wilder, being human, promptly missed his four-footer and then lost the next hole, leaving the match all square. He rallied after this and fought an even fight at the thirty-seventh, thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth holes, but at the fortieth Travis sank another hard putt for one under bogey and won the match.

THE EFFECT OF ONE SHOT.

The effect of one good shot or one bad shot is often startling. In the Metropolitan Open Championship held at Englewood in 1911, Gilbert Nicholls was playing his last nine holes. He got a four on the tenth, playing at only a steady clip up through here. The eleventh hole there is four hundred yards along. Nicholls put away a good drive, and on his second shot used a mid-iron. The ball started on a line for the cup, and a second later a shout came from those around the green. He had holed in two from one hundred and sixty yards away! From that point no golfer that ever lived could have touched him. He finished the nine in thirty, breaking all previous records by two strokes and winning the championship in a walk. After that one two he picked up two other holes in two, playing with such confidence and daring that it seemed as if he couldn't miss from any distance.

Last September at Brookline in the American Open, I followed one of the leading professionals competing there. He had been moving along steadily until he finally came to one of the most treacherous greens. The hole was a long one, over four hundred yards. His drive was a beauty. He played a wonderful second shot on the green about four feet above the cup. He had this putt for a three. If he could make this hard hole in three, he would probably be off on an inspiration dash, a hard man to head off. The green was a fast as lightning and the putt was down-hill. He putted, missed, and the ball, like a man grasping for a hold as he rolls down an embankment, twisted and rolled on by the cup and traveled twenty feet before it stopped. He took three putts to get back in the cup. In place of getting a three he got a six, and from that point on faded out of the championship fight. That one shot had destroyed all his confidence, had given him a deadly fear of the greens, and he was through.

A 269-YARD CARRY.

There is still another class of golf shots, not so interesting, as they lack the mental side, but wonderful from the physical power required. An example is the shot Ed. Ray played at the sixteenth hole at Shawnee. This hole is about two hundred and sixty-eight yards from the tee. It is guarded by a deep brook, and beyond the brook a decided up-hill slope. Before Ray came up, Vardon, McDermott and Alec Smith, all long hitters, took drivers and after clean wallop struck the side of the bank and fell short. The shot had to be nearly all carry, as the ground was soft

from recent rains and the up-hill slope prevented much run. When Ray stepped up he took a look at the hole and then stepped back, called his caddie and replaced his driver, taking out a cleek. The crowd around gasped—and then laughed. But Ray knew what he was about. Weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, with broad, sloping shoulders that denote great physical power, he ranks among the longest drivers in the world. With a trem-

endous swipe he hurled the head of that cleek into the ball, and when it landed on a full carry the white pill was within ten feet of the cup. He had carried brook, slope and everything else in the way with a cleek, where other long players had failed with a club that is supposed to get twenty yards more distance.

But, after all, it is the shot played with the brain and heart rather than with the arm and shoulder that counts most.

Railroad Conquest of Africa

How the Iron Way is Rapidly Conquering the Jungles and Deserts of the Black Continent

(From the American Review of Reviews.)

England, France and Germany are all actively engaged in developing their African Colonies by means of railroad construction. Mr. Lewis Freeman, the writer of the present article, shows how Africa will probably be able to boast of a half dozen transcontinental lines from coast to coast before many years have passed.

AFRICA has been aptly described as an "annex of Europe," and in no respect does this appear more clearly than in its railway development. The Boers,—though largely at the instigation and under the direction of the British,—built a few hundred miles of line in the Transvaal in the '90s, but of the many thousands of miles of rails that have been laid since the downfall of Krueger's republic, there is not one but has been financed by bankers, built by engineers, and operated by managers from beyond the Mediterranean.

Because this impulse of development has come almost entirely from nations whose African ambitions are constructive rather than destructive,—nations which, unlike the Dutch and Spanish, are too far-sighted to exploit their colonies after the fashion of mines, on a take-out-but-not-return basis,—this growth has been a healthy and vigorous one. The purely strategic line, such as was rushed so feverishly in Asia twenty and thirty years ago to threaten or guard now this frontier and now that, is decidedly the exception in Africa.

It is true that Britain laid track at the rate of a mile a day across the burning sands of the Sudan in order to allow Kitchener the sooner to come to grips with the Mahdi, and that France did not neglect to weave reinforcing strands of steel rails into the mesh of the political net it was casting about Morocco, and that Germany is not blind to the fact that the spike-helmeted troops that can be marshalled on the banks of Lake Tanganyika when the Dar-es-Salaam line from the East Coast is completed may make possible a new delimitation of Central African frontiers in case of emergency; but the fact remains that, above and beyond its strategic purposes, each one of these railways had a distinct commercial *raison d'être*, a mission of its own to perform in the develop-

ment of the regions to or through which it penetrated. Practically all the rest of the African railways are commercial lines pure and simple, with no suspicion of strategic import attaching to their construction.

CONTINENTAL ROAD-BUILDING.

Africa is building close to 2,000 miles of road railway a year at the present time, and five years from now may be adding new lines at a 50 or 100 per cent. greater rate. That continent will never have the great aggregate mileages of Europe, Asia, or North America, nor do any parts of it bid fair to attain the density of construction of the United States or Europe; notwithstanding this, a carrying out of its practicable and probable projects at their present rate of progress will give it one and possibly two north-to-south lines traversing its whole length before any such consummation is effected in Asia, Australia, or either of the two Americas. At the present time Asia has one east-to-west transcontinental railway, South America,—practically,—two, and Africa none. Yet it is possible,—probable,—that the latter continent may be able to boast a half-dozen lines from coast to coast before either of the others can lay claim to half that number.

The reason for this is to be found in Africa's unique geographical position. There are four great, but more or less surmountable, physical obstacles to railway construction,—mountains, rivers and lakes, deserts, and ice and snow. The latter, when bordering on the perennial, is the worst of these, and Africa chances to be the only one of the great continents which has no regions of long or perpetual winter. It is not likely that railways will ever be built to reach the ice-bound extremes of North America and Asia, but in Africa, which has no frigid belt, there are no extensive regions,—not even in the Sahara,—in which the shriek of the locomotive may not, and probably will not, be heard before many years.

THE BRITISH AS PIONEER BUILDERS.

In any survey of African railway development, the work of the British is entitled to first consideration, both because they were the pioneers and because



International Clothing

SUITS for PROGRESSIVE MEN must be of good material, perfect in fit and style, ideally tailored, moderate in price—in a word, value all round.

YOUNG men particularly SEEK these four elements in SMART CLOTHING because this combination gives a sense of confidence and power, coupled with delight in wear, with no feeling of expensiveness.

KEEN appreciation of these primary needs is FOUND IN our INTERNATIONAL CLOTHING, which by reason of moderate price, brings good clothes within reach of the most moderate purse.

EVERY satisfied, repeat-ordering customer, of the hundreds who have proved our clothing, has become our best advertisement. YOU should FORWARD a TRIAL ORDER, and thus join the list of our delighted patrons.

SEND AT ONCE for patterns comprising Fancy Worsted Suitings, Scotch and Irish Tweeds, and Superfine Serges. Price list and illustrated catalogue will be enclosed with particulars of our PERFECT SELF-MEASURE SYSTEM, whereby we can fit as well as the city tailor.

Specialty suit from 10 to 20 dollars, in Fine Worsted and Scotch Cheviots. Carriage paid to your door. Patterns post free to any address.

JOHN SYKES & CO.
Woollen Merchants and
International Clothiers
Dept. A.
Chancery Lane, Huddersfield, Eng.



For Wear and Comfort "Monarch-Knit" Coats are unexcelled.



Why not
enjoy the benefits
and protection
this Fall of a
"MONARCH-KNIT"
COAT
the Standard for
STYLE,
QUALITY and
WORKMANSHIP?

Your dealer will be glad to show you the various
styles and colors. Look for the trade-mark.

Monarch Knitting Co.

Limited

Head Office :
DUNNVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA

Factories at :
Dunnville, Ont.
St. Thomas, Ont.
St. Catharines, Ont.
Buffalo, N.Y.

L 173



the sum total of their construction is greater than that of all other nations combined. Railway building was inaugurated in Africa in 1852, in that epochal decade in which Europe, America, and India, awakening all at once to the incalculable possibilities of steam transportation on land, began feverish construction at many points at almost the same time. Since then African railroads have not been in the world's eyes.

The first line started was that from Alexandria to Cairo, Viceroy Abbas Pasha following the precedent set by his illustrious predecessors, the Pharaohs, to the extent of taking the right of way without payment and having the work done by "corvee" or forced labor. While an iron bridge was in course of construction across the Nile at Kafr el Zayat a steam ferry was employed, and the loss of a train which fell into the river at this point on May 16, 1858, stands as one of the first great railway disasters on record.

Although, as on all African and Asiatic lines, the third-class is the most important part of the passenger business, the first-class traffic of the Egyptian railways is probably of more importance than that of any other system on the continent. This is due to the great winter tourist season on the Nile, which, for several months, rivals in brilliancy those of the Riviera and California.

BEGINNINGS OF THE CAPE-TO-CAIRO LINE.

The first link of the Cape-to-Cairo line is that formed by the Nile trunk of the Egyptian State Railways, and the second is that of the main line of the Sudan Government Railways. The former ends above the First Cataract, near Assuan, and the latter begins at Wadi Halfa, below the Second Cataract. The intervening distance,—ultimately to be bridged by rail,—is a two-days' steamer voyage up the Nile. The 575 miles of line from Halfa to Khartoum,—one of the wonders of the railway world,—is the first extensive piece of desert construction ever attempted. It wasn't much of a railway to begin with, but it gave Kitchener's khaki-clad "Tommies" and red-fezzed Egyptians with their deadly machine-guns, a very substantial lift toward the field of Omdurman. As a result of this whirlwind campaign the power of the Mahdi was destroyed, Gordon was avenged, the peace of Upper Egypt was assured, and the "one insurmountable obstacle" on the Cape-to-Cairo route was bridged for all time.

The South African railway system is by far the most extensive and important on the continent; indeed, the three administrations—the Cape Government, the Central South African (representing the Transvaal and Free State Governments), and the Natal Government,—taken over and consolidated under state management at the time of the South African Union in 1910, form one of the largest systems under the direction of a single man in the world.

LUXURIES OF THE ZAMBESI EXPRESS.

One may now ride to Victoria Falls from Cape Town without change. The Zambesi Express is electrically lighted, carries sleepers and a diner, and offers passengers the grateful comforts of a

Bishop's College School LENNOXVILLE, P.Q.

Head Master, J. Tyson Williams, B.A. (Emmanuel College, Cambridge).

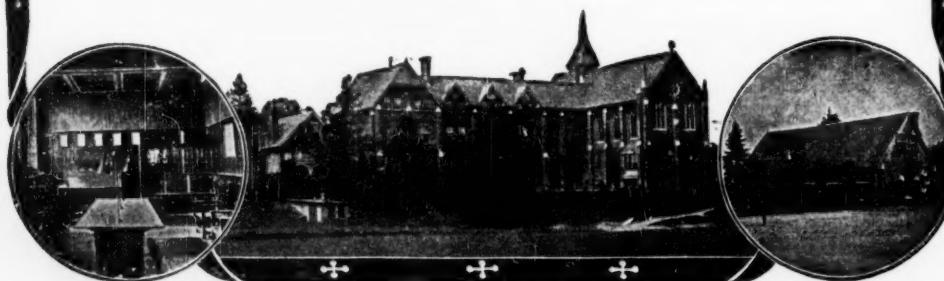
This well-known boarding school for boys is situated about 100 miles from Montreal, on the G.T.R., C.P.R., and Boston & Maine Ry., giving easy access to New York and Eastern States.

The buildings for the upper and preparatory school are beautifully situated, up-

to-date, sanitary and well ventilated, and comprise gymnasium playrooms, as well as extensive playgrounds.

Boys are prepared for R.M.C., Kingston, the Universities, and Business Life, by an efficient staff of Masters, mostly graduates of English Universities.

For Calendars, Information, etc., apply to the Headmaster.



shower bath. Beyond the Zambesi luxuries are dispensed with, and one finds it best, as in India, to carry his own bed. Meals are more expensive in Rhodesia than on the southern sections, and the long intervals between ice plants forces frequent recourse to canned dainties, and even staples, to fill out the menu. The through fare of \$80 for the 2300-mile journey from Cape Town to Elizabethville, the present railhead in the Congo, is, however, very reasonable.

In addition to its great systems in the temperate regions of Africa, Great Britain has also built railways in each of its tropical colonies on the east and west coasts. The most widely known of these, if not the most important, is the so-called Uganda Railway, which penetrates from Mombasa, a few degrees south of the Equator on the East Coast, to Port Florence, on Lake Victoria Nyanza, a distance of 584 miles.

FRENCH RAILWAYS.

Most extensive work has been carried on by the French at Senegal and in French Guinea. France's greatest center of railway activity, however, is in the north where, in Algeria and Tunisia, between state and private systems, there are already nearly 4,000 miles of line in operation, a large part of it of standard gauge. These are all well-built, modernized lines, and in their principal physical features have little to differentiate them from the railways of the mother country. Indeed, one of the important broad-gauge lines,—the Algeria-Oran, Philippeville Constantine—is owned and operated by the great "P. L. M." Company which controls so extensive a mileage in southern France.

France's most ambitious railway project is one by which a line starting from the Mediterranean will be thrown across the Sahara to the healthful and well-populated states of Wadai and Kanem in the Lake Chad region, on through the Congo, using any available Belgian construction as a part of the main trunk, to connect with the Rhodesian Railways in the vicinity of the Katanga border. This route, it is pointed out, because it is entirely by land, and because Algiers is thirty-six hours nearer Paris and London than Alexandria, would make the journey to South Africa several days shorter than by the Cape-to-Cairo, which will, for many years, use lake and river steamers for a quarter of its length.

GERMAN ENTERPRISE.

Germany's African railways, like its colonies, are too new to give much indication of what their future is going to be. Nearly all of them have been built in tropical country of great unhealthfulness, and because German militarism is the last thing to promote frictionless relations with the natives, labor has been a serious problem from the first. The most important line under construction is that from the populous port of Dar-es-Salaam, on the coast of German East Africa, to Ujiji, at the northern end of Lake Tanganyika. Practically the whole 800 miles of this finely built meter-gauge railway is now completed and trains should be run-



Quality—Service—Efficiency

Don't Miss Our Exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition

We extend a hearty invitation to all visitors at the Canadian National Exhibition, at Toronto, August 29th to September 12th, to visit our exhibit in Industrial Hall. We will have on display all of the latest and best electric heating appliances for domestic use. We will be glad to explain to you the advantages of Canadian Beauty Appliances, which include Electric Irons, Toaster Stoves, Upright Toasters, Disc Stoves, Radiators, Warming Pads, Coffee Percolators, Water Heaters, Ranges, etc.



The "Happy" Electric Iron

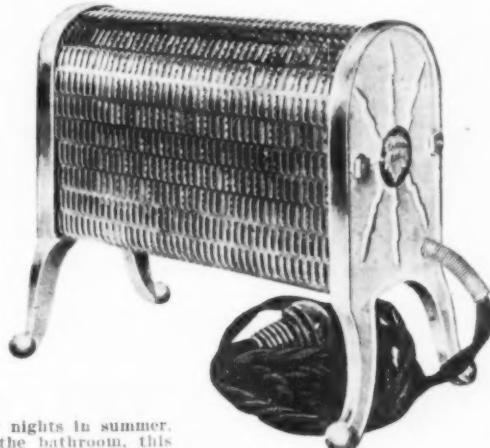
Be Sure and Visit
Our Exhibit in In-
dustrial Hall Some
Time Between Aug.
29th and Sept. 12th.

The Canadian Beauty Electric Iron is built for service that will satisfy. It is sturdy and handsome, heavily nickel-plated throughout. We are so sure of the perfection of this iron that we guarantee it to give you satisfactory service forever. Any Electric Iron is an economy—a Canadian Beauty Electric Iron is the greatest economy. Low in the first cost and low in the cost of current used.

The Disc Stove



A neat, beautifully nickel-plated little stove, specially designed for use with Coffee Percolator, Tea Samovar, Small Kettle, Frying Pan, etc. This Stove is very handy in the sick room, for preparing a light lunch, for a late supper. It does away with all the fuss and heat of cooking in summer, and can be operated at a very small cost.



Electric Radiator

For cool evenings in spring and fall, for chilly nights in summer, for quickly warming the baby's nursery or the bathroom, this Electric Radiator is the best and most economical means. It is sturdily made, partly finished in nickel and partly in burnished copper. It has the greatest efficiency, that is, the greatest heat for the least amount of current. See this Radiator at our exhibit, or have your dealer demonstrate it to you.

The Canadian Beauty dealer in your town displays our card in his window. If there is no Canadian Beauty dealer in your district, send us a card and we will mail you a catalogue direct.

Renfrew Electric Manufacturing Company
Renfrew, Ontario, Canada



'Every day we're enjoying hundreds — yes, thousands of new boating pleasures with our Caille Portable Boat Motor. We go everywhere and anywhere regardless of distance. We never have to take turns at the oars. Nobody is tired out — we're all simply 'full of the old Nick' and having the time of our lives with our



and a common row boat." It attaches to any row boat by simply turning two thumbscrews. Generates 2 H.P. and drives boats 7 to 9 miles an hour or slow enough to troll. It is adjustable to any angle or depth of stern and steers with our

Patented Folding Rudder

which rises over weeds and obstructions and then drops back in place again. It also gives you complete steering control even after motor is shut off. Our weedless propeller is also protected by a substantial fin. Caille motors can be furnished with batteries or magneto ignition. Magneto is mounted on top of cylinder where it is instantly accessible. We regularly furnish our motors with a remarkably effective muffler, but if desired, we will furnish our

Underwater Exhaust Without Extra Charge

It deadens all noise and makes the motor run as silent as the "I" in Caille.

Send for Beautiful Catalog. Get the details. Write today. A postal brings it.

Sold by Leading Sporting Goods and Hardware Dealers.

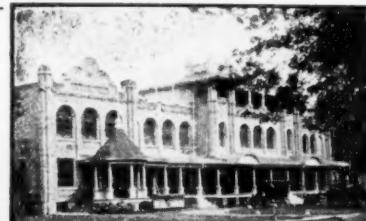
We Also Build

A complete line of marine motors from 2 to 30 h.p.—one to four cylinders, for all classes of boats. If interested, send for our free Marine Motor Blue Book. Write now.

The Caille Perfection Motor Co.

World's Largest Builders of Two Cycle Marine Motors

1417 Caille St., Detroit, Mich.



COME to the HOTEL SANITA and enjoy the mineral baths, excellent cuisine and homelike comfort and quietness. Especially desirable for grip men. Send for our descriptive booklet.

CHATHAM MINERAL SPRINGS HOTEL
CHATHAM, ONTARIO

ning by the fall of this year, about the same time that the Cape-to-Cairo railhead rests at Kituta, at the southern end of the lake. The steamer service already in operation on the lake will link up German East Africa with the 10,000 miles of British lines to the south, as well as making it possible, traveling by Belgian railways and river boats, to continue on across the continent to the mouth of the Congo.

BELGIAN LINES.

Belgian railway activities in Africa are principally directed to linking up navigable stretches of the great Congo with short lines, and in extending various foreign systems which have penetrated to their frontiers. The 250-mile line from Matadi to Leopoldville, on the lower Congo, is one of the most brilliant pieces of construction in Africa. This remark-

able bit of meter-gauge line, which put the upper Congo in steam communication with the coast, is a monument to its builder, Colonel A. Thys, the great Belgian engineer.

IN PORTUGUESE TERRITORY.

The railway from Lobito Bay on the west coast to Elizabethville in the Congo, is now nearly completed, and will open a new short cut from Europe to Central Africa. This line is largely a British enterprise, and will be close on a thousand miles in length. It passes through what is believed to be the richest copper bearing district in the world. Another ten years bids fair to see the richly mineralized plateau to the southwest of Lake Tanganyika as heavily gridironed with rails as is South Africa to-day. The beacon of progress will be the locomotive headlight.

A Great Surgeon and Sanitarian

An Account of the Man Who Made the Panama Canal Possible

From *The Technical World Magazine*.

A vote of one thousand distinguished scientific men was taken by the TECHNICAL WORLD MAGAZINE as to who are the twelve greatest scientists of the present day. One of the chosen twelve is Surgeon-General Gorgas, an account of whose work in connection with stamping out of yellow fever in the Panama Canal zone is here given.

AT FIRST, I tried to find out things about Gorgas from Gorgas, but I gave it up. I beheld in him a man who could not talk about himself. Then I asked friends about him (he has no enemies, at least none who will confess the fact); and they at once fell to talking about his charming manner, his love of humanity, his sympathy with suffering and sorrow. It was difficult to get them off this strain, but at length one man who had worked with the little army doctor for ten years said thoughtfully:

"He is the most thorough man I ever knew."

"He never loses sight of his objective," analyzed another.

"He is absolutely unmoved by slights, praise, success, defeat—anything except sickness and suffering," spoke up a third.

"He loves his joke; and folks would rather go to his house than anywhere else on the Zone," chimed in a fourth.

Well, here was the personality of the "man who made the canal possible" coming out at last. The quiet, white-haired, white moustached army doctor, with the bronzed wrinkled face and gentle voice was a positive sort, after all. He had interests, apparently, other than the mosquito, the rat, and the tropic house fly. And I began to take an interest in William C. Gorgas, the man, where before I had only been concerned with Surgeon-General Gorgas, the greatest sanitarian in the world's history.

Gorgas always had to meet the ques-

tion of money in Panama. You couldn't see the results of his expenditures readily and visiting congressmen did not realize that the groups of blooming children, the healthy workers, the clean floor of the Zone were concrete illustrations of what Gorgas had done. Sibert could point to the giant structures of Gatun; Gaillard, to the deepening chasm of Culebra, and Williamson could show the locks of Miraflores and Pedro Miguel as proof of where the money went. Gorgas could have organized an excursion through the French cemeteries as a concrete negative proof of what he was accomplishing, but he didn't do that. He patiently plugged ahead, trying to make the committees understand, and slowly but surely winning their understanding and appreciation and the undying gratitude of the American people.

In sanitation, particularly, genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains, and Gorgas is a genius. His work was thorough. The achievements of this patient, philosophical, kindly doctor were based upon the experience of Walter Reed, the army doctor who cleaned Havana by attacking mosquitoes. Gorgas was one of Reed's assistants in Cuba, and to him fell the task of applying the discoveries of this doctor in the Canal Zone. The result is the Panama Canal, built on the failures of four hundred years and at a cost of human life marvelously small in comparison with the tremendous sacrifices of the French. The Havana campaign was Gorgas' raw material. He forged the tools that purified the Zone and that will forever rob the tropics of their terror for the white man.

First, he kept the American workers in the Zone alive. That was the greatest of his exploits. Then he made the zone a sanitary paradise and attracted to it

the best and most efficient workmen of the world.

During the nine years of the prosecution of canal work by the French, 1,041 persons died of yellow fever in Ancon Hospital alone. As the Jamaica negro is not susceptible to yellow fever, these figures apply only to the whites, mostly Frenchmen. Throughout the Isthmus, during those nine years, at least twice as many Frenchmen died of the disease. The French averaged 1,606 white employees at any one time on their rolls and General Gorgas believes they lost in the nine years not only one hundred and twenty-five per cent. of their average force (as the figures indicate), but probably many more.

What is the record of death under Gorgas? The average white force of the Americans has been 6,449. Had the ratio of the French prevailed, 4,433 white men would have been in their graves on those crawling hillsides at the end of five years of digging.

Still Colonel Goethals says that the Zone is not a white man's country.

"We get lazy here after a while," he said to me as he busied himself with the thousand details of his daily job.

"You don't look it," said I.

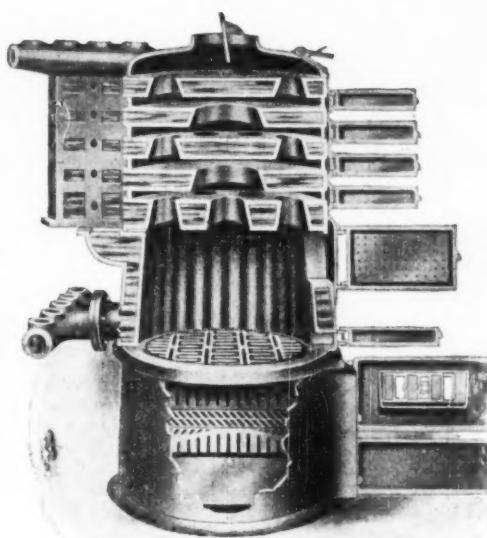
"Well, I get away some—and I was born in a keener climate," he replied with a laugh; "but a generation of American children born here would become as lazy as the natives, if they remained all their lives." But you cannot induce William C. Gorgas to say that the Canal Zone is not a white man's country.

The tropic climate, of course, plays its part in enervation; it is advisable for all "white folks," say the doctors, to come into a more bracing atmosphere at least every two years. But the fevers and plagues of ten years ago have vanished as the mists on Toboga Island vanish when the sun rises in the Pacific.

Gorgas says now, looking back on his ten years in the Zone that the Panaman and West Indian learned early what was required of them in the sanitary line. His real troubles came with his superiors, he says, in securing co-operation and support. After that, aside from the gigantic amount of manual labor involved, Gorgas professes that his job with Nature and human beings was easy. But the task he tackled with the fever immune of Panama and the West Indian islands was not child's play. Although it has long since been proved that fevers come from mosquito bites and not from dirt, it was necessary to general health and working conditions that the Panaman and West Indian be kept clean, and Gorgas achieved that miracle. Gradually the fearful smells that used to desecrate the soft tropic airs of that land have been dissipated in Panama and Colon; the zones of repulsion in the streets of the cities and around the thatched huts of the jungle are almost gone.

Everyone by this time knows the history of the mosquito in the Panama Zone. Swamps were drained; no fresh water was allowed to stand or collect in pools near human habitation; morasses that could not be effectively drained and tiled were covered with oil; brush and shrub-

The "SOVEREIGN" Hot Water Boiler is unapproachably efficient



Let us send you the "Sovereign Bulletin," a quick-to-the-point argument that will show you, almost at a glance, why the "Sovereign" is unapproachably efficient.

It has three important and exclusive features of construction that increase its heating capacity over the usual design of hot water boiler and promote fuel economy.

Do not finally arrange for the installation of your heating plant until you understand why you will be better off with the "Sovereign."

Send your name and address on a post-card to our nearest office and write, as well, "Sovereign Bulletin"—MacLean's Magazine.

"WESTERN JR."
BOILERS

TAYLOR-FORBES
COMPANY, LIMITED

"SOVEREIGN"
RADIATORS

Toronto—1088 King Street, West.
Montreal—246 Craig St. West.
Vancouver—1070 Homer Street.
Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works.

Calgary—P. D. McLaren, Ltd., 622 Ninth Ave.
St. John, N.B.—W. H. Campbell, 16 Water St.
Quebec, Que.—Mechanic's Supply Co.
Hamilton, Ont.—W. W. Taylor, 17 Stanley Ave.

Head Office and Foundries, Guelph, Canada

TWO GOOD BOOKS FOR INVESTORS

THE PITFALLS OF SPECULATION, by Thomas Gibson.

A book dealing exclusively with marginal stock and grain speculations, and analyzing in a clear, simple manner the causes of general failure in speculation, with suggestions as to methods for avoiding such losses. Price, \$1.00

THE INVESTORS' PRIMER, by John Moody

A concise handbook containing, in simple, easily understandable language, definitions of all the important terms and phrases employed in the investment and banking business, alphabetically arranged. Part 1 covers the general definitions of finance. Part 2 giving specific information regarding various issues of preferred and guaranteed stocks. Price, \$1.00

MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd., 143-153 University Ave., Toronto

Thurber Rotary Starter



Thurber Starter installed on Ford Car

Will spin your motor at the rate of 250 revolutions a minute.
Attachment for tire inflation is part of the Thurber Single Unit System.

Made for the Ford

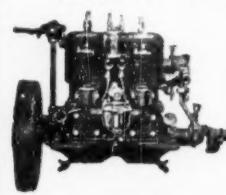
\$85.00 complete and ready for installation. Sold with a six months' guarantee.
DEALERS: We want you to fill orders for us. Write for booklet and terms.

Canadian Thurber Rotary Co.
Ingersoll, Ontario

Positively Guaranteed Five Years

WILSON MOTORS will give you a five years' service without trouble; we absolutely guarantee this. Motors made complete in Canada, no duty to pay; are fitted with water-jacketed exhaust manifolds—no hot pipes. Motors are reversible; easily started; no cranking.

CLEARING AT SPECIAL PRICES:



Why Not Get Our Catalog "W"?

Wilson Motor Co., Walkerville, Ont.

Toledo MARINE MOTORS

"Nothing Cheap but the Price"

3 H.P. 1 cyl. complete	\$ 65.00
6 H.P. 1 "	84.00
6 H.P. 2 "	125.00
12 H.P. 2 "	160.00
18 H.P. 3 "	250.00

Fully guaranteed by a responsible concern. 2 cycle, 2 port, 20x30 and 40x40. SEND FOR FREE CATALOG "E".

The UNIVERSAL MACHINE CO., BOWLING GREEN, O.

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED

We have an attractive proposition for you. We want men and women to act as our representatives in their spare time. The work is attractive, educative and profitable. Write a postcard to

MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
143 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

berry were cut away within one hundred feet of all dwellings; the Zone was divided into sanitary districts, in which an inspector and assistants were placed, and these men were held responsible for the health of the people in their district.

Simple, isn't it? And simple, too, was the leading of men armed with oil cans through all the swamps and morasses of that boggy land. Simple, perhaps, was the precise regimen of the great hospital at Arcon and the convalescent's paradise on Toboga Island. Perhaps it was simple,

too, to think of screening in all the houses and providing swinging shelves, depending on oil twine, for food, so that the ravaging roaches and ants might not defile and consume it. But the French, the most brilliant medical scientists in the world, did not do these things, and as a consequence, they died by the thousands, and all that is left of their great canal dream are the tombs and the historical paragraphs and the narrow waterway crossing the Atlantic entrance as one chugs up to Gatun.

Justice to All

A Novel Los Angeles Experiment

From Everybody's Magazine.

Elsewhere in this issue of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE an account is given of a new procedure lately instituted in Great Britain whereby the needy plaintiff or defendant in an action can obtain legal advice and assistance free of charge. Here we have an account of an experiment along similar lines which is being tried in Los Angeles.

SOme months ago the city of Los Angeles awoke to the conviction that courts of justice do not invariably dispense that commodity. As a new city charter was in process of preparation by a freeholders' committee, the time seemed right to provide for any desired changes, and to this committee was entrusted the task of framing a provision for the establishment of the office of Public Defender, a functionary who should be as active in the defence of an accused person as the district attorney was in his prosecution.

Two men in Los Angeles, practically unknown to each other, had been working along parallel lines of activity during some years. One was David Evans, a practising attorney of the city, a member of the free-holders' committee aforesaid. To him fell the actual work of framing the provision for the Public Defender. He is known as the father of this law. The other is Walton J. Wood, who was appointed to the office a short time after the legislature of California ratified the charter.

Wood had returned some time previously from the practise of law in the Philippine Islands. He had gone there immediately upon his graduation from Leland Stanford University, and he returned with innumerable instances of judicial wrong at his tongue's end. He was appointed a deputy city attorney, and had been preparing the way for Evans' charter provision long before that provision had been talked of, by preaching judicial equality and human rights wherever he could find one, two, or three people who would listen to him.

When David Evans presented the draft of the new charter it contained a section that read specifically as follows:

Upon request by the defendant or upon order of the court, the Public Defender shall defend, without ex-

pense to them, all persons who are not financially able to employ counsel, and who are charged in the Superior Court with the commission of any contempt, misdemeanor, felony or other offence. He shall also upon request give counsel and advice to such persons in and about any charge against them upon which he is conducting the defence, and he shall prosecute all appeals to a higher court or courts, of any person who has been convicted upon any such charge, where, in his opinion, such appeal will, or might reasonably be expected to, result in the reversal or modification of the judgment of conviction.

This section also provides for the prosecution of civil suits, minor actions, liens for wages, and the like, in the cases of persons unable to institute an action and pay counsel fees on their own behalf, and to defray all such costs of action out of the county treasury in the usual manner.

"Since January 6th, nearly every person accused of crime in the Superior Court which in this state is a court of record, upon being arraigned has called for the services of this office," said Mr. Wood. "That seems to speak eloquently for the need of just such an office. This, naturally, excents those able and preferring to employ their own counsel. In cases where we have been called for, it has always been where the judge has given the accused his choice between our services and those of an attorney appointed by the court. In less than two months we had forty-five cases of persons accused of felony, and the civil cases are averaging over a hundred a week. We have four lawyers and two assistants here and so far no one has found time to loaf."

As to the actual working of the plan, Los Angeles feels she has established an efficacious improvement upon the former one-sided application of justice. She has learned, as have most other cities, that the law as usually administered is a highly imperfect engine, and that the complexity of human life has bred legal complexity and inefficiency in its turn.

It is fairly obvious that the Los Angeles experiment is in actuality a blanket in-



Buyers to Share in Profits Lower Prices on Ford Cars

Effective from August 1, 1914, to August 1, 1915, and
guaranteed against any reduction during that time.

Touring Car	\$590
Runabout	540
Town Car	840

In the Dominion of Canada Only

FURTHER we will be able to obtain the maximum efficiency in our factory production, and the minimum cost in our purchasing and sales departments IF we can reach an output of 30,000 cars between the above dates.

AND should we reach this production we agree to pay, as the buyer's share, from \$40 to \$60 per car (on or about August 1, 1915) to every retail buyer who purchases a new Ford car between August 1, 1914, and August 1, 1915.

For further particulars regarding these low prices and profit-sharing plan, see the nearest Ford Branch or Dealer.

The Ford Motor Company
OF CANADA Limited
FORD, ONTARIO

Get The Good Ones Early

Here are a few of the newest books, most of them just in the booksellers' hands, which everyone will be reading this fall and winter. You want the newest. Look these over at your bookstore.

RALPH CONNOR—*The Patrol of Sundance Trail.*

FLORENCE L. BARCLAY—*The Wall of Partition.*

ROBERT W. SERVICE—*The Pretender.*

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON—*The Prince of Graustark.*

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS—*The Clarion.*

SIDNEY MACALL—*Ariadne of Allan Water.*

BERTHA RUCK—*His Official Fiancee.*

BY CANADIAN AUTHORS

THURLOW FRASER—*The Call of the East*

R. J. C. STEAD—*The Bail Jumper*

We have a new paper filled up mainly with stories about new books and their authors, which is published from time to time, and will be glad to put your name on our mailing list to receive this every issue on receipt of a postal card. Address "The Front Shelf."

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher

29-37 Richmond Street West
TORONTO



BOOKBINDING

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Write us for information

The Hunter-Rose Co. Ltd.

13 Sheppard Street, TORONTO
Established 1860.

All Work Guaranteed Main 1714

MISS GRAHAM

STANDARD BUILDING

Stenographic Work and Typewriting.
Typewriting Supplies for all makes of
Machines at moderate rates.

157 St. James Street, Montreal

ST. AGNES' SCHOOL BELLEVILLE ONTARIO

Patron: THE LORD BISHOP OF ONTARIO
Thorough Course in English, Languages, Music, Art and
Physical Culture. Fully equipped for the Universities.
Conservatory of Music Examinations held at the School.
Beautiful and extensive grounds; large and handsome building,
thoroughly equipped with every modern convenience
and improvement, including gymnasium and swimming tank.
For prospectus and full information,
Apply to MISS F. E. CARROLL, Lady Principal.

dictment of the whole machinery of the law as applied to criminal prosecution; for if a prosecutor's duties are largely judicial, so are the individual lawyer's, no matter in what capacity he may be acting. In essence the lawyer is admitted to the bar under the administration of an oath binding him to uphold the law and labor diligently in the behalf of justice. In a word he is supposed to act, not primarily in the interest of his client, be it state or person, but in the interest of impartial right. Were this true in practice as it is in theory, it is conservatively estimated that nine-tenths of existing legal controversy would be absent. Mr. Wood believes, from his experience as Public Defender, that such impartiality is impossible, or at least impracticable, so far as criminal cases are concerned.

"I believe it to be impossible for a prosecutor, anxious to fulfil his duty, to act with equal fairness to the accused and the accuser," he says. "In every criminal prosecution one citizen is arrested at the instance of another, and the law provides an officer to take the side of the complaining witness. It can not be doubted that the public demands convictions from the district attorney; demands that he prosecute vigorously; demands that he represent but one side of the issue, and the law practically so provides in practice. Indeed, were it true that the district attorney could adequately represent both sides there would be no need for either prosecutor or defender, for the judge could handle the situation alone in almost every case.

"And there is another phase, largely psychological. Prosecuting attorneys are daily pitted against able lawyers em-

ployed by persons of means, or commanding means. In this country we have many such exhibitions. These prosecutors necessarily become wary, skilful in meeting legal trick with legal trick, vigorous in conduct of a case, resourceful in technicality. It would not be natural, were it possible, for them to change suddenly the habit thus formed when an indigent defendant appears. In support of this view I may cite a decision rendered by a Supreme Court judge in this state last February.

"It is to be regretted," said this judge, "that prosecuting counsel in the heat of a contest and his desire for victory sometimes forgets that he owes the defendant a solemn duty of fairness, as he is bound to give the state full measure of earnestness. We have no doubt that in the present case the prosecutor's demeanor and his improper questions deprived the defendant of that fair trial which should have been his under the law."

In effect the city of Los Angeles by its action has announced to the world at large what the world has long been aware of; that under existing conditions the law is a purchasable commodity, not in the sense of wrongful influence, but because the longest purse may buy the services of the ablest lawyers, the highest-priced experts, and the most complicated and efficacious machinery with which to block or invoke legal results.

In effect the city of Los Angeles has said:

"We shall so order the conduct of our courts that no man, be he merchant prince or pauper laborer, shall say an advantage has been had over him when placed on trial for his life, his liberty, or his possessions."

Best Selling Book of the Month

Gilbert Parker's "You Never Know Your Luck"

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor Bookseller and Stationer

Although not first in the list of best selling books in Canada for the past month, Sir Gilbert Parker's "You Never Know Your Luck," not in the list at all last month jumped up to second place, Locke's "Fortunate Youth" retaining the lead. A year ago "The Judgment House," by Parker, was the best selling book in Canada and the fact that this author was represented among the top-notch sellers twice in one year indicates the strong hold he has upon the Canadian reading public. In this newest tale he returns to the Canadian West, the scene of the book that was his first big success.

FOR the second time within a year a book by Sir Gilbert Parker is included in the list of six best selling novels in Canada and while the latest story is by no means as ambitious an undertaking as "The Judgment House," it has the verve and straightforward interest of his earlier tales and, as with them, the setting is the Canadian West, that limitless storehouse of inspiration for fiction writers, of whom Gilbert Parker was the pioneer.

In the proem to "You Never Know Your Luck," a picture is presented of "A sea of gold, with gentle billows tell-

ing of sleep and not of storm, which, like regiments afoot, salute the reaper and say: 'All is fulfilled in the light of the sun and the way of the earth; let the sharp knife fall.'

Arcady? Look closely. Here and there, like islands in the shining yellow sea, are houses—sometimes in clumps of trees, sometimes only like bare-backed domesticity or naked industry in the work-

* * *

Not Arcady; and yet many of the joys of Arcady are here—bright, singing birds, wide adventurous rivers, innumerable

streams, the squirrel in the wood and bracken, the wildcat stealing through the undergrowth, the lizard glittering by the stone, the fish leaping in the stream, the plaint of the whippoorwill, the call of the bluebird, the golden flash of the oriole, the *honk* of the wild geese overhead, the whirr of the mallard from the sedge. And, more than all, a human voice declaring by its joy in song that not only God looks upon the world and finds it good.

Thus is the reader ushered along into chapter one and an introduction to a heroine, all gold, who is wonderfully in keeping with the golden land that is her home. And true gold does she prove to be to the end of the tale.

Kitty Tynan is described as nothing else than a symphony in gold—hair, cheeks, eyes, skin, laugh and voice all the more beautiful as she looks out from her home over the “field of the cloth of gold.” She is thoroughly in tune with the scene. However, the story, as its sub-title states, is one of “a matrimonial deserter” not primarily of golden Kitty Tynan, but what a blessed influence in the subsequent life of the one to whom the title does apply, did Kitty exert! He was Shiel Crozier, born to wealth as the heir of Castlegarry, in County Kerry, Ireland, but came to financial grief that drove him from home, choosing to cut himself away from kith and kin and country rather than live on the bounty of his wealthy young wife with whom he was not in tune.

As J. G. Kerry he started anew and aight in Askatoon and was one of the boarders at the home of Mrs. Tyndall Tynan, mother of Kitty. The mother was the widow of an engineer who had lost his life on one of the new railways of the West and the pension that came to the widow was not sufficient, so for seven years at the time of the opening of this story, she had kept boarders.

The father had been a man of intelligence which the daughter to a real degree had inherited; “but the mother, as kind a soul as ever lived, was a product of southern English rural life—a little sumptuous, but wholesome and for her daughter’s sake at least, keeping herself well within the moral pale in the midst of marked temptations.”

Here, for five years, Crozier, as J. G. Kerry, had made his home in which time no communication passed between him and his wife back in the home land.

Then came a crisis in his life in which the machinations of one Burlingame, whose enmity he had earned by crossing a vile purpose of that pusillanimous individual, played an important part.

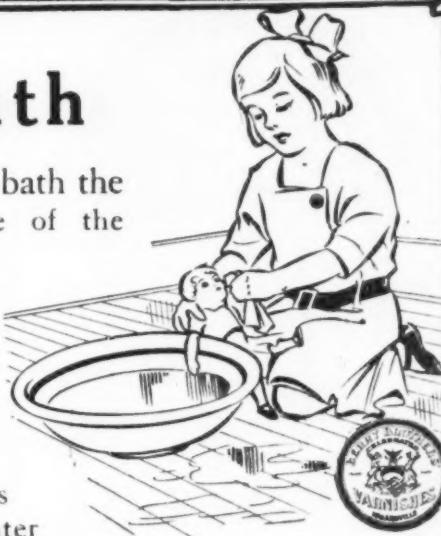
Burlingame was a lawyer and it so transpired that Kerry was a witness at a trial and Burlingame was able by cross-examination to make him reveal facts of his life before coming to Askatoon and that his real name was Shiel Crozier.

Subsequently Crozier tells the Tynan household his whole story. His life had been such that he had naturally drifted into a set whose passion was betting. As a boy he would bet on any conceivable thing and at church would try to guess the number of the hymn that was on the

Dolly's Bath

When dolly is given her bath the floor usually gets its share of the “scrubbing.”

But when the floor is varnished with Liquid Granite, mother needn’t worry. There will be no white spots or rings to show where the floor was splashed—soap and hot water serve merely to clean the tough, elastic surface. Floors finished with



Liquid Granite

may even be scrubbed and mopped when necessary without dimming their lustre or beauty. Liquid Granite gives all interior woodwork a marvellously durable, rich-toned finish that resists the effects of water and the hardest sort of wear and tear.

Liquid Granite is but one of many celebrated varnishes made by Berry Brothers, the largest manufacturers of varnishes in the world.

There's a Berry Brothers Varnish for every finishing need—a varnish backed by a manufacturing experience of over half a century.

Ask the Berry Brothers dealer in your home town or write us direct for any information on the varnish question.

BERRY BROTHERS
INCORPORATED
World's Largest Varnish Makers

Established 1858

WALKERVILLE - ONTARIO

A Tip to Our Subscribers

Every subscription is entered under the name of the town from which the subscription is received. If you change your address and desire to receive your magazine without delay, always give us your old address in addition to your new one, otherwise we are unable to make the correction in our mailing list. As we publish fourteen magazines and newspapers, please mention MacLean's Magazine in your letter.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO



In making jams and jellies the least expensive item is the sugar

YET the sugar is the most important ingredient because if its quality is not right, your confections will ferment, spoil, not be sufficiently sweet or be flavourless.

With St. Lawrence Sugar results are always satisfactory.

St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar is sold in 2 lb. and 5 lb. sealed cartons, and in bags of 10 lbs., 20 lbs., 25 lbs., 50 lbs., and 100 lbs.

Order a bag of St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar Blue Tag—the Medium Size Grain—This size suits most people best; good grocers everywhere can supply you.

St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal.

FINE GRAIN 4-7-14 **MED. GRAIN**

COARSE GRAIN

sheet in the vicar's hands before he gave it out. After serious reverses had come a time when things balanced pretty nicely and he had married. But ill-fortune had followed and eventually, in spite of a promise made to his wife never to bet on a horse race again, he had picked such a sure thing in "Flamingo," at the Derby, that he had staked his all on that horse in the certain confidence of recouping his fortune. The advent of a mad woman who pulled down Flamingo as the horse was on the home stretch for victory, lost the race and practically the last of Crozier's money. What he had left was sufficient to take him to Askatoon.

Before leaving, a letter from his wife had been placed in his hands by her brother. Crozier had guessed its contents and for five years had kept the letter unopened.

How that letter, with the marvelous self-sacrifice of Kitty Tynan, was the means, by her instrumentality, of bringing about the reconciliation of Shiel Crozier and his wife, at the same time checkmating the nefarious efforts of Burlingame and the group he represented, who wanted to freeze Crozier out of a syndicate that in the end made him a wealthy man, forms the climax of the story.

Following is a brief personal sketch of Sir Gilbert as written by himself and recently published in England:

"My father was a British officer of artillery, who first went to Canada in his very young manhood, at the time of the Rebellion of 1837, and went out again before troops were finally withdrawn from the Dominion. When they were withdrawn he decided to settle there.

"While I was taking my university course, I was tutoring and lecturing at twenty and twenty-one. I fancy that it was easier for me to speak then than it is now. Eloquence is the easiest thing to acquire—thought is a different acquisition altogether.

"I did not begin to write for the public till I landed in Australia, a boy of twenty-one. I had no intention of staying there, but had gone to the South Seas on a trip for my health with the money I had saved.

At twenty-one I lectured in the chief cities of Australia, made a big journey in the interior, and was about to sail for England when I was offered the post of associate editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, at a salary which, including payment for extra work, represented four figures. I omitted to state that I landed in Australia with £60.

"I had the good fortune when in connection with the *Sydney Morning Herald* to make trips as its special commissioner to different parts of the South Seas.

"Then I began to write plays. Playwriting, not fiction, was my first appeal to the general public.

"George Rignold, who was famous for his acting of *Henry V.*, produced three plays of mine, all of which were successful, and brought me in more cash than I had ever thought of having from the pen, and kudos beyond my modest dreams.

"I wish I had the heart-rending tale to tell of the attic or the garret, and the meal at the cab-shelter. I have not, but I did not work less hard for all that.

"In Australia I worked fifteen hours a day. To-day I suppose I fill in as many hours with hard work as any man in this country, systematically, determinedly and not allowing my feelings to control my will.

"'Pierre and His People,' which was my first book of fiction, produced in 1892, had followed a visit, after some years, to Quebec and the North-West of Canada. It was an immediate success, though not sensational in its sales."

CANADIAN SUMMARY.

1. The Fortunate Youth. Locke 134
2. You Never Know Your Luck. Parker 114
3. Diane of the Green Van. Dalrymple 96
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill ... 76
5. The Price of Love. Bennett 46
6. When Ghost Meets Ghost. DeMorgan 44

BEST SELLERS IN ENGLAND.

(Compiled for Bookseller and Stationer by W. H. Smith & Son.)

1. Judge's Chair. Eden Philpotts.
2. Lady Ursula's Husband. F. Warden.
3. The New Road. Nell Munro.
4. Dr. Ivor's Wife. Mary Kernalan.
5. Tents of a Night. Mary Findlater.
6. Vandover and the Brute. F. Norris.



General Gorgas

See page 90

The Tortoise

Continued from Page 36.

ficulty restrained myself from laughing at the thought of how funny we three must have looked. The same idea had probably occurred to my companion for, in stealing a glance at her, I noted that the color had come back into her cheeks and that the corners of her mouth twitched suspiciously. Conscious of my scrutiny she turned her head. Our glances met and spontaneously we burst out laughing.

That broke up the pursuit. Larry could not stay there to be laughed at. He almost immediately threw on full speed and swung past us recklessly. He did not look at Alice in passing, but gave me the benefit of a stare that was positively malignant. He didn't say a word. He didn't need to; I could read his intentions in his glance and knew that I had made an active enemy.

Barlow made formal declaration of war the next day. I had returned to the store after lunch and was going through my mail which I had not had a chance to attend to before. The last letter I opened was from the business manager of the Star. It briefly notified me that the Star would find it necessary to cancel my advertising contract and that henceforth the use of its columns would not be open to me.

My first feeling was one of blank amazement. My account with the Star was a large one but, more important still, my advertising campaign had stirred up the other merchants in town to publicity work. The Star had seen prosperous days since I entered into the retail business. It was strange that Larry would intentionally take a step that spelled pecuniary loss to himself. That he had done so bore tribute to the intensity of the ill-will he had conceived for me.

The next feeling I experienced was one of dismay. My business had been built up very largely on advertising and, as the Star was the only daily paper published in town, it was very necessary to me. How I would keep my business up without the opportunity of daily appeals to the bargain-cupidity of the people of Martinville was a problem that I had not the nerve at once to consider. But I knew this was the problem I would have to meet unless by any chance I could wrest control of the Star from Barlow; for the note from the business manager, I knew, was in effect an ultimatum from Larry. He would never recede from that position.

After several hours of hard thinking I originated a plan of action and on the spur of the moment rushed out to put it into execution. Crossing the street I made my way up to the shop of old Jed Jarvis, who ran a one-horse job-printing plant in a gloomy little hole above a tobacco store and pool-room.

Old Jed was a drunkard, a scholar, a philosopher, and a socialist rolled into one; but whether drunk or sober, whether setting up type from his dust-laden case or discoursing learnedly on Plato and

Karl Marx, he was always sincere, amusing, and pretty much of a gentleman.

"The Star has washed its hands of me," I announced.

"How's that?" asked Jed, squinting at me over the top of his case.

"They won't accept any more advertising from me," I explained. "I suppose Anderson, the manager, is acting on instructions from the man higher up. Anyway I can't use the columns of the Star any more."

Jed spat disgustedly, emphatically, but nevertheless accurately, at the battered spittoon beneath his case.

"When they were making up that puny edition of mankind called Hiram Anderson, someone must have pied the brain form," he declared. "And that Star crowd call themselves journalists! Why the rag never showed any signs of life until you forced the other merchants here to advertise. Anyway, you're well out of the Star, son. A real newspaper presides in the parlor of public opinion but this imitation paper aims no higher than a voice in the scullery of peanut politics. It's spineless, spavined, pigeon-toed policy has always made me ashamed to call myself a journalist!"

"We're going to start a sort of opposition paper," I said. "And we'll make you editor, Jed."

The old printer sat up very straight at that.

"Son," he said, almost tremulously, "it's always been my ambition to have a regular column in which to tell the dear, benighted, chuckle-headed public what I think about 'em. I've felt the spirit of Horace Greeley and George Brown stirring in me for half a century. Give me a medium of utterance and I'll turn this town upside down."

He did. We put out a small single sheet paper, sixteen inches by twelve, and called it the Daily Blast. Jed Jarvis took the front for two columns of skits on local matters and I used the back for my advertisement. I gave Jed two dollars a day and paid for the paper and supplies. Jed wrote all the matter and set the whole sheet up by hand. I hired a couple of boys to distribute copies of the paper each night to every home in town. It cost me more than I had been paying the Star but I soon realized that it was worth every cent that I paid out.

Martinville had never been accustomed to candid comment on local topics, the policy of the Star being opposed to frank utterance, except where certain interests were to be served. Jed Jarvis' caustic remarks and outspoken criticisms of all things official set the town rocking. He had a dry wit all his own and a power of withering sarcasm that soon brought people to the point where they looked for the arrival of the Blast as the event of the day.

My advertising was read as never before and this, added to the sympathy which

YOUR HAIR COMES OUT In Combfuls



It's a Pity When CUTICURA SOAP

Shampoos and light dressings of Cuticura Ointment remove dandruff, allay irritation, and promote hair-growing conditions.

SAMPLES FREE

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post card to nearest dealer for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbern, 27, Charterhouse, Soho, London, Eng.; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.S.

MADAME DUCHATELLIER

Sole Inventor of Appliances for Modifying the Shape of the Nose. Patent S.G.D.G. (France and abroad). Narrows, Straightens, Reduces Noses all shapes, and is suitable for all cases.



Beware of Imitations.

Brass Medal, Brussels, 1910.

Special Treatment for Red Noses, Blackheads, Acne, Pimples, etc.

Cream of Beauty gives youth and freshness. *Peerless Rice Powder*, "Sans pareille," makes skin like velvet and *Massage Cream* removes wrinkles. *Care of the Face, the Nose, the Eyes*. *Chin Strap* reduces double chins. *Creme Greque* develops the bust and strengthens it. *The Argentine Cream* whitens and gives beauty to the hands.

Only address 209, Rue St. Honore, PARIS

Blue-Jay

Ends One-Half the Corns

Do you know that nearly half the corns in the country are now ended in one way?

Blue-jay takes out a million corns a month. It frees from corns legions of people daily. Since its invention it has ended sixty million corns.

The way is quick and easy, painless and efficient. Apply **Blue-jay** at night. From that time on you will forget the corn.

Then **Blue-jay** gently undermines the corn. In 48 hours the loosened corn comes out. There is no pain, no soreness.

Don't pare your corns. There is danger in it, and it brings only brief relief.

Don't use old-time treatments. They have never been efficient.

Do what millions do—use **Blue-jay**. It is modern, scientific. And it ends the corn completely in an easy, pleasant way.

Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

The Investor's Primer

A Concise Handbook by John Moody, containing definitions of all the important terms and phrases employed in the investment and banking business. Part 1 covers the definitions of Finance. Part 2 gives specific information regarding various of Preferred and Guaranteed Stocks.

Price \$1.00. Send all orders to

MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
143-149 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

the action of the Star earned for me, made the next three months particularly busy and profitable ones.

I had to act in the capacity of editorial censor, as otherwise Jed would have plunged us into endless trouble. But one day I was called out of town and the inevitable happened. The preceding day Jed had said to me:

"Hadn't we better pitch into Barlow a little now? It's his turn."

"No," I had replied, "not yet." When I returned next night the first item I read in the Blast had to do with my erstwhile chum. It ran as follows.—

"Our enterprising young financial magnate, Lawrence Barlow, is reported to have secured a working control of the stock of Union Electric. This was quite to be expected of Larry, but one cannot help speculating as to the nature of the scientific porch-climbing methods that he adopted to secure this stock."

In explanation it may be stated that the Union Electric Co. controlled the light, power and traction situation in town. As the corporation had succeeded in extracting perpetual franchises from the council, the stock was considered to be of exceptional value and when a man was lucky enough to own some Union Electric he generally locked it away in his safe and scoffed at offers of purchase.

I knew there would be trouble over Jed's rash comment, and it was not long in coming. Barlow got me on the telephone early that evening.

"I've just got one thing to say to you, Haven," he remarked in a voice that vibrated with suppressed feeling. "You're responsible for that low scurrilous rag called the Blast. I'm going to put you out of business and I'm going to jail Jed Jarvis. That's all!" And he rang off.

Barlow's next move followed rapidly. Dunderdale, the messenger for the bank I did business with, brought me the first word.

"That vacant store down the street's to be fitted up," he announced.

"What for?" I asked.

"I guess you're to have opposition," said Dunderdale.

"Any idea who it is?"

"Of course I'm not telling you but—" said the messenger in a cautious whisper—"it's whispered that Barlow is financing it. Bucknell will be manager."

In two weeks the new store was fully launched under Bucknell's name. Everyone in town knew, however, that it was Barlow who was backing it; and there were few who did not guess at his motive.

I realized from the first the seriousness of the situation. The stock carried in the opposition store, paralleled my own to the last detail. They cut prices to the bone, sometimes offering quick-selling lines at prices which I knew were below the actual cost of the goods. They advertised heavily, employed a high-priced window-trimmer and spared no expense to make the store attractive.

If I had attempted to follow the pace, my ruin would have been accomplished in rapid order. It was a game at which I

----- STYLES -----



carried to extremes, are usually ridiculous.

Of course you don't want to be ridiculous but you do want to be stylish.

There is no way in which you can add so much of style, so inexpensively, to your new dresses as by the use of covered buttons. Of the same shade or of contrasting color,

they form a trimming that is in the best of taste and the height of fashion.

We are able to supply you or make to your order any style or color of button—as well as pleating, hemstitching, scalloping, etc.

For prices and booklet, write

TORONTO PLEATING COMPANY
Dept. F TORONTO, ONT. 3



Three Favorite Tales

Made of the highest quality talc money can buy—milled to infinite smoothness, and then perfumed with the genuine "CORSON" perfumes.

Ideal Orchid Corson's Pomander Violet

Don't buy cheap, inferior talcs, coarsely milled and cheaply scented, when by asking for **CORSON'S** you can get the best.

Ask your Druggist

Made by
SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED, TORONTO

would have no chance of ultimate victory, for Barlow could keep on throwing in money until I was forced to surrender. If I met one cut, he could go me one better.

Recognizing this, I decided at once that I would adopt a passive attitude and allow the opposition to run its course. I stopped buying goods, discontinued the Blast and all other forms of advertising and lightened up my expenses in every possible detail. I did not drop my prices a single copper. With the money on hand I figured that I could keep the store open for three months and pay all expenses even if I didn't sell a cent's worth of goods. If the worst came to the worst I could call upon Uncle John for further ammunition to aid me in standing siege.

Bucknell soon had practically all the trade of the town. No consideration such as friendship for me or disapproval of the tactics of Barlow could withstand the lure of the low prices offered at the new store. Some of my old customers would drop in and price goods which they required.

"I'd like to buy from you," they would say, "but you're asking half as much again as Bucknell's. Can't you meet the price?"

"You'll do me a kindness," I would reply, "if you buy as much stuff at these bargain prices as you can. The more they sell the more they lose; and the more they lose the quicker they'll go out of business and leave me alone. I don't blame you in the least for dealing there. But it would be suicide for me to follow their lead."

A few of my best customers continued to deal with me but there were some days when I didn't sell a dollar's worth of goods.

I hung on for three months, grimly waiting to see how long Larry's desire for revenge would keep the upper hand over his natural cupidity. By the end of the third month my bank account was getting perilously low.

For the next few weeks, Larry threw all pretence to the winds, and took hold of the business himself. He certainly made things hum, selling a volume of goods by sheer force of colossal price cutting which hurt the dry goods business in town for a good year afterward. He oversold the town.

But as I had gone to Uncle John for further backing, this whirlwind campaign did not bring me any closer to the verge of backing out. I figured that I could pay my expenses for four months more if Larry continued his attempt to effect my commercial extermination at the gait he was then going.

But Larry had had just about enough. He had expected me to meet him half way in the fight and nothing but a quick decision had been in his mind when he tossed his hat into the mercantile ring. He had not stopped to count the cost. Bucknell had shown his usual lack of judgment and in the matter of expenses the total had reached such a figure that Larry must have spent some bad nights going over the sheets. I feel sure that after the first month Larry regretted his

Frantz Premier

Electric
Cleaner



Get Acquainted with the Pleasures of Your Breeze-Swept Porch —

Gain Time, Comfort and Contentment by Cleaning with a Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner! It means Freedom from the Heavy Task of Sweeping and Dusting!

9 A.M. and the day's work done! Not a bit of dirt, dust or lint to be found. All the floor coverings have been cleaned and purified. The home fairily glows with sunny freshness. And time gained to spend in the alluring green outdoors.

That's the program of seventy-five thousand American housewives on these hot summer days. They use a Frantz Premier.

The price of the FRANTZ PREMIER has been reduced from \$35 to \$32. —in the Dominion of Canada. Our multiplied output (100,000 this year) and efficient factory methods enable us to make this attractive price to you, and without any sacrifice of quality.

Profit by this big saving.

Phone or call on the FRANTZ PREMIER dealer to-day. If you don't know who he is, drop us a postal. We will be delighted to give you the name of your nearest dealer and arrange for a demonstration on your own rugs. WRITE TO-DAY.

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co.
Cleveland, U.S.A.

\$32.00



Why bake or roast blindly?

The "Boss" glass door oven eliminates guesswork and worry. Without opening it you can see your bakings brown perfectly—never burning or chilling them. No heat is wasted, no time lost. The Boss saves fuel. It is fully asbestos lined, heats in two minutes, bakes uniformly.

Try the BOSS OVEN 30 days

Order a "BOSS" from your dealer to-day. Test it 30 days. Your money refunded immediately if not satisfactory. Guaranteed to work on good Oil, Gasoline or Gas Stoves. Patented glass door guaranteed not to break from heat. Genuine stamped "BOSS."

Write now for free booklet and dealers' names.

The Huenefeld Co., 899 Valley Street - Cincinnati, Ohio



Sold by dealers throughout Canada

The Way to Easier, Better Housecleaning Demonstrated

Every visitor to Toronto's big exhibition this year will have the opportunity of viewing our exhibit of Cadillac Vacuum Cleaners. There will be seven different models in all, both electrically operated and also hand-operated machines, specially adapted for vacuum cleaning in homes without electricity.



The Hand Sweeper and Vacuum Cleaner

CADILLAC Vacuum Cleaners

will do your housecleaning quicker, better and with far less trouble than by the old-time methods. And at our booth, we will demonstrate the superiority of the Cadillac Machines. Let this be a personal invitation from us to you to visit us at The Canadian National Exhibition (August 29th to September 12th). We will be located underneath the Grand Stand, first entrance, west end.

Visit us or write for full information.

**Clements Mfg. Co.
Limited**

78 Duchess Street, Toronto



The
New
Model
Electric
for

\$25.00

Don't fail to
see the
"Reliable,"
an attractive
proposition
for Dealers
or Agents.

**TO KEEP
JAMS RIGHT
SEAL THEM
TIGHT**



A thin coating of pure, refined

Parowax

poured over the tops of the jars will keep out mould and fermentation indefinitely. It is the easiest way and the safest way.

Put up in handy one-pound cartons. Four cakes to a carton.
Your grocer keeps Parowax.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited

Toronto
Ottawa
Halifax

Montreal
Quebec
St. John

Winnipeg
Calgary
Regina

Vancouver
Edmonton
Saskatoon



impetuosity in taking on the fight. This led to his desire to bring it to a quick finish—and consequently he was beaten from the start.

At the end of the first four months, a traveler gave me the tip that Bucknell had stopped buying goods. Larry left town ostensibly on a business trip, but in reality, I believe, to avoid facing out the failure of his attempt. And two weeks later the store was closed.

I immediately resumed publication of the *Blast*, and business flowed back to my store pretty much as though no interruption had occurred. The interruption, so I learned afterward, had cost Larry a good \$8,000. I had lost over \$1,000 myself; it was a costly victory.

I knew enough about Larry Barlow to realize that he was not through with me by any means. He returned to town surcharged with animosity and I waited in daily expectation of the attack breaking out in another quarter. I considered my position carefully, but could not see a single breach in my defences. But there was a breach; and Larry did not take long in finding it.

The owner of the store I occupied was a retired farmer of considerable means, named Withrow. My lease expired on the first of the year and, when I went about the first of December to see about a renewal I experienced a distinct shock.

"Can't renew," said the owner. "I've given an option of the property until the first of the year, and expect it will be taken up."

"Barlow, of course?"

"Yes, Mr. Barlow holds the option."

There were only two other stands in town where I could carry on business with any degree of profit to myself, and I lost no time in getting around to see the owners. At both places I got the same answer. They had given options on their property and could not entertain any proposition from me. Larry had done his work with characteristic thoroughness.

Thoroughly dejected, I dropped in to talk it over with Jed Jarvis, who had gone back to his work of editing the *Blast* with renewed vim. Jed received the news quite philosophically.

"I heard something to-day that will make old Withrow weep real tears when he finds out about it," he said. "Union Electric are going to add a new car line for the North Ward people, as you know. I'm told the new line will branch off at your corner. Do you see what that means? That corner will become the busiest in town, and the value of the property will go up at least 50 per cent. A nice profit for Barlow, eh?"

"That's the best piece of news I've heard!" I exclaimed. "I think I see my way out of this mess now."

Without pausing to enlighten the old printer as to my plans, I hurried back to see Withrow again. His chagrin on learning the news was quite as poignant as Jed had predicted.

"The young scamp! He's swindled me!" he exclaimed, with tears in his voice, if not in his eyes. "And there isn't a loophole anywhere for me to get out of my bargain!"



Kitchen and Pantry All in One!

The great feature about a KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET is that it provides one place in which everything for kitchen use may be kept. There are dust-proof canisters, jars and bins, flour sifter, sugar holder, sliding shelves, dish racks, pot and pan receptacle, and bright aluminum extension top that forms a clean, sanitary work board when pulled out.

With a KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET you can sit down to your work and have everything ready to hand. We make them in many handsome styles and several sizes. Write for booklet "A" showing the various designs.

Look for the Trade-Mark.



Sold by best furniture stores in every town and city.

THE KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET CO., LTD.
HANOVER, ONTARIO

"I'll find one," I said. "Will you give me a lease for five years, provisional on my finding some means of preventing Barlow from taking up that option?"

"If we can agree on terms," assented Withrow.

The next day, having settled up matters satisfactorily with Withrow and perfected a plan of action, I called on Adam Handy, the leading real estate man in town.

"I'm afraid I'll have to move, Mr. Handy," I said. "My lease on the present place is up at the first of the year, and Withrow doesn't seem inclined to do anything for me. It would cost a lot to fix that place up. I had intended to put in a new store front and improve the interior generally and, in fact, I went so far that an architect is coming up from Toronto to-morrow to look the building over. After he sends in his report I'll make up my mind definitely, but I think I can say now what it will be. I'll be compelled to move, I'm afraid. So you might look up another store for me."

"What's the matter with the building?" asked Handy, an extremely fat man, with shrewd, little eyes which were said to possess the uncanny faculty of seeing inside the pockets and check-books of prospective customers. He worked hand-in-glove with Larry Barlow on all real estate deals, and had, as a matter of fact, secured the option from Withrow. His interest in the building, therefore, was sufficient to put a certain amount of anxiety into his tone.

"I don't want to say anything about the place, especially as I'm likely to move out at once," I replied. "But, just between you and me, Mr. Handy, I'm glad the building inspector never dropped around there."

"Huh! What's that?" asked Handy, all interest now. "The building isn't dangerous, is it?"

I hesitated a moment.

"Of course not," I replied, with an air of suddenly assumed caution. "But it's just possible the inspector's report might make a difference in the price the property would bring. Well, we're both busy men, Mr. Handy, so I'll trot along. You might let me know in a few days what you can do for me."

I could tell by the expression of Handy's face that my purpose had been accomplished. The next day the architect arrived, and I had him go thoroughly over the building with the idea of giving me a report on it. In addition, he was to prepare plans for a new front and a complete renovation of the main floor. I took pains to have him conduct his outside examination during the busiest time of the day, when he would be sure to be noticed. And I stuck right at his elbow.

Early next morning, the town building inspector dropped over to see me. John Connel was a big, lanky fellow, with a long, ropy neck, a nose that protruded so startlingly that it gave him a top-heavy appearance and a lazy nasal drawl. He was a power in municipal politics, which accounted for his occupancy of the various offices of building inspector, health

Mark your linen with

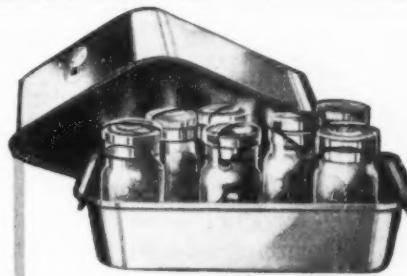


Required by Schools and Colleges

Any name in fast color thread can be woven into fine white cambric tape. \$2.00 for 12 doz., \$1.25 for 6 doz., 50c for 3 doz., duty paid. More than save their cost by preventing laundry losses. Orders filled in a week through your dealer, or write for samples, order blanks, catalogues of woven names, trimmings, frillings, etc., direct to

J. & J. CASH, Ltd.

301B St. James St., Montreal Can. or 300 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn., U.S.A.



Can Your Peaches This Year in the Better, Easier Way

PARE peaches and put into jars. For each pint jar take half a cup of water and a cup of sugar. Make a syrup of the sugar and water, and fill the jars full. Fasten the covers loosely and set in a "Wear-Ever" Roaster—filling the lower half with water. Cover and let come to a boil. Steam about ten minutes. Take out the jars one at a time and fill each to the top with the boiling syrup and seal. You will have peaches, perfect in shape and color—and with less work and fuel, if you use the

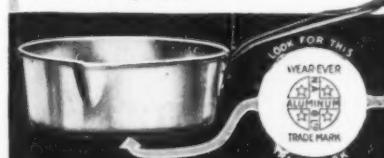
"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Roaster

Pears, plums, pineapples—all can be "put up" in the same easy way. In this same Roaster you can steam vegetables, you can roast meat without basting, you can bake fish in the oven, you can bake apples or potatoes on top of the stove, you can use it for a bread box. It is the pan you use every day the year around. The enormous pressure of rolling mill and stamping machines makes the metal in "Wear-Ever" utensils dense, hard and smooth. They give enduring satisfaction—cannot chip or rust—are pure and safe.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

If "Wear-Ever" utensils are not obtainable at your dealer's, mail us 10 two-cent stamps and we will send you a one-quart (wine measure) "Wear-Ever" Stewpan—stamps to be returned if pan is not satisfactory. Send to-day for booklet, "Canning and Preserving"—it tells everything you should know about putting up fruits and vegetables.



Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Dept. 44, Toronto, Ontario
Send me, prepaid, a 1-qt. (wine measure) "Wear-Ever" Stewpan, for which I enclose 20c in stamps—to be refunded if I'm not satisfied.
Name Address
I buy cooking ware of (Dealer's Name).....

JAEGER

Fine Pure Wool

Safety in Jaeger Underwear

All Jaeger Goods have a health value.

Light Jaeger Summer Underwear has the same health-preserving quality as the heaviest Winter Weight. It is cool and comfortable and preserves the body against chills.

All weights and sizes for men, women and children.



For Sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion

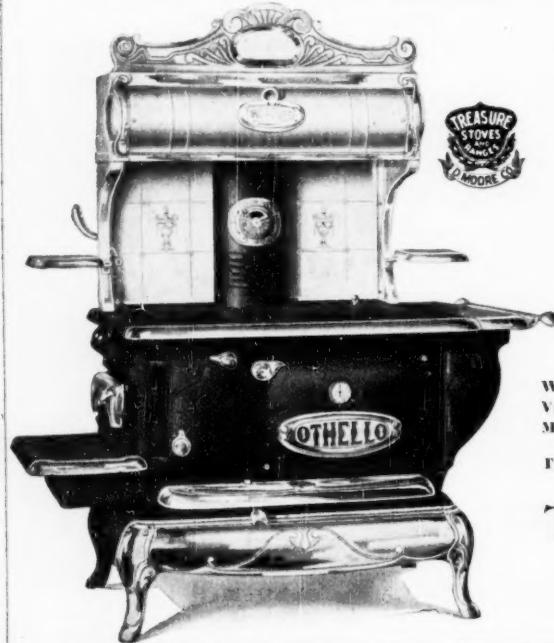
Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO. WINNIPEG

TORONTO MONTREAL

Have You Seen "Othello" The Wonder-Worker?

Watch for our Exhibit at the Toronto Fair

"OTHELLO" TREASURE RANGE is the most up-to-date range that man's inventive genius has devised. Housewives have dreamed of such a range. "OTHELLO," the wonder-worker, is a TREASURE and a PLEASURE. It does away with the danger of burning or spoiling the baking, gives maximum comfort, with every facility to gladden the heart of the busy housewife. All "OTHELLO" RANGES fitted with steel oven bottom to ensure quick, even baking. The FIREPOT is so constructed that no fuel is wasted. The Fireback and Firefront are interlocking and interchangeable. The WATERFRONT is extra large and will heat a Sixty Gallon Boiler easily. Glass Oven Door supplied if ordered. Tile in High Closet, made with special process, will not crack or discolor.



DON'T MISS SEEING OUR EXHIBIT AT THE TORONTO EXHIBITION. OUR SALESMEN WILL BE PLEASED TO GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION OR ANSWER YOUR ENQUIRIES. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR BOOKLET, OR WRITE.

—AGENTS—

Winnipeg, Man. - Merrick-Anderson Co.
Vancouver, B.C. - - John Burns.
Montreal, P.Q. - H. G. Jackson,
2128 St. Lawrence Blvd.
Toronto, Ont., The Adams Furniture Co.

The D. Moore Co.
Limited
Hamilton, Ontario

Excellent Engravings

at low rates

We have in stock a large number of cuts which have been used in the editorial columns of this publication. Any person desiring any of these can secure them at greatly reduced prices, in some cases for less than the photographs cost us. Make your selection from either past or current issues and write us.

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited
143-149 University Avenue

Toronto

and sanitary inspector and relief officer. What he didn't know about buildings would constitute almost a complete encyclopaedia on the subject.

"What's wrong with this building?" he drawled.

"Nothing," I replied, sharply. "Why?"

"I've heard rumors that the place was in bad condition," he said. "Anyway, it's my duty as building inspector to look it over, and if it's in bad condition I'll be forced to make the owner fix it up."

"You wouldn't condemn it, would you?" I asked. "It would kill my trade if you did."

"Not necessarily," replied Connel. "Anyway, I'll look it over now."

"Why not wait for a week or so," I suggested. "I had an architect from Toronto going over the building yesterday, and his report will be in soon. You could take it and verify his findings. It would save a lot of work."

Connel accepted the suggestion eagerly. The plan would enable him to put in an accurate report without any effort on his part; and as he hardly knew a joist from a base-board, this way out relieved what might have been an awkward situation for him.

After he left I indulged in a quiet laugh; for I could see my way clear now. It was obvious that Handy had gone to Barlow with his news, and that Barlow had sent the building inspector around. Anyone familiar with Larry's methods would know what his next move would be. If convinced that the building was in bad condition, he would let his option drop, have the inspector condemn the property, and then buy it in on a much lower basis. In the meantime, he would hush up the matter of the street railway extension.

I had arranged with the architect to get his report in by the first day of the year, and it took some diplomacy to stave the inspector off until that time. With Larry urging him on to get definite information, Connel kept dropping in every few days. I kept the coals of Connel's suspicion fanned by elaborate efforts to impress him with the safety of the building.

Early in the last week of the year, I went down to see Handy again.

"I must have a new store at once," I told him. "It's very urgent, Mr. Handy. My lease expires next week."

"I haven't been able to find anything that will suit you," he replied. "What's the matter? Won't Withrow give you any satisfaction?"

"He seemed anxious to sell," I replied. "In fact, he hinted to me yesterday that he had practically closed a deal to get it off his hands."

"By the way, any word from that architect yet?" asked Handy, in a casual tone.

"No report yet. Of course, I've heard from him."

"Perhaps the new owner of the store will renew your lease," suggested Handy, craftily.

I pretended to walk into the trap.

"No, I don't want to renew," I said.

"I want a new store."

would play such a trick to the shame of art and truth!"

"Father!" Valerie sank at his feet. Her simple loyalty had not the resourcefulness to invent any explanation.

Rodd, with a realizing sense of the situation, found himself playing a new part which, in his philosophy, was guaranteed by the views of Toinette about the righteousness of some lies.

"*Maestro*," he said gently, putting that strong hand of his on the teacher's shoulder, "you forget how a child's love for her blind father may give her the spark!"

The *maestro* shrugged his shoulders. They could say, if his weak lungs could not, that he understood how the accomplices in the plot would come to the rescue of his daughter.

"But proof is the only way," continued Rodd. "Toinette was on the stage at ten-thirty in Philadelphia. It is now eleven forty-five. How could she be in two places at once? If you could take the train with Valerie you would find her sound asleep after her evening's work, I am sure."

The *maestro's* emaciated figure was revitalized with hope, and the "big, terrible, knowing, good manager," who could not have been a great impresario if he had not had art enough in his heart to understand the *maestro*, quashed his engagements as decisively as Rodd had and remarked, in the most casual way:

"A good idea; I've got to take the twelve-thirty to Philadelphia. *Maestro*, will you come? It is on the way to Arizona, too."

"Oh, if you are right," said the *maestro*, "how happy I shall be forever, dreaming of Valerie's triumph!"

Inside the housing of the *Falcon* on the way back, Toinette removed the grease paint and was her young self again.

"The spark of my toes makes its poor little bow to the spark of your motor," she said, as Rodd bade her good-night on the roof of the Aragon; "and wherever you go may the *bon Dieu* watch over you!"

A Business Man in Politics

Continued from Page 42.

sisting on proved merit as the price of connection with the colonial service. Shirt-sleeves administration, as Americans call it, was the regime installed by the fearless innovator who learned to "hustle" in the frenzied din of Wall Street.

Dernburg is in his fiftieth year. Stocky of build, square-shouldered, with a grizzly brown beard framing a set of heavy jaws, determination and force are writ large across his physiognomy, which bears distinct traces of Hebraic extraction. He is descended from a long line of Hessian-Rhenish ancestors, so famed for intellectual attainments as scholars, rabbis, lawyers and writers, that bright men in the region were described as having "Dernburg heads." As a lad of nineteen, Dernburg was sent to study banking methods in New York, where he served a three-year's apprenticeship. Returning to

Let Us Send You a Diamond ON CREDIT

\$35
36200

\$60
36065

Our new easy payment plan enables you to get a beautiful Diamond that you will be proud of; that increases in value from year to year; proves a better investment than a savings bank account; and gives you the mark of success.

Pay only a small payment down when you get the

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS

We furnish a guarantee certificate with every Diamond and allow the full purchase price on all exchanges. We will send, express prepaid, any Diamond or other article, for examination and approval, you to be the sole judge as to whether you keep it or return it at our expense.

We have been in business since 1886 and have thousands

Diamond, then easy monthly payments to fit your purse. Let us send you any Diamond you may select from our catalogue so you may compare our values with those offered by other dealers; be convinced that our IMPORTER'S PRICES offer you a great saving.

20% DOWN and 10% PER MONTH

of satisfied customers who have been buying from us for the past 25 years.

Write to-day for our Free catalogue de luxe No. 36, and see how easy it is for you to own and wear a beautiful Diamond.

L.W. SWEET & CO., Inc., 2 and 4 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK CITY.

**Would you like
to read this
interesting little
kitchen story?**



It's something out of the ordinary. Not a cheap advertising catalog. It is a real story touching on home bread-making and "GOOD CHEER" STOVES. It will be worth your while to send for it.

Every housewife who makes her own bread or who would like to do so will find this story doubly interesting.

Just fill in the Coupon and mail it to us. The story is free.

The
JAMES STEWART
MFG. CO.
Limited
WOODSTOCK, ONT.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Please send copy of your booklet "The Story of Three Loaves" to

Address

McL

It Is So Easy



To keep the house clean and shining with one of these deservedly popular mops. Over a million users have found this out. Ask your neighbor what she thinks of the

O-Cedar Mop Polish

She will advise you to possess one at once. They reach all those hard-to-get-at places easily, collect every grain of dust and hold it.

Ask your dealer to show them to you—they cost but \$1.50—and also the O-Cedar Dusting Mop and O-Cedar Polish.

**Channell Chemical Co.
LIMITED**
369 Sorauren Ave., TORONTO

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED

We have an attractive proposition for you. We want men and women to act as our representatives in their spare time. The work is attractive, educative and profitable. Write a postcard to

MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
143 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

Berlin as a clerk in the Deutsche Bank, young Dernburg speedily revealed the organizing ability which was, at forty-two, to call him into the councils of the Empire.

About this time the Deutsche Bank founded the first trust company in Germany for the purpose of salvaging wrecked financial and industrial concerns. Herr Dernburg was made managing director. He had conducted his affairs only a few months when he attracted national attention by skilful resuscitation of some practically defunct mortgage-banks which wiseacres had abandoned as hopeless cases. The economic crisis of 1900, which drove the Leipziger Bank and other staunch German commercial craft into dry-dock to repair leaks, gave Dernburg his great opportunity. He was summoned to the chief directorship of the Bank fur Handel und Industrie, better known as the Darmstädter Bank, where he enjoyed full scope for the exercise of his daring strokes of financial genius. They were admitted harsh, revolutionary and staggering in their audacity, but almost always effective. Herr Dernburg was in the midst of his banking career, when asked to bring his sledge-hammer and axe to the Colonial Office. He responded to the call on the express condition that he should be permitted to continue swinging them in his new field of usefulness.

He did not forthwith convert the colonies into El Dorados. They continued to reveal an insatiable appetite for subsidies, but they ceased to be mere playgrounds for civilian and military martinetts, and began to attract the attention of genuine colonizers—bankers, shippers, merchants, farmers and traders. "Colonial fatigue," an old-time German malady, grew less. The sand-wastes of Africa and the Pacific were no longer looked upon merely as so many millstones around the Imperial neck.

During all these strenuous months of loyal and effective service, Dernburg's foes were remorselessly at work. The Catholic Centre party, which he had humbled at the very outset of his career, had long coveted his scalp. Through the years they had gathered many an ally outside their own ranks, for Dernburg the Ruthless had the gentle art of making enemies. Prince Bulow, under whom the Colonial Secretary had taken office and enjoyed much latitude, was no longer Chancellor. Clericalism had again become the power behind the Governmental throne. Dernburg's head was one of its first demands. Since the summer of 1910 he has been what a distinguished United States Senator once described himself to be—a statesman out of a job.

Lure O'Gold

Continued from Page 33.

added his heavier clothes to the pile, but Murphy stopped him with a succinct: "No weno. Sun'll burn yuh up." The mockery of a breeze, a breeze direct from nether depths at that, stirred up the sand blowing it into their smarting faces, filling eyes and nose and hair. It sifted down the interstices of their clothes so that every step was a fresh torture as the edged particles were ground between rough flannel and tender skin. Once, Disham had not seen or heard the other for an indefinite period of time, whether it had been hours or minutes he knew not. Too tired, too fearful of falling over if he turned to look, he plodded on. At last the whip of conscience made him turn, to receive with a feeling of as near relief as his benumbed mind could encompass, the dull stare of his partner a few paces behind. In the offing, a buzzard hung poised, awaiting, so it seemed to his lack-lustre eyes, the inevitable end. He wondered idly how long it would be before his mates in the unseen distance would come to the feast in answer to the discoverer's earthward flight. "Ten minutes? An hour perhaps? The eyes first. Ugh! And so they too would join the ghastly caravan of Los Pinos, and go, unhonored and unsung, into oblivion. Except Murf. The widow might shed a tear for him. Himself too: If she should ever know, up North."

All became a blur. There was a spring and he would have drunk. He remembered

ed vaguely something about poison. "But that was hundreds of years ago. That was the French party," he muttered to himself.

And then Murphy kicked him, as hard as his own faltering legs would allow; withal kindly. He got no water there. Murf held to him with the desperation of despair. Of tried and true villainy was Murf, to keep his pal from the good water so. What said these strange shapes, these twisted mockeries of good honest maple? Why ran the funny lizards so, scuttling from his feet to blink at him from the cool shade of a pebble? If he too were only smaller that he too might seek the shade.

III.

THE sound of Murphy's voice aroused him.

"Now God be good to me but I see more gold than ever I see since I come to the State o' Nevada."

He was addressing the auriferous dental attachment of the cyanide company's doctor.

"Glory be! The bye's come to! Dearie me. I do be mortal glad." It was the widow Shea who spoke. This time Disham welcomed her honest kiss. She, for her part, was softly sobbing as she stroked his skinny face.

Murphy, in the fine wisdom of an unconscious mind, had babbled of a woman waiting. And the listeners, eking this out by adroit questioning, soon had her at

the bedside, to stem the torrent of the desert's aftermath.

A few days saw them crawling around spying out the land. Old deer and Indian trails they found, that might or might not have been made by their French friends, also a solitary devotee of sluice box and pan getting colors from a bar that he insisted must have been worked over by the Indians generations ago. Whereat our trinity smiled knowingly and took new courage. Murphy insisted that the cyanide mill was running on the mother lode that had furnished the placer gold of the earlier day. His talk was all of the "little place" now.

Where there should have been an old stream bed that nursed on its breast a hide full of placer gold, was a level space composed of earth wash and covered with boulders, all of which indicated that erosion, in the course of years, had filled the ancient creek bed with the scourings of the hillside above. At its lower extremity there trickled out a puny stream of unknown origin and hidden passage.

Here, by map and instrument, old landmarks and new science, should be the place.

Here, from the mouth of the tiny stream, working upwards, the triumvirate labored for days in a miniature Culebra Cut, sliding, ever sliding. The widow Shea would not be denied her portion. Despite Disham's protests, she took part with pick and shovel, clad in roomy overalls and high boots, at the task of trenching up the course of the bed rock. And always at bed rock, they found the small stream under foot, but so muddy as a result of their operations that they had to go elsewhere for drinking water.

Day followed day of hard and grinding shoveling. The widow's fat hands blistered and broke many times before they took on their layer of hard callous. The tears rolled down her cheeks in grimy rivulets as she shoveled, but with grim determination she hung on, despite Disham's angry arguments. She was treasure mad.

It was Murphy who made the great discovery.

Murphy's hatless head, red tonsure all on end, projected over the edge of the ditch, as he held aloft between shaking fingers an irregular shaped nodule of dull yellow, at which he stared with blazing eyes, gasping like a fish out of water.

Dropping all else, the three of them set to with frantic haste at extending the course of the trench. Murphy labored where he had found the solitary nugget; the other two above.

Night coming, they worked by candle-light until dawn—to face failure with the morning. Murphy had aged ten years over night. The sparkle had gone from his eyes and every line of his figure spoke dejection. The widow's hands were scarred, and the nails worn to the quick from over many frantic struggles with wedged rocks. Her face was but a brown smudge of ochre, down which the tired tears were digging out twin rivulets of regret. They had for their night's labor the one original nugget and a scrap of hide.



The Master Light

Blaugas is a portable gas that solves the problem of lighting and heating your country house. It is the cheapest isolated lighting plant to instal, and will eliminate all trouble, care, work, dirt, worry and high cost.

Blaugas comes in steel bottles each containing about 20 lbs. of gas, which will give a 60 candle power light for 340 hours. A full bottle may be substituted for an empty in five minutes.

Blaugas is the safest gas ever invented, being three times less explosive than city gas and non-asphyxiating. The light is ideal. Inverted mantles may be used. Blaugas is a satisfactory and reliable illuminant.

Blaugas bottles are not charged for, customers pay for the gas only and return the empty bottles at our expense to be refilled. Piping for ordinary gas will do just as well for Blaugas.

Blaugas is three times hotter than city gas, therefore unrivalled for cooking purposes. Its reasonable cost and the simplicity with which it may be operated have brought hundreds of letters of praise from all over the country.

For the permanent country home, the summer home or the camp, Blaugas is the only thing to use. It brings you City advantages for a small initial outlay and reasonable price for gas consumed.

Write for Particulars to
THE CANADIAN BLAUGAS CO.
Limited

E. T. Bank Building - - - Montreal

Choicest Bulbs Grown in Holland Imported for YOU

WE import the finest bulbs grown—sound, large, and full of vitality.

Hyacinths—Tulips—Narcissus—Crocus

The bulbs come from Holland's quality bulb fields, and are offered at prices usually paid for ordinary stock. Don't buy elsewhere until you've heard our story. Send for Catalog now.

Wm. RENNIE CO. Limited, TORONTO.
Also at Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

From Holland
Bulbs
to Your Garden



I OFFER YOU A PARTNERSHIP

in a splendid paying business that will net you Sixty Dollars a week. No experience required. The

ROBINSON BATH TUB

has solved the bathing problem. No plumbing, no water-works required. A full length bath in every room, that folds in a small roll, handy as an umbrella. A positive boon to city and country dwellers alike.

Now, I want you to go in partnership with me, but you don't invest any capital. I have vacancies in many splendid counties for live, honest, energetic representatives. Will you handle your county for me? I give you credit—back you up—help you with live, ginger sales-talks. Badly wanted. Eagerly bought. Quick sales. Large profits. Here are three examples of what you can easily earn:

Douglas, Manitoba, got 16 orders in 2 days. Myers, Wis., \$250 profit first month.
McCutcheon, Sask., says he can sell 15 in less than 3 days.

You can do as well. The work is fascinating, easy, pleasant and permanent. Send no money, but write to-day for details. Hustle a post card for free tub offer.

C. A. RUKAMP, General Manager

The Robinson Cabinet Mfg. Co., Limited

167 Sandwich St., WALKERVILLE, ONT.

Showing Bath Folded.

70-F



Outdoors or in—this is the

Stands the test of Canada's trying weather as no other paint you have ever used. For barns and other buildings, for your implements and wagons, and for your home, both outside and in there is a Ramsay finish that is the best of its kind.

To the man who does his own painting the convenience and economy of Ramsay's Paint is self evident.

The man who hires painters to do his work for him will do well to specify Ramsay's paints—they wear so well and protect wood and metal so thoroughly from deterioration.

The local Ramsay dealer will give you splendid service and suggestions. Or write direct to the factory.

(3)

A. RAMSAY & SON CO. (Established 1842) MONTREAL, Que.

MOTION PICTURES

By DAVID S. HULFISH

Technical Editor Motography. Containing 618 pages, including index. A general reference work on the optical lantern, motion head, projecting machines, talking pictures, color motography, fixed camera photography, motography, photo-plays, motion picture theatre, management and operation, audience, program, etc. The drawings, diagrams and photographs used have been prepared especially for this work and their instructive value is as great as that of the text itself. This book is invaluable for reference and instruction to the thousands of workers in the motion picture field. Price \$3.10, postage paid.

The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited

Technical Book Dept.

143-153 University Avenue, Toronto,

It was maddening to Disham, with his engineer's brain. "How?" "Why?" were questions that hammered at the door of his mind with sledge-like insistence. He sought the solace of the tangible, the machinery of the mill. There he noticed a fact, hitherto ignored: the cyanide bath from the zinc boxes flowed in the direction of their work.

"Murf! Oh, Murf."

At the call, that discouraged individual plodded wearily up the short trail.

"Do you see where the cyanide solution goes?"

Murphy looked, and looking, sat down heavily.

It was the same muddy stream that they had been wading in at their work below.

He rubbed a dirty hand over dazed eyes—"But it cudn't do it, Kid. It's too weak tuh ate up that cache."

"Too weak! Not on your life. Take a look at this mill. No slimes; no sluicing. It's a pure sandstone ore, and doesn't make slimes because it's treated coarse. The sand tanks are emptied by shoveling from traps in the floors because they haven't sufficient water to sluice. That solution, Murf, is as strong here as it leaves the mill as it is up at the sand tanks, and it has been running through our gold all these years. Heavens!" and Disham flung himself down beside his companion.

The widow crawled painfully up the steep ascent. "What now?"

"We've found the gold, or, rather"—correcting himself—"we've found where it has gone to."

"You do be talking like old Nick had it. Where is it?" and she looked around, bewildered.

"It's any place and every place from here to the Gulf of California, and it's part of the seven seas," bitterly.

"Well, God rest it. 'Tis rest I want meself more'n gold this day," and fell to silent weeping.

Disham rose to his feet. "I must write a letter. I am sure you will both be glad to know"—he spoke disconnectedly—"I had a letter. She—the girl—you know—at home, says that nothing makes any difference now. I shall meet her in Salt Lake." And he was gone.

Murphy turned a haggard face to the sun above, and shook a savage fist at the luminary. "Ye bald-headed bat! What've I ever done to you that you should treat me so? I—"

"Murf! Oh, Murf, dear, don't be after takin' on so." The widow touched his sleeve entreatingly. "What about the little place, Murf? An' me—?"

Murphy turned to her. The hard lines of his face melted into softer ones as he looked at her questioningly, and withal, in dumb appeal.

"Yes, Murf, I heard yez. Ye talked so for days when I first came: times ye wandered an' now divvle a word. The byes here do be tellin' me they're wantin' a boardin' place that bad. An' the super a-wantin' another shift-boss."

"Oh, Murf," and she took him in her arms.

R. J. Campbell, Crusader

Continued from Page 21.

searchings." Thus the voice of one who was thought calm, dignifiedly orthodox and quiescent. That clarion call shattered faiths, severed tenets, broke concord and set up Babel on a small scale. And amid the clamor of tongues, amid the revilings and cavilings, the sneers and jeers, Campbell gave to the world his almost incoherent message.

"We are God's chosen few.

All others will be damned.

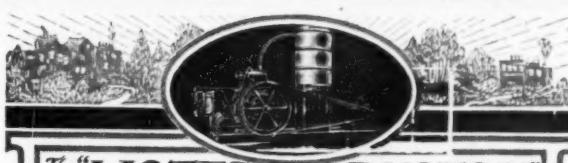
There is no place in Heaven for you

We can't have Heaven crammed!"

So wrote Swift, prince of satirists, years ago. The world hasn't changed much. Religion is still something snobbish. Campbell knew it, and attacked it. His call was really a challenge of faith. Here was the church, snug and self-complacent in its following of doctrine and creed which had been framed in centuries far back. Probably the challenge could never have been flung out by one who was other than Campbell, vacillating between the formality of the Established Church and the ultra-freedom of Nonconformity. He hurled the charge at folk that they were condemning men to hell and admitting men to heaven—in so far as any human can do these things—after judging them by standards that were applicable to a world of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. "You forget that things are different to-day. You forget the part that environment plays in the production of crime. You forget that we are dealing to-day with men and things and influences and happenings of which the Church of the centuries that are gone had no cognizance." This, in effect, was his message. He pleaded for broad-mindedness, for toleration, for charity. He vented illimitable anger on those who made broad their philacteries. He condemned, lock, stock and barrel, the attitude of the Pharisee. Who is any man, what is any man, that he can afford to cry down and accuse his brother? Who so white, that he can afford to point the finger of judgment at someone a trifle blacker? Before uttering the verdict, the judge must have clean hands himself. The mote may not be pointed out in another until he who points gets rid of the beam in his own eye. It is refreshing to be able to condemn, but does the condemnation come from one who is irreproachable? In a word, Mr. Campbell pleaded for a religion that would enable men to excuse rather than to accuse. The accusing isn't for men, till they have advanced every extenuation which is possible.

"THEY STAB YOU IN THE BACK."

Religious England was amazed. It was—if one may use the word in such a connection—simply flabbergasted. How dare this young man get up and preach leniency towards sin, when Doctor Torrey had been preaching hell and damnation for years? How dare this young man unsettle con-



The "LISTER-BRUSTON" AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC LIGHTING & PUMPING INSTALLATION (PROTECTED BY PATENTS)

Q Why the "Lister-Bruston" is the Best Plant to Install in Your Country Home.

You have a 24-hour service of electricity, just as if you were in the city. No skilled attention required. No large and expensive storage battery used. You don't have to run the engine to charge a battery during the day. If you want light or to use some appliance any time, night or day, you simply have to turn the switch for that particular light or appliance, just as if you were in the city. The automatic plant will see that the electricity is there. It is all mounted on one base and requires no special foundation. There are about 1,000 plants in use to prove these statements. There are 10 plants working in a radius of 3 miles on Lake Rosseau, Muskoka. Ask some of the users.

Write for Catalogue N.

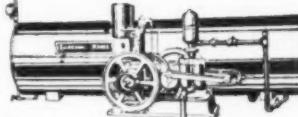
R. A. LISTER & CO., Limited
58-60 Stewart Street
TORONTO

Winnipeg, Man. St. John, N.B.



WITH a Fairbanks-Morse Water System in your country home you will have at all times an abundance of water in bathroom, kitchen, laundry and out-buildings.

It will enable you to keep your lawns and garden in perfect condition, and at the same time provide you with ample protection from fire.



Simple
Durable
Economical
Any one can operate it
Requires but a few
hours weekly
Write for catalogue

The Canadian Fairbanks Morse Co. Limited

Montreal
Quebec
St. John
Ft. William

Toronto
Ottawa
Hamilton

Vancouver
Victoria
Calgary
Edmonton
Vancouver

Canada's Departmental House for Mechanical Goods

"King Oscar" Sardines for dainty lunches

They offer nourishment in a condensed form and are the most tasty and delicious fish food ever prepared.

To avoid being taken unaware when the unexpected guest arrives, always keep a supply of KING OSCAR Sardines in your pantry.

If your grocer cannot supply you, cut out coupon and enclose 15c and a full-sized tin will be mailed post paid.

An interesting booklet, "Picnic Pointers and Dainty Lunches," also mailed free on request.

Cut out this coupon and send to-day. Address

J. W. Bickle & Greening

(J. A. HENDERSON)

Bank of Hamilton Building, HAMILTON, ONT.

Name

Address

M-14



By Special Royal Permission.

Makes good baking a certainty instead of a matter of luck. No guesswork cooking with

McCrary's Pandora

Range Reliable oven thermometer enables you to know. There's a McCrary dealer in your town. See him.

YOU cannot run your car with any old air pressure in the tires and expect the tires to last.

The tires are built to withstand a definite and specified air pressure.

You can only get maximum service when you inflate them to the exact air pressure needed, and maintain that specific pressure at all times.



\$1.50
post paid
to any address
in Canada

USE A
**SCHRADER UNIVERSAL
TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE**
and save your tires.

Manufactured by

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc.

785 Atlantic Avenue

Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A.

Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Independent Tire Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co., Ltd., Montreal

For Sale by
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Ltd., Toronto
Gutta Percha & Rubber Ltd., Toronto



See them at the Toronto Exhibition
Under the Grandstand

A complete line of "DEAN" CANOES will be shown at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto. You should make it a point to visit us and satisfy yourself on the quality and superior construction of the "DEAN" Canoes. Our speed models are winners—they have held the championships for several years.

DEAN CANOES ENSURE BETTER SATISFACTION.

WALTER DEAN, Foot of York Street, TORONTO, ONT.

viction and disturb spiritual complacence? This was the attitude of the great majority, friend and foe alike. It is not nice to have your peace of mind destroyed and find the destroyer a comparatively young man. Religious England decided to "get after" Campbell. It hounded him through the religious press. "They don't burn you at the stake to-day," said he; "they stab you in the back." There was a measure of truth in it. Campbell had an unhappy time of it at the hands of his critics. Not even politics furnishes such a field for recrimination as religion, particularly such religion as was the creed of those whom Campbell had offended. It is not natural that people would allow a young Samson to come and tear down their temple without strong opposition. When an incendiary lights a fire and burns down a fabric which is the dear and cherished possession of someone, the instinct is for revenge. The churches would have none of Campbell. Truth to tell, they didn't know quite what to make of him. I don't think he knew quite what to make of himself. Only, he was sure that things were wrong. The world was going round on a wrong principle, as far as one of its main departments were concerned. His was the voice of the man who felt that things were not right, but who yet knew not just how they were wrong. The crusade which he led was the crusade for the conquest of his own difficulty as much as for the victory over the obstacles of others. He prayed for the light; then he went out to seek it. He bared his arm for the tremendous task, and never stayed it. He has never stayed it, for his work goes on. He is the outlaw of orthodoxy, but it is something more than cheap notoriety that he is after. Sometimes, perhaps, he wishes he could be quiet and feel free of restlessness, of the necessity for wrestling. Sometimes, perhaps, he hankers after conformity with creed, adherence to shibboleth, concurrence in ordered system. But if he had them, he would be existing, not living.

THE EXTREMIST SETS THE PACE.

A certain amount of the storm, first no bigger than a man's hand, and latterly of gigantic proportions, has died down. The stormy petrel creates less interest, perhaps, than it did a few years ago. But who is to say that it will not create another disturbance? Whatever else Mr. Campbell did, he caused men to think, and think deeply. The extremist sets the pace. If we had no ultra-Radical in the person of Lloyd George, we should have no Radicals. If we had no plu-perfect Socialist in the shape of Keir Hardie, we should have none at all. The extremist has his place, if it is only as an ignition spark. If Mr. Campbell didn't get people to agree with him in suspending judgment because environment and other witnesses for the defence had not been called, he did get men to think on more charitable lines. By his attack on their faith he put them on the defensive for their faith. They weighed it in the balance and if it was not as much wanting as he would have had them believe, they found it was in need of reformation.

And so, Campbell goes on, a tireless Perseus with a vague, vague message; a

New Illustrated Book on Drugless Healing

(Mechano-Therapy)

FREE

Not one cent to pay, either now or later—no obligation of any kind. Just your simple request will bring you this valuable illustrated book and beautifully colored anatomical charts by return mail—without cost. This offer is strictly limited. We reserve the right to withdraw it at any time without notice. So don't wait a minute. Send your acceptance right away.

Get This FREE Book and Learn

How to Treat Headache How to Treat Cataract
 How to Treat Neuralgia How to Treat Epilepsy
 How to Treat Constipation How to Treat Hay Fever
 How to Treat a Sprain How to Treat Paralysis
 How to Treat Rheumatism How to Treat Plourisy
 How to Treat Lumbago How to Treat Asthma

—besides hundreds of chronic diseases and many other important health subjects which everyone should know.

Why We Are Making This Offer

We want the public to know the *real* truth about Drugless Healing. Besides, this Free Book will demonstrate how thoroughly and in what a surprisingly short time you can master this wonderful new profession, at home without interfering with your regular occupation.

\$2500 to \$6000 a Year If you want to earn \$2,500 to \$6,000 a year, if you want an established profession that is remarkably profitable, if you want to become master of your own and others' health and happiness, then send for this free book and chart. You will be surprised to learn that the number of successful graduates demonstrate the wonderful efficiency of our method. How about yourself? Are you healthy, happy—making all the money you want? If not, get posted on this healing right away.

Remember—This Offer is Limited Write NOW for FREE Book and Charts. Don't wait to think it over. Get the facts—the real truth—learn what you can earn as Doctor of Mechano-Therapy. This Free Illustrated Book and big charts, etc., explain all. Send a postal or letter RIGHT AWAY.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MECANO-THERAPY
 Dept. 15 81 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

The Most Popular Perfume in Daily Use

INDISPENSABLE ON EVERY DRESSING-TABLE



Always be sure to look for our Trade Mark on the neck of the bottle.

Canadians in the Mediterranean

I am open for engagements to take tourists into any part of Spain, Portugal, Morocco. Have taken some Canadians to interesting parts seldom seen by even experienced tourists. By arranging in advance can meet the steamer and take parties.

JOSEPH BUZAGLO, Family Courier, GIBRALTAR

ball of fire, dropping terrible sparks; a swollen river, overflowing its banks; the embodiment of the seeking world, seeking and searching after *lux in tenebris*; another voice crying in the wilderness, that will not be still.

Things that Count

Continued from Page 20.

lives. But for all his efforts the defeated candidate proved nothing absolutely. There were hints and suggestions of corruption that made the Bishop sick at heart as he listened from the obscurity of a back bench. The invisible hand of Richard had been too sure to leave any exposed joint in the armor of his party. Those who swore to having been bribed were convicted of perjury on the oaths of others as questionable as themselves. Greek met Greek in the witness box, and the Judge's face grew darker as the inquiry proceeded. Then, after fruitless days, he abruptly closed the court, stating that the Commission's finding would be published within a week.

Richard was jubilant. As a matter of evidence, nothing had been proved. There remained a bad taste in the mouths of many right-thinking men, but the new administration was apparently rapidly substituting the more palatable flavor of honest government. That was his view of it. The Bishop was silent; he felt otherwise.

The finding of the Commission was the talk of the city for a day—that only. A brief document, very much to the point; it held, in short, as Richard had predicted, that nothing was proved. Then came a trenchant suggestion that certain things had not been disproved. The claims of the defeated candidate were rejected, but there followed the opinion that the laws governing election disbursements might be advantageously amended for the greater protection of the public.

Widdifield read it and groaned in spirit. The clarity of Gair's phraseology was a frank acknowledgment that Richard had covered his political tracks. That was all.

A week passed. The Bishop struggled with a humiliation he felt to be self-imposed, and a pique he knew to be unreasonable. Then he went to the wanderers' half hoping and half fearing to meet the Judge. As he walked up the steps he saw Gair's huge frame resting loosely in a leather chair by the window. Again that curious, detached, self-accusing wave engulfed him. He passed on to the smoking-room and waited in a boyish, nervous expectancy.

Presently he was conscious of a footstep, a large heavy muffled tread, and a great arm slipped into his own. Then, gazing studiously at the carpet, but seething inwardly with sudden relief, he wheeled automatically and the two strolled toward the dining room, linked in the contentment of a wordless union. There was no need for speech, but he breathed deeply as the big arm fell away from his own at the entrance to the dining room. Peters saw them coming, a rejuvenated, reanimated Peters, for whom the softly shaded

The Abuse of Travel

The constant bumping, shunting and trucking, the abuse to which your grip, suit-case or trunk is subject necessarily demands great strength and durability.

ALLIGATOR BRAND SUIT-CASES, CLUB-BAGS, TRUNKS, Etc.

are made to stand all the abuse of travelling.



This is the trade-mark to look for when buying.

Whether for the week-end trip or an extended journey, you will find the ALLIGATOR BRAND GRIP OR TRUNK absolutely dependable. The quality and distinctive workmanship of ALLIGATOR BRAND goods distinguish them from the ordinary.

Montagne Limited.

—BALMORAL BLOCK—
 NOTRE DAME ST. WEST, MONTREAL, CANADA

Manufacturers of Harness, Trunks, Bags, etc.



The Fervid Fisher
 Wants no better bite;
 His fondest wish, a
 Large tin of Fluxite.

It is easy to do Soldering Work with

FLUXITE

the paste flux that

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

and Lead-Jointing.

ANYONE can use it. Repair your pots and pans and other metal articles in a few moments. Mechanics WILL have Fluxite.

Of Ironmongers and Stores in small and large tins.

The "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET

contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and a pamphlet on "Soldering Work."

Sample Set post paid direct, \$1.35.

Auto-Controller Co., 256 Vienna Road, Bermondsey, England

TECHNICAL BOOKS.

BE A WINDOW TRIMMER. THIS MOST INTERESTING WORK PAYS WELL. YOU CAN LEARN BY STUDYING THE NEW WINDOW TRIMMING BOOK, CALLED "SHOW WINDOW BACKGROUNDS", BY GEO. J. COWAN, AT \$1.50, POSTAGE PAID. MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD., 143 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO.

You'll Need One On Your Vacation

To keep you comfortable in the cool morning air or in the chill of the evening—when at golf—tennis—boating—fishing—in fact there is hardly any time when you don't need

"CEETEE"

Shaker-Knit

Sweater Coats

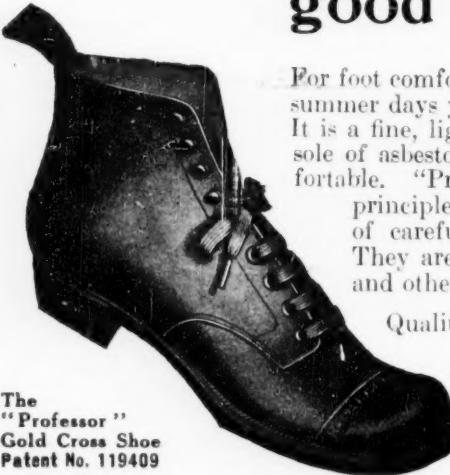
Made of soft Australian Merino wool, combine a warmth and dressiness which cannot be equalled. Sleeves and pockets are knit to the body of the coat and will not pull away, as is the case with cheap sweater coats. A high collar is added for extra comfort, which may be worn either up or down. A "Ceetee" Sweater Coat will be your most welcome travelling companion.

Get one to-day from your dealer or from us direct.

The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Ltd., 4 North Water Street
GALT, ONTARIO
Also manufacturers of "Ceetee" Underclothing, Turnbull's Ribbed Underwear
for Ladies and Children, and Turnbull's "M" Bands for Infants.



Foot comfort promotes good bodily health



The
"Professor"
Gold Cross Shoe
Patent No. 119409

For foot comfort and ease during the hot, sweltering summer days you should wear the "Professor Shoe." It is a fine, light, cushioned sole shoe with a centre sole of asbestos which keeps the feet cool and comfortable. "Professor" shoes are built on scientific principles with medicated insoles, the results of careful experiment and long experience. They are made on our Orthopedic, Humane and other up-to-date lasts.

Quality and workmanship guaranteed.

You must wear a pair to appreciate the lasting comfort. Most dealers handle "Professor" Shoes,—make sure you get the genuine.

THE TEBBUTT SHOE & LEATHER CO., LIMITED
THREE RIVERS, QUEBEC

FACTORY ACCOUNTS

By CHAS. E.
HATHAWAY

Chief Accountant, Fore River Shipbuilding Co., and James B. Griffith, Formerly Head, Department of Commerce, Accountancy, and Business Administration, American School of Correspondence. 208 pp., 125 illus. Cloth binding. Purchasing department; catalogue filing and indexing; special quotations; requisitions; invoices; the stores department; stores records; inventory, labor records; wage systems; methods of time keeping; production orders; expense distribution; percentage method; collecting cost data. Price \$1.60

MacLean Publishing Company, Limited

Technical Book Dept., 143-153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

lights took on at that moment a clearer, brighter radiance. He bent over them with a solicitude that was akin to tenderness. "I can recommend the—the—" His voice fluttered. The golden age was not yet dead.

Gair beamed across the table. "Shall we leave it to Peters?"

Widdifield nodded. He did not really want food; he was getting all he wanted.

Peters vanished. Blue eyes twinkled, and a huge face, its pink skin bronzed by the Catskills, beamed at the Bishop. "You didn't come up this summer. We missed you. Mary and her husband spent August with me."

Widdifield looked up. "Her husband—Really! I'm sorry I couldn't get away."

"Mary told me she saw you," pursued the Judge.

The Bishop's brow's wrinkled. "How is she?"

"Feeling happier and better; in fact, she's going to be very happy." He caught the question jumping into the Bishop's eyes. "For family reasons," he added contentedly. "Lamont is delighted. He's become almost human. Never saw such a change in anyone in my life." Gair hesitated a moment. "You knew, of course, that she thought she was in love with another man?"

"She admitted it. That's what I was afraid of most."

The Judge put down his glass. "You had no idea of who it was?"

"No. She didn't tell me."

Into Gair's mind flashed the vision of Mary as she sat on his veranda and told him about herself and Richard Widdifield. He had listened quietly, a paternal judiciary. In a burst of remorse she had told him all, of their meetings, of her pride in his progress and ambition, of the void in her life that she had once believed Richard alone could fill. Then of her talk with the Bishop, of his sympathy and tenderness, of the weight of her own burdened consciousness as he revealed something of the deeper meaning and responsibility of life. And, last of all, she had told him of the exquisite promise that at last was awakening her soul and leading her to springs of undreamed joy. And, remembering all this, Gair looked across into the face of his old friend and felt, as never before, how that delicate spirit must have drooped for years beneath the slings and arrows of uninterest and forgetfulness which a diffident world poises against those who have forsaken the glitter of its baubles. Widdifield had enough to carry, without the addition of a retrospective regret, and Widdifield had done noble work. So the Judge settled back in his chair and gathered the slight black-coated figure into the benignant beam of his smiling blue eyes.

"It's just as well," he said happily, "because it doesn't matter—now." Then, his voice drifting into its deepest, mellowest rumble, he added, "Bless you, old friend."

Adventures of Madelyn Mack: Detective

Continued from page 27.

"Much pleasanter than you had, I fear," replied Madelyn.

The Senator sighed. "As a matter of fact, I found sleep hopeless; I spent most of the night with my cigar. The suggestion of meeting your train came as a really welcome relief."

As we stepped into the waiting motor, a leather-lunged newsboy thrust a bundle of heavy-typed papers into our faces. The Senator whirled with a curt dismissal on his tongue when Madelyn thrust a coin toward the lad and swept a handful of flapping papers into her lap.

"There is absolutely nothing new in the case, Miss Mack, I assure you," the Senator said impatiently. "The reporters have pestered me like so many leeches. The sight of a head-line makes me shiver."

Madelyn bent over her papers without comment. As I settled into the seat by her side, however, and the machine whirled around the corner, I saw that she was not even making a pretence of reading. I watched her with a frown as she turned the pages. There was no question of her interest, but it was not the type that held her attention. I doubted if she was perusing a line of the closely-set columns. It was not until she reached the last paper that I solved the mystery. It was the illustrations that she was studying!

When she finished the heap of papers, she began slowly and even more thoughtfully to go through them again. Now I saw that she was pondering the various photographs of Senator Duffield's family that the newspapers had published. I turned away from her bent form and tapping finger, but there was a magnetism in her abstraction that forced my eyes back to her in spite of myself. As my gaze returned to her, she thrust her gloved hand into the recesses of her bag and drew out her black morocco notebook. From its pages she selected the four newspaper pictures of the murdered secretary that she had offered me the night before. With a twinkle of satisfaction she grouped them about a large, black-bordered picture which stared up at her from the printed page in her lap.

Our ride to the Duffield gate was not a long one. In fact I was so absorbed by my furtive study of Madelyn Mack that I was startled when the chauffeur slackened his speed, and I realized from a straightening of the Senator's bent shoulders that we were nearing our destination.

At the edge of the driveway, a quietly dressed man in a grey suit, who was strolling carelessly back and forth from the gate to the house, eyed us curiously as we passed, and touched his hat to the Senator. I knew at once he was a detective. (Trust a newspaper woman to "spot" a plain clothes man, even if he has left his police uniform at home!) Madelyn did not look up and the Senator made no comment.

As we stepped from the machine, a tall girl with severe, almost classical features and a profusion of nut-brown hair which fell away from her forehead without even the suggestion of a ripple, was awaiting us.

"My daughter, Maria," Senator Duffield announced formally.

Madelyn stepped forward with extended hand. It was evident that Miss Duffield had intended only a brief nod. For an instant she hesitated, with a barely perceptible flush. Then her fingers dropped limply into Madelyn Mack's palm. (I chuckled inwardly at the ill grace with which she did it!)

"This must be a most trying occasion for you," Madelyn said with a note of sympathy in her voice, which made me stare. Effusiveness of any kind was so foreign to her nature that I frowned as we followed our host into the wide front drawing room. As we entered by one door, a black-gowned, white-haired woman, evidently Mrs. Duffield, entered by the opposite door.

In spite of the reserve of the society leader, whose sway might be said to extend to three cities, she darted an appealing glance at Madelyn Mack that melted much of the newspaper cynicism with which I was prepared to greet her. Madelyn crossed the room to her side and spoke a low sentence, that I did not catch, as she took her hand. I found myself again wondering at her unwonted friendliness. She was obviously exerting herself to gain the good will of the Duffield household. Why?

A trim maid, who stared at us as though we were museum freaks, conducted us to our rooms—adjoining apartments at the front of the third floor. The identity of Madelyn Mack had already been noised through the house, and I caught a saucer-eyed glance from a second servant as we passed down the corridor. If the atmosphere of suppressed curiosity was embarrassing my companion, however, she gave no sign of the fact. Indeed, we had hardly time to remove our hats when the breakfast gong rang.

The family was assembling in the old-fashioned dining-room when we entered. In addition to the members of the domestic circle whom I have already indicated, my attention was at once caught by two figures who entered just before us. One was a young woman whom it did not need a second glance to tell me was Beth Duffield. Her white face and swollen eyes were evidence enough of her overwrought condition, and I caught myself speculating why she had left her room.

Her companion was a tall, slender young fellow with just the faintest trace of a stoop in his shoulders. As he turned toward us, I saw a handsome, though self-indulgent face, to a close observer suggesting evidence of more dissipation than

was good for its owner. And, if the newspaper stories of the doings of Fletcher Duffield were true, the facial index was a true one.—If I remember rightly, Senator Duffield's son more than once had made prim old Boston town rub her spectacled eyes at the tales of his escapades!

Fletcher Duffield bowed rather abstractedly as he was presented to us, but during the eggs and chops he brightened visibly, and put several curious questions to Madelyn as to her methods of work, which enlivened what otherwise would have been a rather dull half-hour.

As the strokes of nine rang through the room, my companion pushed her chair back.

"What time is the corner's inquest, Senator?"

Mr. Duffield raised his eyebrows at the change in her attitude. "It is scheduled for eleven o'clock."

"And when do you expect Inspector Taylor of headquarters?"

"In the course of an hour, I should say, perhaps less. His man, Martin, has been here since yesterday afternoon—you probably saw him as we drove into the yard. I can telephone Mr. Taylor, if you wish to see him sooner."

"That will hardly be necessary, thank you."

Madelyn walked across to the window. For a moment she stood peering out on to the lawn. Then she stooped, and her hand fumbled with the catch. The window swung open with the noiselessness of well-oiled hinges, and she stepped out on to the verandah, without so much as a glance at the group about the table.

I think the Senator and I rose from our chairs at the same instant. When we reached the window, Madelyn was half across the lawn. Perhaps twenty yards ahead of her towered a huge maple, rustling in the early morning breeze.

I realized that this was the spot where Raymond Rennick had met his death.

In spite of his nervousness, Senator Duffield did not forget his old-fashioned courtliness, which I believe had become second nature to him. Stepping aside with a slight bow, he held the window open for me, following at my shoulder. As we reached the lawn, I saw that the scene of the murder was in plain view from at least one of the principal rooms of the Duffield home.

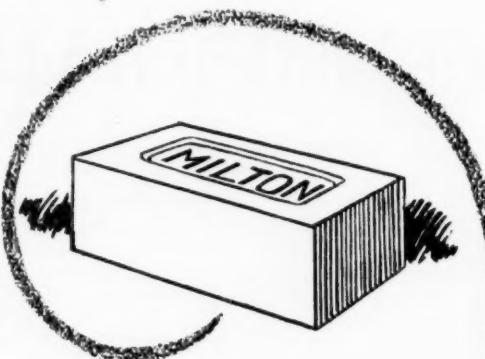
Madelyn was leaning against the maple when we reached her. Senator Duffield said gravely, as he pointed to the gnarled trunk, "You are standing just at the point where the woman waited, Miss Mack."

"Woman?"

"I refer to the assassin," the Senator rejoined a trifle impatiently. "Judging by our fragmentary clues, she must have been hidden behind the trunk when poor Rennick appeared on the driveway. We

Don't compromise on the quality of brick

To do so is to build "DOUBT" into the very structure itself. No matter whether it be a home or a large building. Insure against any possible after regret by strict specification of



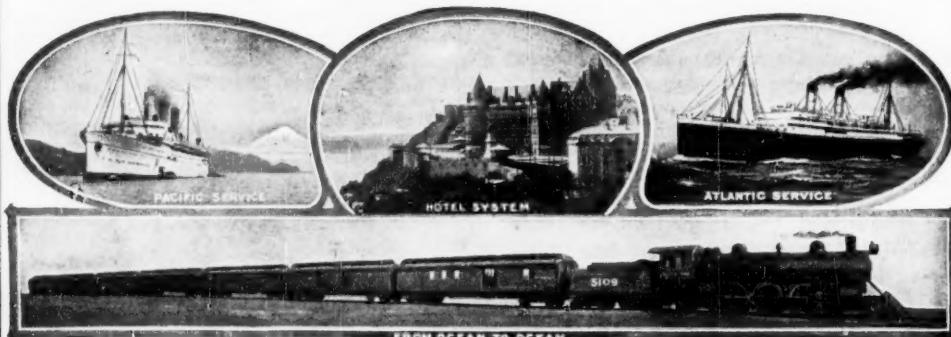
MILTON BRICK

in your plans. They meet all requirements for fire-proof construction, are damp and vermin-proof and do not depreciate with age. MILTON BRICK are hard and clean-cut. Made in various colors. They make ideal brick for fireplaces, add charm and beauty to the home.

If you are a prospective home-builder, get our catalog "M." It contains some interesting facts regarding choice of good brick as well as some new designs for fireplaces. WRITE NOW.

Milton Pressed Brick Company, Ltd.
Milton, Ontario
Toronto Office: 50 Adelaide Street West

CANADIAN PACIFIC



ATLANTIC FLEET

HOTEL SYSTEM

PACIFIC FLEET

FAST TRAINS FROM COAST TO COAST

ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

The Canadian Pacific offers to the travelling Public, service and equipment second to none. They build, own and operate their Compartment Library Observation Cars, Standard Sleepers, Dining Cars, Coaches and Motive Power.

The Canadian Pacific own and operate a line of palatial hotels along the Railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, thus affording their patrons every possible comfort.

The Canadian Pacific can ticket you around the World, and enable you to travel over two-thirds of the World's journey on their own trains and steamships.

Those contemplating a trip of any nature will receive full particulars and literature from any C.P.R. Ticket Agent, or write

M. G. MURPHY - District Passenger Agent - TORONTO

found her slipper somewhat to the left of the tree—a matter of eight or ten feet, I should say."

"Oh!" said Madelyn listlessly. I fancied that she was somewhat annoyed that we had followed her.

"An odd clue, that slipper," the Senator continued with an obvious attempt to maintain the conversation. "If we were disposed to be fanciful, it might suggest the childhood legend of Cinderella."

Madelyn did not answer. She stood leaning back against the tree with her eyes wandering about the yard. Once I saw her gaze flash down the driveway to the open gate, where the detective, Martin, stood watching us furtively.

"Nora," she said, without turning, "will you kindly walk six steps to your right?"

I knew better than to ask the reason for the request. With a shrug, I faced toward the house and came to a pause at the end of the stipulated distance.

"Is Miss Noraker standing where Mr. Renick's body was found, Senator?"

"She will strike the exact spot, I think, if she takes two steps more."

I had hardly obeyed the suggestion when I caught the swift rustle of skirts behind me. I whirled to see Madelyn's lithe form darting toward me with her right hand raised as though it held a weapon.

"Good!" she cried. "I call you to witness, Senator, that I was fully six feet away when she turned! Now I want you to take Miss Noraker's place. The instant you hear me behind you—the instant, mind you—I want you to let me know."

She walked back to the tree as the Senator reluctantly changed places with me. I could almost picture the murderer dashing upon her victim as Madelyn bent forward. The Senator turned his back to us with a rather ludicrous air of bewilderment.

My erratic friend had covered perhaps half of the distance between her and our host when he spun about with a cry of discovery. She paused with a long breath.

"Thank you, Senator. What first attracted your attention to me?"

"The rustle of your dress, of course!"

Madelyn turned to me with the first smile of satisfaction I had seen since we entered the Duffield gate.

"Was the same true in your case, Nora?"

I nodded. "The fact that you are a woman hopelessly betrayed you. If you had not been hampered by petticoats—"

Madelyn broke in upon my sentence with that peculiar freedom which she always reserves to herself. "There are two things I would like to ask of you, Senator, if I may."

"I am at your disposal, I assure you."

"I would like to borrow a Boston directory, and the services of a messenger."

We walked slowly up the driveway, Madelyn again relapsing into her preoccupied silence and Senator Duffield making no effort to induce her to speak.

IV.

WE HAD nearly reached the verandah when there was the sound of a motor at the gate, and a red touring car swept into the yard. An elderly, clean-shaven man, in a long frock coat and a broad-brimmed felt hat, was sharing the front seat with the chauffeur. He sprang to the ground with extended hand as our host stepped forward to greet him. The two exchanged half a dozen low sentences at the side of the machine, and then Senator Duffield raised his voice as they approached us.

"Miss Mack, allow me to introduce my colleague, Senator Burroughs."

"I have heard of you, of course, Miss Mack," the Senator said genially, raising his broad-brimmed hat with a flourish. "I am very glad, indeed, that you are able to give us the benefit of your experience in this, er—unfortunate affair. I presume that it is too early to ask if you have developed a theory?"

"I wonder if you would allow me to reverse the question?" Madelyn responded as she took his hand.

"I fear that my detective ability would hardly be of much service to you, eh, Duffield?"

Our host smiled faintly as he turned to repeat to a servant Madelyn's request for a directory and a messenger. Senator Burroughs folded his arms as his chauffeur circled on toward the garage. There was an odd suggestion of nervousness in the whole group.—Or was it fancy?

"Have you ever given particular study to the legal angle in your cases, Miss Mack?" The question came from Senator Burroughs as we ascended the steps.

"The legal angle? I am afraid I don't grasp your meaning."

The Senator's hand moved mechanically toward his cigar case. "I am a lawyer, and perhaps I argue unduly from a lawyer's viewpoint. We always work from the question of motive, Miss Mack. A professional detective, I believe—or, at least, the average professional detective—tries to find the criminal first and establish his motive afterward."

"Now, in a case such as this, Senator—"

"In a case such as this, Miss Mack, the trained legal mind would delve first for the motive in Mr. Rennick's assassination."

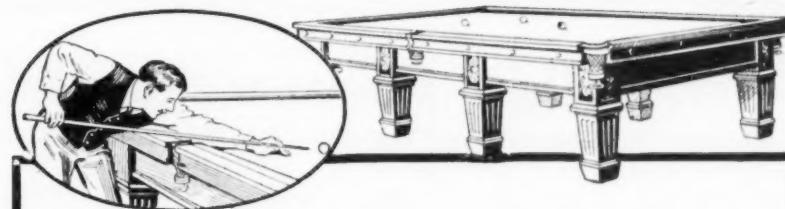
"And your legal mind, Senator, I presume, has delved for the motive. Has it found it?"

The Senator turned his unlighted cigar reflectively between his lips. "I have not found it! Eliminating the field of sordid passion and insanity, I divide the motives of the murderer under three heads—robbery, jealousy and revenge. In the present case, I eliminate the first possibility at the outset. There remain then only the two latter."

"You are interesting. You forget, however, a fourth motive—the strongest spur to crime in the human mind!"

Senator Burroughs took his cigar from his mouth.

"I mean the motive of—fear!" Madelyn



Forget Business Worries-- Play Billiards

UNLESS a man has something interesting to do at home in the evenings he's almost certain to sit and think about his business and its attendant worries. His mind keeps on travelling round and round the same old circle. And that's not good for a man.

But the man with a Burroughes & Watts' English Billiard Table in his home. He has something interesting to do. He plays English billiards—the most fascinating and thrilling of all indoor games—and forgets business.

His mind gets the needed relaxation. He enjoys himself. Gets some excellent exercise. And quits the game feeling bright and cheerful.

Only the man with a billiard table appreciates what a splen-

did, wholesome and healthful game English billiards is. And only the man with a Burroughes & Watts' table realizes the full possibilities of the game.

Burroughes & Watts' Tables are the only tables with Steel Vacuum Cushions—the fastest and the only absolutely accurate cushions known to science. Rapide Pockets, too, from which the balls are instantly removable without putting your hands in the pockets.

Other features, too, which we will be glad to tell you about. Many styles and sizes to select from, including combination dining-and-billiard tables, portable tables, also pool tables. Write for particulars, and forget business in the anticipation of soon owning a Burroughes & Watts' Billiard Table.

Burroughes & Watts
By Royal Warrant to H.M. the King Limited
34 Church Street, Toronto

Montreal Agents: James Hutton & Co., Shaughnessy Bldg.
Winnipeg Agents: J. D. Clarke & Co. - - - Main St.

Head Office: London, England

100



HOTEL GRISWOLD

Grand River Ave. and Griswold St. - Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL

EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY.
RATES \$1.50 PER DAY AND UP.

POSTAL HOTEL COMPANY

FRED POSTAL, Pres.

CHAS. POSTAL, Sec.

Motoring Dust Nuisance Mastered

You must have noticed that the grass and flowers which grow within fifty yards or more of much-used macadam roads are oft-times as grey-looking as the road itself.

Motoring Did That!

Because all tires create a certain amount of dust, some motorists are unaware that one make of tire creates less dust than the others. That Tire is **DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD**.

Less dust in motoring means more comfort for everybody—those in your car, those in the passing car, those in the oncoming car, those wending their way as pedestrians.



66 Cubic Inches Larger
No Loosened Treads

Never Did Rim-Cut
Only Real Anti-Skid

Road suction is the cause of the dust disturbance. It is also the cause of heated treads. Naturally, a tire which churns up less dust because it comes in less contact with the road, also heats up less and air-cools itself that much quicker.

Well, to see the point we are leading to all you have to do is examine the first **DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD** you come across. That will be very soon.

Once you press one of your fingers on one of the **DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD** "V's" and note its solidity, you will quickly see that the air space between it and the next "V" never touches the ground—is always clear for the circulation of air. No other tire has this feature. That's why every other make of tires raises more dust than **DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD**.

"MOST ENVIED TIRE IN ALL AMERICA"

TWO GOOD BOOKS FOR INVESTORS

THE PITFALLS OF SPECULATION, by Thomas Gibson.

A book dealing exclusively with marginal stock and grain speculations, and analyzing in a clear, simple manner the causes of general failure in speculation, with suggestions as to methods for avoiding such losses. Price, \$1.00

THE INVESTORS' PRIMER, by John Moody

A concise handbook containing, in simple, easily understandable language, definitions of all the important terms and phrases employed in the investment and banking business, alphabetically arranged. Part 1 covers the general definitions of finance. Part 2 giving specific information regarding various issues of preferred and guaranteed stocks. Price, \$1.00

MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd., 143-153 University Ave., Toronto

said abruptly, as she swept into the house. When I followed her, Senator Burroughs had walked over to the railing and stood staring down at the ground below. He had tossed his cigar away.

In the room where we had breakfasted, one of the stable boys stood awkwardly awaiting Madelyn Mack's orders, while John Dorrence, the valet was just laying a city directory on the table.

"Nora," she said, as she turned to the boy, "will you kindly look up the list of packing houses?"

"Pick out the largest and give me the address," she continued, as I ran my finger through the closely typed pages. With a growing curiosity, I selected a firm whose prestige was advertised in heavy letters. Madelyn's fountain pen scratched a dozen lines across a sheet of her note-book, and she thrust it into an envelope and extended it to the stable lad.

As the youth backed from the room, Senator Duffield appeared at the window.

"I presume it will be possible for me to see Mr. Rennick's body, Senator?" Madelyn Mack asked.

Our host bowed.

"Also, I would like to look at his clothes—the suit he was wearing at the time of his death, I mean—and, when I am through, I want twenty or thirty minutes alone in his room. If Mr. Taylor should arrive before I am through, will you kindly let me know?"

"I can assure you Miss Mack, that the police have been through Mr. Rennick's apartment with a microscope."

"Then there can be no objection to my going through it with mine! By the way, Mr. Rennick's glasses—the pair that was found under his body—were packed with his clothes, were they not?"

"Certainly," the Senator responded.

I did not accompany Madelyn into the darkened room where the corpse of the murdered man was reposing. To my surprise, she rejoined me in less than five minutes.

"What did you find?" I queried as we ascended the stairs.

"A five-inch cut just above the sixth rib."

"That is what the newspapers said."

"You are mistaken. They said a three-inch cut. Have you ever tried to plunge a dagger through five inches of human flesh?"

"Certainly not."

"I have."

Accustomed as I was to Madelyn Mack's eccentricities, I stood stock still and stared into her face.

"Oh, I'm not a murderer! I refer to my dissecting room experiences."

We had reached the upper hall when there was a quick movement at my shoulder, and I saw my companion's hand dart behind my waist. Before I could quite grasp the situation, she had caught my right arm in a grip of steel. For an instant I thought she was trying to force me back down the stairs. Then the force of her hold wrung a low cry of pain from my lips. She released me with a rueful apology.

"Forgive me, Nora! For a woman, I pride myself that I have a strong wrist!"

"Yes, I think you have!"

"Perhaps now you can appreciate what I mean when I say that even I haven't strength enough to inflict the wound that killed Raymond Rennick!"

"Then we must be dealing with an Amazon."

"Would Cinderella's missing slipper fit an Amazon?" she answered drily.

As she finished her sentence, we paused before a closed door which I rightly surmised led into the room of the murdered secretary. Madelyn's hand was on the knob when there was a step behind us, and Senator Duffield joined us with a rough bundle in his hands.

"Mr. Rennick's clothes," he explained. Madelyn nodded.

"Inspector Taylor left them in my care to hold until the inquest."

Madelyn flung the door open without any comment and led the way inside. Slipping the string from the bundle, she emptied the contents out on to the counterpane of the bed. They comprised the usual warm weather outfit of a well-dressed man, who evidently avoided the extremes of fashion, and she deftly sorted the articles into small neat piles. She glanced up with an expression of impatience.

"I thought you said they were here, Mr. Duffield!"

"What?"

"Mr. Rennick's glasses! Where are they?"

Senator Duffield fumbled in his pocket. "I beg your pardon, Miss Mack. I had overlooked them," he apologized, as he produced a thin paper parcel.

Madelyn carried it to the window and carefully unwrapped it.

"You will find the spectacles rather badly damaged, I fear. One lens is completely ruined."

Madelyn placed the broken glasses on the sill, and raised the blind to its full height. Then she dropped to her knees and whipped out her microscope. When she arose, her small, black-clad figure was tense with suppressed excitement.

A fat oak chiffonier stood in the corner nearest her. Crossing to its side, she rummaged among the articles that littered its surface, opened and closed the top drawer, and stepped back with an expression of annoyance. A writing table was the next point of her search, with results which I judged to be equally fruitless. She glanced uncertainly from the bed to the three chairs, the only other articles of furniture that the room contained. Then her eyes lighted again as they rested on the broad, carved mantel that spanned the empty fire-place.

It held the usual collection of bric-a-brac of a bachelor's room. At the end farthest from us, however, there was a narrow, red case, of which I caught only an indistinct view, when Madelyn's hand closed over it.

She whirled toward us. "I must ask you to leave me alone now, please!"

The Senator flushed at the peremptory command. I stepped into the hall and he followed me, with a shrug. He was closing the door when Madelyn raised her voice. "If Inspector Taylor is below, kindly send him up at once!"



Style 70—Colonial

Buy a Special Exhibition Piano at "Factory-to-Purchaser" Price and Save \$100.

We are now busy putting final touches to a number of special pianos for the Toronto Exhibition.

As in previous years, we will sell these splendid instruments at very special prices, either shipped at once from the factory or

direct from the Exhibition. The thousands of people who bought from us in past years, unite in naming the

Sherlock-Manning ^{20th} Century Piano "Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

because while in the front rank of Canada's first-class pianos, and while containing every standard feature found only in high-grade instruments, we sell it for fully \$100 less.

The exhibition stock mentioned above is made from exquisitely figured veneers, built with utmost care and special attention to finish and tone production. Send in your order now and we will reserve one of them for you and save you \$100.

The demand is always keen for our annual exhibition samples, so write in without delay. Ask Dept. 9 for handsome art catalogue F.

The Sherlock-Manning Piano Company
LONDON (No street address necessary) CANADA

Iron Fence at Wire Fence Prices

If you've come to the point where you need a new fence, we would like the opportunity of showing you how you can buy real good, honest, ornamental iron fence for about the same money usually paid for wire. There's nothing wrong with this fence—it isn't a special sale—it's just an evidence of the progress we are making. In fact, contrary to anything being wrong with it, it's without doubt the best-looking fence you ever saw at its price, and its wearing qualities, if anything, go its looks one better.

You can buy it in many styles, one of which is sure to suit your surroundings in a way to delight the eye and to give the whole enclosure a look of comfort and refinement. The prices will suit your pocketbook, whether you want to spend a good deal or very little.

Let's get together about it — we'll send you a catalogue showing the different styles, and a price list to help you choose within your means. Write now, while it's in your mind, to—

**THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON
WORKS CO. LIMITED**

LONDON
CANADA

The General says:-

There are many plausible "tests" of roofing, but there is only one true test—the proof on the roof. Therefore, roof your buildings—every building on the farm—with **Certain-teed** ROOFING—the roofing with a 15-year-service-guarantee. The three biggest roofing mills in the world are behind it, to make that guarantee good. Your dealer can furnish **Certain-teed** Roofing in rolls and shingles—made by the General Roofing Mfg. Co., world's largest roofing manufacturers, East St. Louis, Ill., Marseilles, Ill., York, Pa.

Hotel Planters CHICAGO



**New
Modern
Absolutely
Fireproof
Beautifully
Furnished
Rates:
\$1.50 up**

Just around the corner from every place of importance. Chicago's most beautiful and popular restaurant in connection.

John P. Harding,
President

David Olmsted,
Manager

No Spluttering

with
**JOHN HEATH'S
TELEPHONE PEN 0278**

Registered in Canada
To be had of the leading
Stationers in Canada.

"And what about the inquest, Miss Mack?"

"There will be no inquest—to-day!"

Senator Duffield led the way down stairs without a word. In the hall below, a ruddy-faced man, with grey hair, a thin grey beard and moustache, and a grey suit—suggesting an army officer in civilian clothes—was awaiting us. I could readily imagine that Inspector Taylor was something of a disciplinarian in the Boston police department. Also, relying on Madelyn Mack's estimate, he was one of the three shrewdest detectives on the American continent.

Senator Duffield hurried toward him with a suggestion of relief. "Miss Mack is up-stairs, Inspector, and requested me to send you to her the moment you arrived."

"Is she in Mr. Rennick's room?"

The Senator nodded. The Inspector hesitated as though about to ask another question and then, as though thinking better of it, bowed and turned to the stairs.

Inspector Taylor was one of those few policemen who had the honor of being numbered among Madelyn Mack's personal friends, and I fancied that he welcomed the news of her arrival.

Fletcher Duffield was chatting somewhat aimlessly with Senator Burroughs as we sauntered out into the yard again. None of the ladies of the family were visible. The plain clothes man was still lounging disconsolately in the vicinity of the gate. There was a sense of unrest in the scene, a vague expectancy. Although no one voiced the suggestion, we might all have been waiting to catch the first clap of distant thunder.

As Senator Duffield joined the men, I wandered across to the dining-room window. I fancied the room was deserted, but I was mistaken. As I faced about toward the driveway, a low voice caught my ear from behind the curtains.

"You are Miss Mack's friend, are you not? No, don't turn around, please!"

But I had already faced toward the open door. At my elbow was a white-capped maid—with her face almost as white as her cap—whom I remembered to have seen at breakfast.

"Yes, I am Miss Mack's friend. What can I do for you?"

"I have a message for her. Will you see that she gets it?"

"Certainly."

"Tell her that I was at the door of Senator Duffield's library the night before the murder."

My face must have expressed my bewilderment. For an instant I fancied the girl was about to run from the room. I stepped through the window and put my arm about her shoulders. She smiled faintly.

"I don't know much about the law, and evidence, and that sort of thing—and I'm afraid! You will take care of me, won't you?"

"Of course, I will, Anna. Your name is Anna, isn't it?"

The girl was rapidly recovering her self-possession. "I thought you ought to know what happened Tuesday night. I was passing the door of the library—it was fairly late, about ten o'clock, I think

—when I heard a man's voice inside the room. It was a loud angry voice like that of a person in a quarrel. Then I heard a second voice, lower and much calmer."

"Did you recognize the speakers?" "They were Mr. Rennick and Senator Duffield!"

I caught my breath. "You said one of them was angry. Which was it?"

"Oh, it was the Senator! He was very much excited and worked up. Mr. Rennick seemed to be speaking very low."

"What were they saying, Anna?" I tried to make my tones careless and indifferent, but they trembled in spite of myself.

"I couldn't catch what Mr. Rennick said. The Senator was saying some dreadful things. I remember he cried, 'You swindlers!' And then a bit later, 'I have evidence that should put you and your thieving crew behind the bars!' I think that is all. I was too bewildered to—"

A stir on the lawn interrupted the sentence. Madelyn Mack and Inspector Taylor had appeared. At the sound of their voices, the girl broke from my arm and darted toward the door.

Through the window, I heard the Inspector's heavy tones, as he announced curtly, "I am telephoning the coroner, Senator, that we are not ready for the inquest to-day. We must postpone it until to-morrow."

V.

THE balance of the day passed without incident. In fact, I found the subdued quiet of the Duffield home becoming irksome as evening fell. I saw little of Madelyn Mack. She disappeared shortly after luncheon behind the door of her room, and I did not see her again until the dressing bell rang for dinner. Senator Duffield left for the city with Mr. Burroughs at noon, and his car did not bring him back until dark. The women of the family remained in their apartments during the entire day, nor could I wonder at the fact. A morbid crowd of curious sight-seers was massed about the gates almost constantly, and it was necessary to send a call for two additional policeman to keep them back. In spite of the vigilance, frequent groups of newspaper men managed to slip into the grounds, and, after half a dozen experiences in frantically dodging a battery of cameras, I decided to stick to the shelter of the house.

It was with a feeling of distinct relief that I heard the door of Madelyn's room open and her voice called to me to enter. I found her stretched on a lounge before the window, with a mass of pillows under her head.

"Been asleep?" I asked.

"No—to tell the truth, I've been too busy."

"What? In this room!"

"This is the first time I've been here since noon!"

"Then where—"

"Nora, don't ask questions!"

I turned away with a shrug that brought a laugh from the lounge. Madelyn rose and shook out her skirts. I sat watching her as she walked across to the

mirror and stood patting the great golden masses of her hair.

A low tap on the door interrupted her. Dorrence, the valet, stood outside as she opened it, extending an envelope. Madelyn fumbled it as she walked back. She let the envelope flutter to the floor and I saw that it contained only a blank sheet of paper. She thrust it into her pocket without explanation.

"How would you like a long motor ride, Nora?"

"For business or pleasure?"

"Pleasure! The day's work is finished! I don't know whether you agree with me or not, but I am strongly of the opinion that a whirl out under the elms of Cambridge, and then on to Concord and Lexington would be delightful in the moonlight. What do you say?"

The clock was hovering on the verge of midnight and the household had retired when we returned. Madelyn was in singularly cheery spirits. The low refrain which she was humming as the car swung into the grounds — "Schubert's Serenade," I think it was — ceased only when we stepped on to the verandah, and realized that we were entering the house of the dead.

I turned off my lights in silence, and glanced undecidedly from the bed to the rocker by the window. The cool night breeze beckoned me to the latter, and I drew the chair back a pace and cuddled down among the cushions. The lawn was almost silver under the flood of the moonlight, recalling vaguely the sweep of the ocean on a mid-summer night. Back and forth along the edge of the gate the figure of a man was pacing like a tired sentinel. It was the plain-clothes officer from headquarters. His figure suggested a state of siege. We might have been surrounded by a skulking enemy. Or was the enemy within, and the sentinel stationed to prevent his escape? I stumbled across to the bed and to sleep, with the question echoing oddly through my brain.

When I opened my eyes, the sun was throwing a yellow shaft of light across my bed, but it wasn't the sun that had awakened me. Madelyn was standing in the doorway, dressed, with an expression on her face which brought me to my elbow.

"What has happened now?"

"Burglars!"

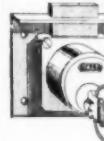
"Burglars?" I repeated dully.

"I am going down to the library. Some one is making news for us fast, Nora. When will it be our turn?"

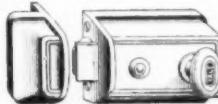
I dressed in record-breaking time, with my curiosity whetted by sounds of suppressed excitement which forced their way into the upper hall. The Duffield home not only was early astir, but was rudely jarred out of its customary routine.

When I descended, I found a nervous group of servants clustered about the door of the library. They stood aside to let me pass, with attitudes of uneasiness which I surmised would mean a wholesale series of "notices" if the strange events in the usually well regulated household continued.

Behind the closed door of the library were Senator Duffield, his son Fletcher, and Madelyn Mack. It was easy to appreciate at a glance the unusual condi-



Yale Cabinet Lock, for locking the many private drawers and doors in and about the home and office. Can be quickly and easily attached to any place, insuring the certainty of real protection and security.



Yale Night Latch No. 44. Not only a convenient protective spring latch, but a burglar-proof deadlock. Attached to any door, anywhere, by anybody. And from that minute secure against everything except its own key.

When you buy a Yale Cylinder Night Latch to really guard doors that are fitted with common locks, or when you fit your doors with distinctive Yale Hardware with the Yale Cylinder Lock incorporated — you are safe against burglars, sneak thieves or other intruders getting in through your doors.

Let us send you a copy of our little book "Light on Latches." You will find it interesting reading.

Canadian Yale & Towne Limited

Makers of Yale Products in Canada:

Locks, Padlocks, Builders'

Hardware and Door Closers.

General Offices and Works:

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.



Got a garage? Stable? Boat House? Tool Chest? Lockers? Or anything else that needs to be really locked? There's a whole lot of difference in the insides of padlocks. Buy your padlock with the name Yale on the outside.

Yale Door Closer (formerly Yale Door Check) a creator of comfort and quiet for the refined home. Needed wherever there are doors. Closes your doors softly, always — without slamming or forgetting.



For Men of Tidy Appearance

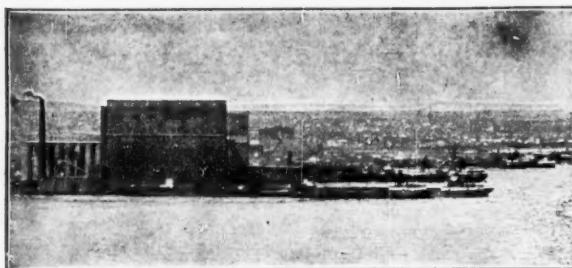
KANT KRACK Coated Linen Collar is different from the ordinary rubber collar and stronger than other collars. Note the Flexible Lips at the front which relieve all strain. Note also the patented slit at the back which prevents pressure of the button on the neck.

KANT KRACK Collars are linen collars treated with a water-proofing process. Can be cleaned with a sponge in an instant — always ready for any occasion. Note reinforced button-holes. These collars will please you.

ONE GRADE ONLY, AND THAT THE BEST.

First ask your dealer; if he cannot supply you send us size and style with 25c.

THE PARSONS & PARSONS CANADIAN CO.
DUNDURN AND HOMewood AVE. HAMILTON, ONT.



Via SARNIA

PORT ARTHUR

All the principal centres in

Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

are served by the

Canadian Northern Railway

Convenient night trains with electric-lighted sleeping-cars from Port Arthur and Duluth to Winnipeg. Service from Duluth via the Dawson Trail through the Quetico Forest Reserve and Rainy Lake District.

For literature and information apply to General Passenger Departments.

68 King Street E.,
TORONTO, ONT.

225 St. James Street
MONTREAL, QUE.

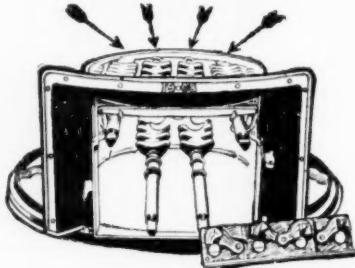
Union Station
WINNIPEG, MAN.



You shake down the
ashes—not the coal—
in the

There are
FOUR
grate bars
in the
"Hecla"

"Hecla" Furnace



Each
one can
be
shaken
separately.

You don't have to shake the whole fire to get out the ashes around the edge of the firepot.

You don't shake down a lot of good coal with the ashes.

You don't have to use a poker at all.

The "Hecla" Triangular Bar Grate allows you to shake just the part of the fire where the ashes are without disturbing the rest of the coals.

Naturally, one grate is easier to shake than four all geared together. That is why people find the HECLA "no trouble to look after."

Fused Joints—a patented "Hecla" feature—keep the house free of gas, smoke and dust.

Write for free copy of our new catalogue which describes these and other special features.

Clare Bros. & Co., Limited

Preston, Ont.

**2 IN 1
SHOE POLISHES**

Black
White
Tan

10c

In our new
"Easy-Opening-Box."
No trouble. No muss.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., LTD.
BUFFALO, N.Y. HAMILTON, ONT.

tion of the room. At the right, one of the long windows, partly raised, showed the small round hole of a diamond cutter just over the latch. It was obvious where the clandestine entrance and exit had been obtained. The most noticeable feature of the apartment, however, was a small, square safe in the corner, with its heavy lid swinging awkwardly ajar, and the rug below littered with a heap of papers, that had evidently been torn from its neatly tabulated series of drawers. The belligerent hands either had been very angry or very much in a hurry. Even a number of unsealed envelopes had been ripped across, as though the pillager had been too impatient to extract their contents in the ordinary manner. To a man of Senator Duffield's methodical habits, it was easy to imagine that the scene had been a severe wrench.

Madelyn was speaking in her quick, incisive tones as I entered.

"Are you quite sure of that fact, Senator?" she asked sharply, as I closed the door and joined the trio.

"Quite sure, Miss Mack!"

"Then nothing is missing, absolutely nothing?"

"Not a single article, valuable or otherwise!"

"I presume then there were articles of more or less value in the safe?"

"There was perhaps four hundred dollars in loose bills in my private cash drawer, and, so far as I know, there is not a dollar gone."

"How about your papers and memoranda?"

The Senator shook his head.

"There was nothing of the slightest use to a stranger. As a matter of fact, just two days ago, I took pains to destroy the only portfolio of valuable documents in the safe."

Madelyn stooped thoughtfully over the litter of papers on the rug. "You mean three evenings ago, don't you?"

"How on earth, Miss Mack?"

"You refer to the memoranda that you and Mr. Rennick were working on the night before his death, do you not?"

"Of course!" And then I saw Senator Duffield was staring at his curt questioner as though he had said something he hadn't meant to.

"I think you told me once before that the combination of your safe was known only to yourself and Mr. Rennick?"

"You are correct."

"Then, to your knowledge, you are the only living person, who possesses this information at the present time?"

"That is the case. It was a rather intricate combination, and we changed it hardly a month ago."

Madelyn rose from the safe, glanced reflectively at a huge leather chair, and sank into its depths with a sigh.

"You say nothing has been stolen, Senator, that the burglar's visit yielded him nothing. For your peace of mind, I would like to agree with you, but I am sorry to inform you that you are mistaken."

"Surely, Miss Mack, you are hasty! I am confident that I have searched my possessions with the utmost care."

"Nevertheless, you have been robbed!" Senator Duffield glanced down at her

small lithe figure impatiently. "Then, perhaps, you will be good enough to tell me of what my loss consists?"

"I refer to the article for which your secretary was murdered! It was stolen from this room last night."

Had the point of a dagger pressed against Senator Duffield's shoulders, he could not have bounded forward in greater consternation. His composure was shattered like a pane of glass crumbling.

He sprang toward the safe with a cry like a man in sudden fear or agony. Jerking back its door, he plunged his hand into its lower left compartment. When he straightened, he held a long, wax phonograph record.

His dismay had vanished in a quick blending of relief and anger, as his eyes swept from the cylinder to the grave figure of Madelyn Mack.

"I fail to appreciate your joke, Miss Mack—if you call it a joke to frighten a man without cause as you have me!"

"Have you examined the record in your hand, Senator?"

Fletcher Duffield and I stared at the two. There was a suggestion of tragedy in the scene as the impatience and irritation gradually faded from the Senator's face.

"It is a substitute!" he groaned. "A substitute! I have been tricked, victimized, robbed!"

He stood staring at the wax record as though it were a heated iron burning into his flesh. Suddenly it slipped from his fingers and was shattered on the floor.

But he did not appear to notice the fact as he burst out, "Do you realize that you are standing here inactive while the thief is escaping? I don't know how your wit surprised my secret, and don't care now, but you are throwing away your chances of stopping the burglar while he may be putting miles between himself and us! Are you made of ice, woman? Can't you appreciate what this means? In the name of heaven, Miss Mack!"

"The thief will not escape, Mr. Duffield!"

"It seems to me that he has already escaped."

"Let me assure you, Senator, that your missing property is as secure as though it were locked in your safe at this moment!"

"But do you realize that, once a hint of its nature is known, it will be almost worthless to me?"

"Better perhaps than you do,—so well that I pledge myself to return it to your hands within the next half hour!"

Senator Duffield took three steps forward until he stood so close to Madelyn that he could have reached over and touched her on the shoulder.

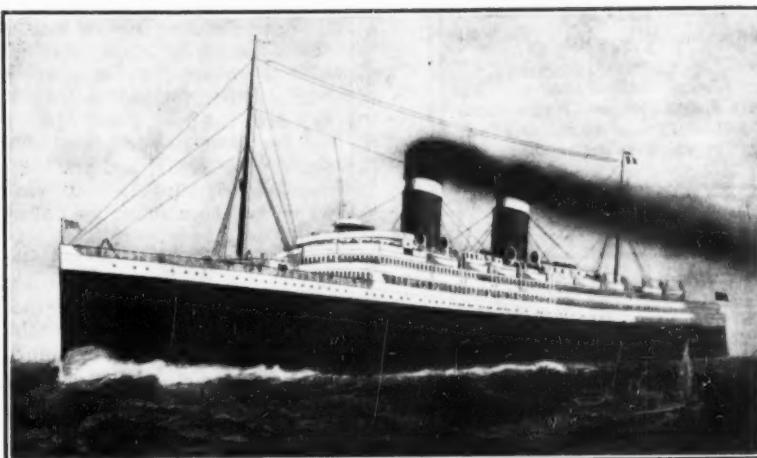
"I am an old man, Miss Mack, and the last two days have brought me almost to a collapse. If I have appeared unduly sharp, I tender you my apologies—but do not give me false hopes! Tell me frankly that you cannot encourage me. It will be a kindness. You will realize that I cannot blame you."

Senator Duffield's imperious attitude was so broken that I could hardly believe it possible that the same man who ruled

When Going to Europe

The delights of ocean travel are best realized on
CANADA'S NEWEST AND LARGEST SHIPS

"ALSATIAN" and "CALGARIAN"



ACCOMMODATION comprises Single-berth Staterooms,—"en suite" Apartments including two bedrooms, sitting room, private bath and toilet,—Lounges,—Dining Saloons, restaurant style,—Card Rooms,—Smoking Room,—Libraries,—Gymnasium, Glass-enclosed Promenade Decks,—Elevators,—Telephone System, etc.

ORCHESTRA OF SKILLED MUSICIANS

RATES OF PASSAGE:

SALOON, \$95 and up. 2nd CABIN, \$55 and up. 3rd CLASS, \$33.75

THREE SAILINGS WEEKLY:

MONTREAL and QUEBEC to LIVERPOOL, GLASGOW, HAVRE, LONDON

"ONE CLASS (II CABIN" SERVICES TO GLASGOW, HAVRE, LONDON, offer many attractions to travellers wishing to enjoy the best the ship affords at moderate rates.

Illustrated Handbooks, further particulars, tickets, etc., on request to LOCAL AGENTS or

The Allan Line Steamship Co., Ltd.

H. & A. ALLAN, 2 St. Peter Street, 675 St. Catherine St. MONTREAL

THE ALLAN LINE, 95 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

W. R. ALLAN, 364 Main St., Winnipeg, Man.

THE ALLAN LINE, 320 Homer St., Vancouver, B.C.

CHALLENGE

WATERPROOF

COLLARS

Save you money

Stop all laundry troubles. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth—smart and dressy always. The correct dull finish and texture of the best linen.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand, write us enclosing money, 25c. for collars, 50c. per pair for cuffs. We will supply you. Send for new style book.

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA, Limited
54-64 Fraser Avenue, Toronto, Canada

a great political party, almost by the sway of his finger, was speaking. Madelyn caught his hand with a grasp of assurance.

"I will promise even more." She snapped open her watch. "If you will return to this room at nine o'clock, not only will I restore your stolen property—but I will deliver the murderer of Raymond Rennick!"

"Rennick's murderer?" the Senator gasped.

Madelyn bowed. "In this room at nine o'clock."

I think I was the first to move toward the door. Fletcher Duffield hesitated a moment, staring at Madelyn, then he turned and hurried past me down the hall.

His father followed more slowly. As he closed the door, I saw Madelyn standing where we had left her, leaning back against her chair, and staring at a woman's black slipper. It was the one which had been found by Raymond Rennick's dead body.

I made my way mechanically toward the dining-room, and was surprised to find that the members of the Duffield family were already at the table. With the exception of Madelyn, it was the same breakfast group as the morning before. In another house, this attempt to maintain the conventions in the face of tragedy might have seemed incongruous; but it was so thoroughly in keeping with the self-contained Duffield character that, after the first shock, I realized it was not at all surprising. I fancy that we all breathed a sigh of relief, however, when the meal was over.

We were rising from the table, when a folded note addressed to the Senator, was handed to the butler from the hall. He glanced through it hurriedly, and held up his hand for us to wait.

"This is from Miss Mack. She requests me to have all of the members of the family, and those servants who have furnished any evidence in connection with the, er—murder" — the Senator winced as he spoke the word — "to assemble in the library at nine o'clock. I think that we owe it both to ourselves and to her to obey her instructions to the letter. Perkins, will you kindly notify the servants?"

As it happened, Madelyn's audience in the library was increased by two spectators she had not named. The tooting of a motor sounded without, and the tall figure of Senator Burroughs met us as we were leaving the dining-room. Senator Duffield took his arm with a glance of relief, and explained the situation as he forced him to accompany us.

VI.

IN the library, we found for the first time that Madelyn was not alone. Engaged in a low conversation with her, which ceased as we entered, was Inspector Taylor. He had evidently been designated as the spokesman of the occasion.

"Is everybody here?" he asked.

"I think so," Senator Duffield replied. "There are really only five of the servants who count in the case."

Madelyn's eyes flashed over the circle.

"Close the door, please, Mr. Taylor. I think you had better lock it also."

"There are fourteen persons in this room," she continued, "counting, of course, Inspector Taylor, Miss Noraker and myself. We may safely be said to be outside the case. There are then eleven persons here connected in some degree with the tragedy. It is in this list of eleven that I have searched for the murderer. I am happy to tell you that my search has been successful!"

Senator Duffield was the first to speak. "You mean to say, Miss Mack, that the murderer is in this room at the present time?"

"Correct."

"Then you accuse one of this group—"

"Of dealing the blow which killed your secretary, and, later, of plundering your safe."

Inspector Taylor moved quietly to a post between the two windows. Escape from the room was barred. I darted a stealthy glance around the circle in an effort to surprise a trace of guilt in the faces before me, and was startled to find my neighbors engaged in the same furtive occupation. Of the women of the family, the Senator's wife, had compressed her lips as though, as mistress of the house, she felt the need of maintaining her composure in any situation. Maria was toying with her bracelet, while Beth made no effort to conceal her agitation.

Senator Burroughs was studying the pattern of the carpet with a face as inscrutable as a mask. Fletcher Duffield was sitting back in his chair, his hands in his pockets. His father was leaning against the locked door, his eyes flashing from face to face. With the exception of Dorrence, the valet, and Perkins, the butler, who I do not think would have stirred out of their stolidness had the ceiling fallen, the servants were in an utter panic. Two of the maids were plainly bordering on hysterics.

Such was the group that faced Madelyn in the Duffield library. One of the number was a murderer, whom the next ten minutes were to brand as such. Which was it? Instinctively my eyes turned again toward the three women of the Duffield family, as Madelyn walked across to a portiere which screened a corner of the apartment.

Jerking it aside, she showed, suspended from a hook in the ceiling, a quarter of fresh veal.

On an adjoining stand was a long, thin-bladed knife, which might have been a dagger, ground to a razor-edge. Madelyn held it before her as she turned to us.

"This is the weapon which killed Mr. Rennick." I fancied I heard a gasp as she spoke. Although I whirled almost on the instant, however, I could detect no signs of it in the faces behind me.

"I propose to conduct a short experiment, which I assure you is absolutely necessary to my chain of reasoning," Madelyn continued. "You may or may not know that the body of a calf practically offers the same degree of resistance to a knife as the body of a man. Dead flesh, of course, is harder and firmer than living flesh, but I think that, adding the thickness of clothes, we may take it for granted that in the quarter of veal before

Independent Trips AROUND THE WORLD

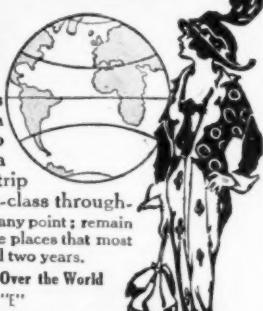
\$620⁶⁵ UP

A realization of Jules Verne's dream at a moderate cost, with so many comforts that a woman can make the trip unaccompanied. First-class throughout. Start any time, from any point; remain as long as you please in the places that most interest you. Tickets good two years.

Travelers' Checks Good All Over the World

Write for Booklet "E"

OELRICHS & CO., Gen. Agts., 5 Broadway, N.Y.
H. Claussenius & Co., Chicago Robert Capelle, San Francisco
Alloway & Champion, Winnipeg Cent' i Nat' i Bank, St. Louis



NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

ROUND THE WORLD

Travel de Luxe, perfected by 73 years' experience and exclusive world-wide facilities. Tours leave during Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec., Jan. Small private parties, cultured leadership.

Egypt and the Nile

Highest class Tours to THE ORIENT, including Egypt, the Nile, Bible Lands, Algeria, Tunisia, the Mediterranean, etc., leave during Nov., Jan., Feb. and March.

COOK'S NILE STEAMERS

Leave Cairo every few days during the season for the First and Second Cataracts, Sudan, etc. Also private steamers and dahabehs for families and private parties.

South America

Two Complete Tours of South America, including Panama, leave Nov. 20 and Feb. 20. A novel and delightful experience.

Send for Program desired.

Our complete chain of 160 offices in all parts of the world furnishes unequalled facilities for travelers.

THOS. COOK & SON

MONTREAL—530 St. Catherine Street West. TORONTO—Traders Bank Bldg., 65 Yonge St. NEW YORK (4 offices). BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES.

Cook's Travelers' Checks Are Good All Over the World.

SOUTH AMERICA

Direct Service to
Brazil-Uruguay-Argentina
Luxurious Steamers of 12,000 tons, especially designed for travel in the tropics, leave New York on alternate Saturdays.

Plan to Visit South America at Your Earliest Opportunity
Write for illustrated booklet, tour schedules, etc.

Busk & Daniels, Gen. Agts.
A. & J. Justice Exchange, New York,
OR LOCAL AGENTS

LAMP&HOLT LINE

us, we have a fair substitute for the body of Raymond Rennick. Now watch me closely, please!"

Drawing back her arm, she plunged her knife into the meat with a force which sent it spinning on its hook. She drew the knife out, and examined it reflectively.

"I have made a cut of only a little more than three and a half inches. The blow which killed Mr. Rennick penetrated at least five inches.

"Here we encounter a singularly striking feature of our case, involving a stratagem which I think I can safely say is the most unique in my experience. To all intents, it was a woman who killed Mr. Rennick. In fact, it has been taken for granted that he met his death at the hand of a female assassin. We must dispose of this conclusion at the outset, for the simple reason that it was physically impossible for a woman to have dealt the death blow!"

I chanced to be gazing directly at Fletcher Duffield as Madelyn made the statement. An expression of such relief flashed into his face that instinctively I turned about and followed the direction of his glance. His eyes were fixed on his sister, Beth.

Madelyn deposited the knife on the stand.

"Indeed, I may say there are few men—perhaps not one in ten—with a wrist strong enough to have dealt Mr. Rennick's death blow," she went on. "There is only one such person among the fourteen in this room at the present time.

"Again you will recall that the wound was delivered from the rear just as Mr. Rennick faced about in his own defence. Had he been attacked by a woman, he would have heard the rustle of her dress several feet before she possibly could have reached him. I think you will recall my demonstration of that fact yesterday morning, Mr. Duffield.

"Obviously then, it is a man whom we must seek if we would find the murderer of your secretary, and a man of certain peculiar characteristics. Two of these I can name now. He possessed a wrist developed to an extraordinary degree, and he owned feet as small and shapely as a woman's. Otherwise, the stratagem of wearing a woman's slippers and leaving one of them near the scene of the crime to divert suspicion from himself, would never have occurred to him!"

Again I thought I heard a gasp behind me, but its owner escaped me a second time.

"There was a third marked feature among the physical characteristics of the murderer. He was near-sighted—so much so that it was necessary for him to wear glasses of the kind known technically as a 'double lens.' Unfortunately for the assassin, when his victim fell, the latter caught the glasses in his hand, and they were broken under his body. The murderer may have been thrown into a panic, and feared to take the time to recover his spectacles; but it was a fatal blunder. Fortune, however, might have helped him even then in spite of this fact, for those who found the body fell into the natural error of considering the glasses to



Shorthand notes can be read only by the stenographer who writes them.

An Edison Dictating Machine record of your dictation is intelligible to anyone. That is one great advantage of dictating your letters to an

EDISON DICTATING MACHINE

(Prevent substitution, specify "Made by Edison")

You dictate at your own convenience. You talk as slowly or as rapidly as you please. You are never interrupted and your letters come back to you in short order, just as you dictated them.

The Edison Dictating Machine has been developed to its present advanced design by a corps of experts under the personal supervision of Thomas A. Edison. It is the machine approved and labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., under the direction of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, and the only dictating machine equipped with an Auto Index for conveying corrections, instructions, etc., to the transcriber. Its many mechanical and electrical advantages are explained in our booklets which you should read before investigating.

Canadian Distributors:

CALGARY	Young & Kennedy, Ltd.
HALIFAX	United Typewriter Co. of Nova Scotia, Ltd.
MONTREAL	Labor Saving Office Appliance Co., Ltd.
ST. JOHN	N.B. United Typewriter Co., Ltd.
OTTAWA	Grand Typewriter Supply.
TORONTO	R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Ltd.
VANCOUVER	Kent Piano Co., Ltd.
WINNIPEG	R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Ltd.

Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED

232 Lakeside Ave. • • • Orange, N.J.



The Autographic Kodaks

You can now date and title your negatives, permanently, and almost instantly at the time you make them.

TOUCH a spring and a little door opens in the back of the Kodak; write with pencil or stylus on the red paper of the Autographic Film Cartridge; expose from 2 to 5 seconds; close door. When your negatives are developed a permanent photographic reproduction of the writing will appear on the intersections between the negatives. When the prints are made you can have this writing appear upon them or not, just as you choose. By turning the winding key slightly and advancing the paper the width of the slot you can have the writing appear on the picture itself if you wish.

Any picture that is worth taking is worth a title and date. The places of interest you visit, the autographs of friends you photograph, interesting facts about the children, their age at the time the picture was made—all these things add to the value of a picture. Architects, Engineers and Contractors who make photographic records of their work can add greatly to the value of such records by adding notes and dates permanently on the negative. The careful amateur photographer can improve the quality of his work by noting, by means of the Autographic Kodak, the light conditions, stop and exposure for every negative.

The greatest Photographic advance in twenty years.

No. 3A Autographic Kodak, pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ in., - \$22.50

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited

At all Kodak Dealers

TORONTO

If You Will, You Can Earn More

We have a proposition that enables energetic men to add a desirable increase to their present salary. The work is attractive, educative and profitable. You should know about it. For full particulars, write a postcard to

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited

143-149 University Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

be the property of the murdered man. Had it not been for two minor details, this impression might never have been contradicted."

Madelyn held up a packet of newspaper illustrations. Several of them I recognized as the pictures of the murdered secretary that she had shown me at the Roanoke." The others were also photographs of the same man.

"If Mr. Rennick hadn't been fond of having his picture taken, the fact that he never wore glasses on the street might not have been noticed. None of his pictures, not even the snap-shots, showed a man in spectacles. It is true that he did possess a pair, and it is here where those who discovered the crime went astray. But they were for reading purposes only, the kind termed a .125 lens, while those of his assailant were a .210 lens. To clinch the matter, I later found Mr. Rennick's own spectacles in his room where he had left them the evening before."

Madelyn held up the red leather case she had found on the mantel-piece, and tapped it musically as she gave a slight nod to Inspector Taylor.

"We have now the following description of the murderer—a slenderly built man, with an unusual wrist, possibly an athlete at one time, who possesses a foot capable of squeezing into a woman's shoe, and who is handicapped by near-sightedness. Is there an individual in this room to whom this description applies?"

There was a new glitter in Madelyn's eyes as she continued.

"Through the co-operation of Inspector Taylor, I am enabled to answer this question. Mr. Taylor has traced the glasses of the assassin to the optician who gave the prescription for them. I am not surprised to find that the owner of the spectacles tallies with the owner of these other interesting articles."

With the words, she whisked from the stand at her elbow, the long, narrow-bladed dagger, and a pair of soiled, black suede slippers.

There was a suggestion of grotesque unreality about it all. It was much as though I had been viewing the denouement of a play from the snug vantage point of an orchestra seat, waiting for the lights to flare up and the curtain to ring down. A shriek ran through my ears, jarring me back to the realization that I was not a spectator, but a part, of the play.

A figure darted toward the window. It was John Dorrence, the valet.

The next instant Inspector Taylor threw himself on the fleeing man's shoulders, and the two went to the floor.

"Can you manage him?" Madelyn called.

"Unless he prefers cold steel through his body to cold steel about his wrists," was the rejoinder.

"I think you may dismiss the other servants, Senator," Madelyn said. "I wish, however, that the family would remain a few moments."

As the door closed again, she continued, "I promised you also, Senator, the return of your stolen property. I have the honor to make that promise good."

From her stand, which was rapidly as-

Kalamazoo Point Number Eight K

The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder has great durability

note the unusual strain

WE claim that the "Kalamazoo" Loose Leaf Binder is not only the simplest, lightest and most convenient binder on the market, but that it is also the strongest, most durable and most economical.

Flexible leather thongs are used in place of metal posts, and the sheets are held by clamping bars along the full length of the sheet.

The wearing parts are not rigid but flexible, thus relieving the strain and giving to the binder unusual durability and wearing strength.

"Kalamazoo" binders are made in any size and every binder bears our personal guarantee.

Write to-day for Booklet "W." It will tell you all about it.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter
Limited
Loose Leaf & Account- King &
Book Makers Spadina
Toronto

Good Money Paid

For "waste" paper of every description.
Old Ledgers, Books, etc.

We Sell You

Canvas for furniture packing and wrapping and other purposes.

Good Value

Write Us for Particulars. Information cheerfully given. Send a Postal to Dept. M.

E. PULLAN
490 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Ont.
Phone Adelaide 760-761

suming the proportions of a conjurer's table, she produced a round, brown paper parcel.

"Before I unwrap this, have I your permission to explain its contents?"

"As you will, Miss Mack."

"Perhaps the most puzzling feature of the tragedy is the motive. It is this parcel which supplies us with the answer.

"Your secretary, Mr. Duffield, was an exceptional young man. Not only did he repeatedly resist bribery such as comes to few men, but he gave his life for his trust.

"At any time since this parcel came into his possession, he could have sold it for a fortune. Because he refused to sell it he was murdered for it. Perhaps every reader of the newspapers is more or less familiar with Senator Duffield's investigations of the ravages of a certain great Trust. A few days ago, the Senator came into possession of evidence against the combine of such a drastic nature that he realized it would mean nothing less than the annihilation of the monopoly, imprisonment for the chief officers, and a business sensation such as this country has seldom known.

"Once the officers of the Trust knew of his evidence, however, they would be forearmed in such a manner that its value would be largely destroyed. The evidence was a remarkable piece of detective work. It consisted of a phonographic record of a secret directors' meeting, laying bare the inmost depredations of the corporation."

Madelyn paused as the handcuffed valet showed signs of a renewed struggle. Inspector Taylor without comment calmly snapped a second pair of bracelets about his feet.

"The Trust was shrewd enough to appreciate the value of a spy in the Duffield home. Dorrence was engaged for the post, and from what I have learned of his character, he filled it admirably. How he stumbled on Senator Duffield's latest *coup* is immaterial. The main point is that he tried to bribe Mr. Rennick so persistently to betray his post that the latter threatened to expose him. Partly in the fear that he would carry out his threat, and partly in the hope that he carried memoranda which might lead to the discovery of the evidence that he sought, Dorrence planned and carried out the murder.

"In the secretary's pocket he discovered the combination of the safe, and made use of it last night. I found the stolen phonograph record this morning behind the register of the furnace pipe in Dorrence's room. I had already found that this was his cache, containing the dagger which killed Rennick, and the second of Cinderella's slippers. The pair was stolen some days ago from the room of Miss Beth Duffield."

* * *

The swirl of the day was finally over. Dorrence had been led to his cell; the coroner's jury had returned its verdict; and all that was mortal of Raymond Rennick had been laid in its last resting place.

Madelyn and I had settled ourselves

Esterbrook Pens 250 styles



The fact that pens have a real and appreciable effect on human efficiency and comfort, recommends the use of only the best—Esterbrook Pens.

The standard of the world.

Smoothest writing, longest wearing. At all dealers.

Write for illustrated booklet.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
New York
Camden, N.J.

BROWN BROS.
LIMITED
Canadian Agents, Toronto

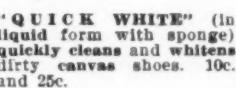


"Gilt Edge"

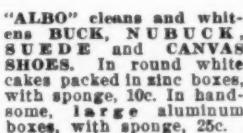


The only black dressing for ladies' and children's shoes that positively contains OIL. Softens and preserves. Imparts a beautiful black lustre. **LARGEST QUANTITY. FINEST QUALITY.** Its use saves time, labor and brushes, as it Shines without brushing. Sponge in every bottle so Always Ready for Use.

Also for
gents' kid,
kangaroo,
etc. 25c



QUICK WHITE (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes. 10c. and 25c.



"ALBO" cleans and whitens BUCK, NUBUCK, SUEDE and CANVAS SHOES. In round white cakes packed in zinc boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.



"ELITE" combination for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look Al. Restores color and lustre to all black shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth, 25c. "BABY ELITE" size, 10c.

"DANDY" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 25c. "STAR" size, 10c.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes



Certain-teed
ROOFING

represents the responsibility of the three biggest mills in the roofing industry—when it guarantees you fifteen years of service on the roof in **Certain-teed**. Look for this guarantee label on every roll or crate.

Your dealer can furnish **Certain-teed** Roofing in rolls and shingles—made by the General Roofing Mfg. Co., world's largest roofing manufacturer, East St. Louis, Ill., Marseilles, Ill., York, Pa.



The Collar That Made the Red Man Brand Famous

20c., or 3 for 50c.

The acme of perfection in a high, close-fitting, double-fold collar. The most popular collar in America to-day. Baywood, slightly higher. Teakwood, slightly lower.

For Sale by Canada's Best Men's Stores.
EARL & WILSON
NEW YORK
Makers of Troy's best product.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED
everywhere to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 Hyslop Bicycle with coaster brake and all latest improvements.

We ship on approval to any address in Canada, without any deposit, and allow 10 DAYS' TRIAL. It will not cost you a cent if you are not satisfied after using bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY of tires, lamp, or sundries at any price until you receive our latest 1914 illustrated catalogue and have learned our special prices and attractive proposition.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write us a postal, and catalogue and full information will be sent to you **Free Postpaid** by return mail. Do not wait. Write it now.

HYSLOP BROTHERS, Limited
Dept. H. TORONTO, Canada

in the homeward bound Pullman as it rumbled out of the Boston station in the early dusk.

"There are two questions I want to ask," I said reflectively.

Madelyn looked up from her newspaper with a yawn.

"Why did John Dorrence bring you back a blank sheet of paper when you despatched him on your errand?"

"As a matter of fact, there was nothing else for him to bring back. Mr. Taylor kept him at police headquarters long

enough to give me time to carry my search through his room. The message was a blind."

"And what was the quarrel that the servant girl, Anna, heard in the Duffield library?"

"It wasn't a quarrel, my dear girl. It was the Senator preparing the speech with which he intended to launch his evidence against the Trust. The Senator is in the habit of dictating his speeches to a phonograph. Some of them I am afraid, are rather fiery."

The Fortunes of the Cawthras

Continued from Page 24.

Dublin, who was practising medicine in the village of Bondhead at the time. He was a man of ability and of strong personality, a fitting mate for such a woman as Miss Cawthra, who combined in her person all those striking characteristics which have made the women of the family so conspicuous. Dr. Mulock died in 1848, at a comparatively early age, leaving five children. His widow thereupon returned to Newmarket, where she brought up her family.

Mrs. Mulock is recalled as a woman of wide sympathies. Throughout her whole Newmarket life she took a prominent part in conducting charitable works for the benefit of those in need. This work she began during the cholera period, when this disease was brought to Toronto and thence to Newmarket by immigrants. It left many widows and orphans, and these were the objects of her constant care. She died in 1882 in Los Angeles, California, whither she had gone to spend the winter with her youngest daughter and her brother, Joseph.

THE CAREER OF SIR WILLIAM MULOCK.

Of her five children, the eldest, John, a lad of great promise, was carried off at an untimely age by an attack of scarlet fever. William, the second son, is well-known throughout the length and breadth of Canada as Sir William Mulock, former Postmaster-General of the Dominion and now Chief Justice of the Exchequer Division of the High Court of Justice of Ontario. He was born in 1843, became a lawyer in Toronto, and soon stepped into a foremost place among the legal practitioners of the city. His political career is familiar to most people. For many years he represented North York in the House of Commons and, following the Liberal victory in 1896, was called on to assume the portfolio of Postmaster-General. In this capacity he instituted reforms that characterized his regime as probably the most progressive in the history of the department. For his services in securing penny postage he was accorded a knighthood.

Apart from politics, Sir William has probably bestowed most attention on university affairs. He was elected to the Senate of the University in 1875, and five years later became vice-chancellor, an office which he filled for twenty years or

until his duties at Ottawa prevented the further satisfactory discharge of its duties. During this time he personally did a great deal to advance the cause of university federation, and undoubtedly the bringing of such institutions as Knox College, Wycliffe College, St. Michael's College, Victoria University, the Ontario Agricultural College, the Toronto School of Medicine, etc., into alliance with the University was largely the result of his efforts. Thus education, as well as philanthropy, owes much to him.

The other surviving children of Mary Cawthra are Mrs. Boulbee, the widow of William Boulbee, who served the Imperial Government for many years as engineer-in-charge of railway construction in India, and Mrs. Monk, wife of G. W. Monk, formerly representative of the County of Carleton in the Legislature and now vice-president of the Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Co. A third daughter, Sarah Mulock, since deceased, married George W. Lount, of Barrie, brother of the late Mr. Justice Lount, of Toronto. Both Mrs. Boulbee and Mrs. Monk inherit their mother's kindly disposition. Mrs. Boulbee has taken a deep interest in the work of the Infants' Home, of which she is president, whilst her sister is on the directorate of the Home, as well as on the board of the Western Hospital.

THE OLD CAWTHRA HOME.

Up to this point, the investigation into the genealogy of the Cawthra family has been limited to the descent through the person of John Cawthra, of Newmarket. The founder of the family had other sons, however, two of whom played their part in the early history of Toronto. These were Jonathan and William. The former died at a fairly early age and unmarried. The latter succeeded to the bulk of his father's property, and by virtue of diligence and saving accumulated a large fortune. He it was who, about the year 1855, acquired the property at the north-east corner of King and Bay streets, and there erected what was at the time the finest residence in Toronto. The building, which still stands and is now the head office of the Sterling Bank, is a dignified and solid piece of architecture, being conspicuous among those more modern neighboring buildings in which the utilitarian has almost eclipsed the aesthetic.

William Cawthra married a sister of the late James Crowther, of Toronto, thus forming a link with another of the moneyed families of the olden times. He had no children to inherit his rapidly-expanding wealth, and on his death in 1879 he bequeathed all his property to his widow. Mrs. Cawthra later on married W. A. Murray, the dry goods merchant, but retained control of her resources, which under her careful management continued to grow in value. She outlived her second husband by a few years, herself passing away in 1897.

A CONSIDERABLE LEGACY.

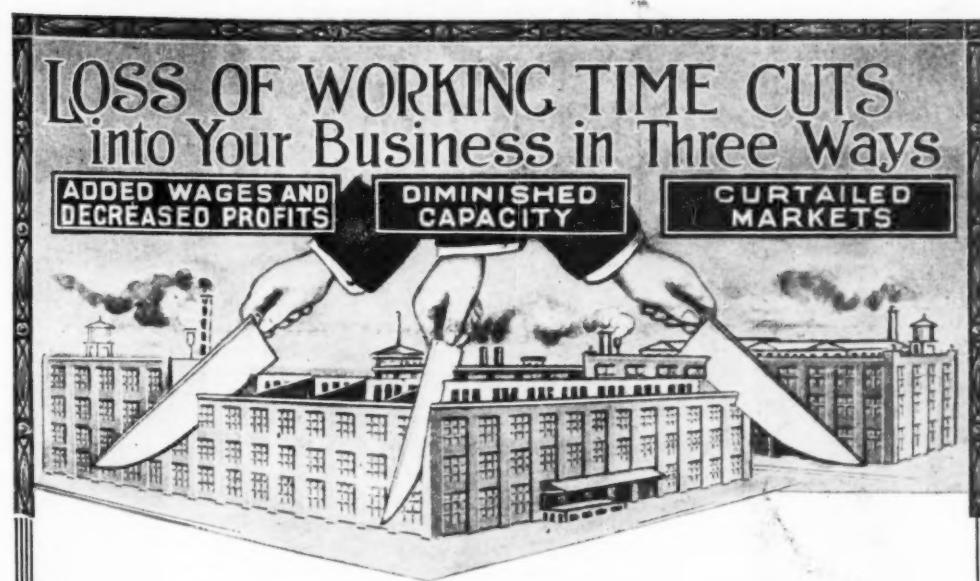
The death of Mrs. Cawthra-Murray now left the bulk of the Cawthra fortune, derived direct from the founder of the family, subject to the direction of her will. There were certainly not lacking grand-nephews and grand-nieces enough on whom to bestow the money, but the old lady had already centred her affections on one of the grandsons of her former husband's niece, Mary Cawthra Mulock. This was the second son of Sir William Mulock, named Cawthra after his grandmother, and at the time a lad of thirteen. Something about him had evidently impressed Mrs. Cawthra-Murray, for she bequeathed to him unconditionally the bulk of her property, valued then at about four million dollars.

CAWTHRA MULOCK A WORKER.

As possessor of the bulk of the Cawthra fortune, Cawthra Mulock is entitled to more than a passing reference in any article dealing with the Cawthra family. That he has not become one of the idle rich, dissipating in profitless pursuits the wealth which fortune thrust upon him, is much to his credit. Toronto's youngest millionaire is a worker, who has already made a name for himself as a successful promoter and an astute financier. He possesses much of his father's sane conception of the obligations of wealth, and he has shown himself to be generous and open-handed in assisting worthy causes. Altogether, at thirty years of age, he has made a very favorable impression, and is to be regarded as one of the influential financiers of the day in Canada.

Considered as a family, the Cawthras may be said to be characterized by a notable reserve. They live very quietly, their names rarely figure in the social columns, they do not court the notoriety which so generally accompanies the possession of unusual wealth. They themselves disclaim any extraordinary talents or capacities, merely maintaining that such wealth as they have has not come to them because of any special aptitudes, but because of the natural increment in value of their property. This desire not to parade their possessions assuredly merits respect.

It has been mentioned that only one member of the family has so far gone in for public life, and that only for a limited period. Some reference, however, should be made to the military achievements of the family. When the War of 1812 broke out, at least two of Joseph Cawthra's sons volunteered in the defence of their country. These were John and Jonathan. In the attack on Fort Detroit John assisted



You can prevent this loss from decreased profits, diminished capacity and curtailed markets by the use of the

International Time Recording System and Cost Keeping System

IT STOPS LOSSES ON YOUR PAY-ROLL BY preventing payment of time not earned. You will obtain the benefit of all of the employees' working time, and you'll do it in a way that will get his co-operation and support, because the system is as fair to the employees as to employer. IT HAS THE RECORD THE EMPLOYEE MADE HIMSELF. Only the habitual late-comer and early-leaver has anything to fear from the INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM.

OUR CATALOGUE "I" WILL TELL YOU THE WAY TO INCREASE YOUR PRODUCTIVE CAPACITY AND HOW TO PUT YOUR TIME-KEEPING ON A STRICT EFFICIENCY BASIS. WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY.

Makers of the Dey Decimal Cost Keeping System which works to advantage with any other system used.

International Time Recording System of Canada, Limited

19-23 Alice Street

Toronto, Canada

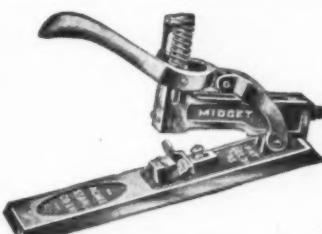
This machine binds sheets of finest paper without tearing

There is no device so simple, safe, and convenient as the Acme Stapling Machines for fastening pay-roll envelopes, backing statements, binding legal documents, filing papers, letters and vouchers. It drives a broad, flat staple, which will hold the finest paper without tearing, and will puncture the toughest and hardest stock. Always in position for instant use. Does not get out of order. It is automatic and self-feeding.

Handsome nickel. Our catalog "A" will show you a model that will just suit your requirements. Request for same puts you under no obligation.

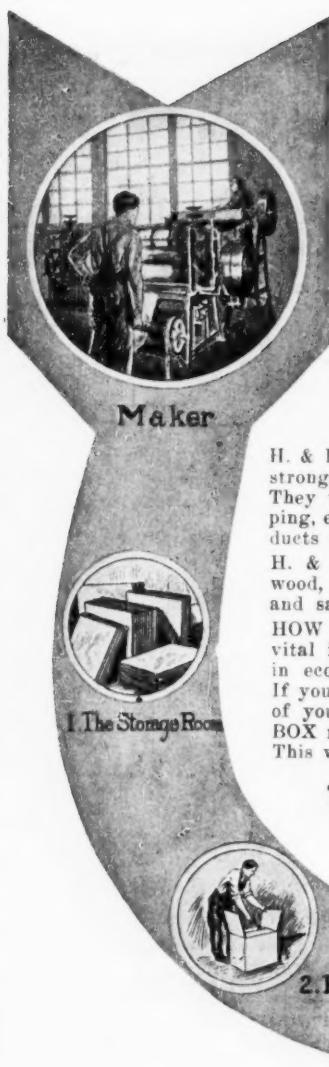
THE ACME STAPLE COMPANY, LIMITED,

Camden, N.J., U.S.A.



(Patented)

Pack Without Noise, Dirt or Tools and Reduce Expenses



Silence and cleanliness have succeeded the sawdust and deafening din of old-style packing methods. Glue-pot, brush and H. & D. CORRUGATED FIBRE-BOARD BOXES have taken their place.

Five H. & D. BOXES can be set up, packed and sealed in the time it takes to pack one wooden box. H. & D. BOXES cut the packing cost, are stronger and more resilient than wood. They withstand the hard knocks of shipping, ensure safe delivery. The most fragile products will reach their destination unbroken. H. & D. BOXES weigh many times less than wood, materially reducing shipping expenses, and save 90% space in the storage room. HOW TO PACK IT: Here is a book that is of vital interest to every manufacturer interested in economical packing. Sent free on request. If you will also tell us the nature and exact size of your product we will send free an H. & D. BOX most suited to the nature of your product. This will not obligate you in any way.

**The Hinde & Dauch Paper Co.
of Canada, Limited**

43 Hanna Avenue
Toronto, Ont.

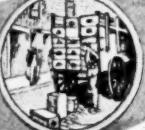


User

4. Cost of Shipping



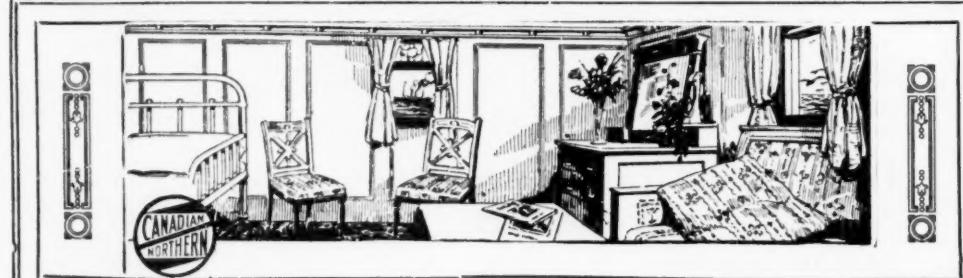
3. Safety in Shipping



2. Packing



1. The Storage Room



Canadian Northern Steamships LIMITED

R.M.S. ROYAL EDWARD

R.M.S. ROYAL GEORGE

Montreal — Quebec — Bristol
(St. Lawrence Route)

SET A NEW STANDARD IN ACCOMMODATION

Cabines de Luxe With Private Baths
(See exact reproduction above)

For reservations, literature and information apply to offices of the Company,
Montreal, Que.; Toronto, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.

in conveying the heavy guns across the river, while at the Battle of Queenston Heights he had at least two hair-breadth escapes from death. In one instance, being ordered from the rear to the front of his company, he had barely stepped out of his place when the comrade who replaced him was shot in the leg. In another he had only just cautioned Colonel Macdonnell against rashly exposing himself, as he seemed to be doing, when he was called on to assist in carrying that officer to the rear, mortally wounded.

There is a natural, and one must admit, an entirely pardonable curiosity on the part of the public to know just how various wealthy people have made their money. In the case of the Cawthras, two agencies have been at work rolling up the value of their possessions. The first of these has been the natural increment in real estate values in Toronto. This is not to say that the family have been speculators in the sense of having bought either land or buildings with a view to making substantial profits over a period of years. They were rather investors and, having money on hand, their favorite way of saving it down was to put it into real estate, not so much vacant land, as land and houses. In process of time they and one or two other families were said to own Toronto, their landed possessions in the city being very extensive.

There could be only one result. As the city grew and real estate prices advanced with ever-increasing momentum, the Cawthras' property rapidly expanded in value. They had been early on the scene, and their holdings were in the very centre of the city. Almost before they knew it, they had passed into the millionaire class. The younger generation began to realize on the investments of the older generation, and the profits were immense. It is said that the family own comparatively little real estate at the present time, but there can be little doubt that the Cawthra fortune is largely the outcome of the immense increment in land values in Toronto during the past century.

There was another cause contributory to the accumulation of their wealth, and it is just possible that it should have been mentioned first, as after all it stands at the basis of the whole financial fabric. This was the saving habit. The Cawthras have always been savers, even down to the present generation. The habit was certainly marked in the case of the founder of the family and his sons. Had they not saved, there would have been no capital for investment, and without capital, no amount of natural increment would have availed.

The Cawthras have always been eminently fair in their financial operations. They were never extortionate in their demands for rent. They undoubtedly did not exact the interest charges on money loaned on mortgage that they might have done. They were content to lay dollar on dollar, fairly, slowly and surely.

So, to the industry and frugality of the founder of the family, to the continued care and thrift of his sons and his sons' sons, the present generation owes the accumulation of a fortune that places them in the front rank of the moneyed families of Canada.

The Business Outlook

What Conditions Will Prevail in the Event of European Powers Being at War—Canada May Profit Through Higher Prices for Wheat

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is quite impossible, writing at the beginning of August to indicate with any degree of confidence the course of business. Every day changes the outlook. Mr. Appleton postulates war and indicates the possible effects on business in Canada. If war does not actually occur he expresses the opinion that the crisis of late July unsettled confidence to such an extent as to deter the return of active business and lower money rates.

WHATEVER view may be taken of Austria's cause for declaration of war against Servia the grim fact has to be admitted that the action taken has certainly changed the business outlook for the entire world. In so far as newspaper despatches have provided information it would appear that Austria's attitude is very arbitrary and will not generally speaking, find favor in English-speaking communities. At the present moment it is impossible to divine what may ultimately be the result of Austria's action and her attitude. It is quite out of place here to discuss European politics in detail, but we have to take cognizance of them in gauging the trend of business in Canada.

Until the gloomy developments of late July conditions in Canada were full of promise. Bank deposits were increasing, bank clearings swelling, and confidence appeared to be gathering momentum. The one serious cloud on the outlook was Ulster. A Toronto broker very correctly stated that the Irish question was the pivotal point on which business would turn. Grave as is that question, for a time overshadowed by the larger European issue, it will continue to be a source of uneasiness until finally settled.

THE LATE JULY CRISIS.

Canadian business men, and those of other nations, have before them a situation which has no precedent in history. Never has it been found, as in the case of the financial crisis of the last week in July, necessary to close the door of so many stock exchanges in so many parts of the world. The evidence that nations are financially dependent one upon the other may not be fully conclusive, but the facts appear to point that way. When the prospect of war produces consequences so violent what can be expected if a conflagration starts in Europe involving all the large powers? War to-day, in the case of the first-class powers, cannot be contrasted with war of a decade ago. Appalling as were the results of the Balkan war they were produced by antagonists not equipped with the fighting machinery, or the wealth to secure it, such as would be brought into action in the case of a contest between powers now growling at each other. We might ask if Canadian business men have reason to anticipate such an outbreak?

At the moment of writing the general

opinion of leading bankers in Canada is that war is possible. Cables received by them from the best informed sources on the European continent and London were to the effect that the worst was feared. Under the circumstances brief reference to the immediate circumstances to which the trouble is attributed will be in place. It is generally conceded that Austria incurred the suspicion of Russia when contrary to the spirit of the Berlin Treaty of 1876 she conquered Bosnia and Herzegovina. Between the races of the Balkan peninsula and the Slavs of Russia there is national sympathy. If the Government of Russia desired it might not be possible for them to restrain the national impulse of the greater race to protect its little sister, Servia, against what appears to be unwarranted aggression by powerful Austria. If Russia acts on behalf of Servia it is generally understood and believed that Germany will stand by Austria. France and England are, under the terms of the triple entente obligated to aid Russia. Under the circumstances as they appear to Canadians at the close of July, it is quite reasonable to anticipate a general European war. The thought of it is repellent. Military preparation and development of armaments generally for the past decade, are but the kindling out of which a disastrous and unprecedented conflagration may be started.

EFFECTS ON CANADIAN BUSINESS.

So far the effect of the crisis in Europe has been to destroy confidence in security prices. So great was the rush to sell Canadian securities held abroad that the governing committees of the Montreal and Toronto exchanges thought it best to close. Undoubtedly, that was the correct policy to follow. The banks did not call loans, a decision generally acted upon, and recognized that the prices quoted immediately preceding the closing of the exchanges should stand until the panicky conditions subsided. In Europe the banks were faced by a run of savings depositors. To what extent, could not be ascertained at the time of writing. So excited was Europe and so great was the demand upon the cables that little information of a reliable character was given publicity. It seems to be obvious, however, that the public of Europe anticipate war and in consequence are withdrawing their savings from the banks. What is done with the gold withdrawn is difficult to state. It

DEBENTURES ISSUED

In sums of \$100 and upwards.
For terms of one or more years.
Interest paid half-yearly.
Interest computed from the date on which money is received, at a rate varying according to the term for which the debenture is issued.

These Debentures are a Legal Investment for Trust Funds

They are a favorite investment of Benevolent and Fraternal Institutions, and of British, Canadian and United States Fire and Life Assurance Companies, largely for deposit with the Canadian Government, being held by such institutions to the amount of more than ONE AND A HALF MILLION DOLLARS.

We shall be glad to mail a specimen debenture, copy of Annual Report, and any further information desired to any one sending us their address.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

ESTABLISHED 1855
Paid-up Capital and Reserve Fund exceed
TEN MILLION DOLLARS
Toronto Street, Toronto, Canada

The Efficient Company

That servant is termed "efficient" who does well the thing he was employed to do. The Mutual Life of Canada, the servant of the Canadian people, has demonstrated its efficiency. It has

Paid to bereaved relatives.....	\$ 6,190,921
Paid in endowments.....	3,326,241
Paid in dividends.....	2,664,077
Paid for surrendered policies.....	2,077,200
Paid in all.....	14,258,499
And it holds to guarantee absolutely the payment of future obligations.	18,005,939

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Is therefore termed "The Efficient Company."

ERASES INK QUICK

Like a Magic Wand
One stroke and the wrong letter, figure or blot disappears, leaving the paper smooth and clean.

This Flexible Diamond Brush Has Over 10,000 Diamond Points. "That's the Reason."

The RUSH-ERASER

is the first Ideal Ink and Typewriter Eraser SELLS AT SIGHT

Indispensable to Stenographers, Bookkeepers, Bankers and all Users of Pen and Ink. Used by U. S. Government, Navy and State Departments. Fully guaranteed. Sample sent postpaid for 5c with name of your stationer. Dealers and Side Line Men Please No Rubber, Write. Elegant Display Sign in Gold and Silver for the trade.

Rush E-Raser, 844 S.A. & K. Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

Made of
Aluminum
and Silver.

Acids or
Blades.

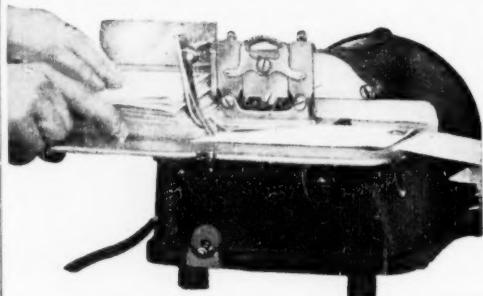
Silver for the trade.

Rush E-Raser, 844 S.A. & K. Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

THE SADDLE HORSE. A COMPLETE guide for riding and training. This is a complete and reliable guide book for all who desire to acquire the accomplishment of horsemanship who wish to teach their animals how to perform various feats under the saddle. Illustrated. 5 x 7 inches. Cloth, \$1.00. Technical Book Department, MacLean Pub. Co., 143 University Ave., Toronto.

How Many Executives and Departments in Your Office Lose Time Waiting for the Mail to be Opened?

Lightning Letter Openers



open the mail many times faster than it can be done by hand, and enable you to have it distributed practically as soon as received.

The "Lightning" opens letters flat and does not cut enclosures; the knives simply cut a fine strip from the edge of the envelope.

Firms everywhere are using "Lightnings." Here are a few of those that have found it so practical that they have re-ordered:

T. Eaton & Co., Canada Life Assurance Co., Eastman Kodak Co., General Electric Co., Penna. R. R. Co., American Tobacco Co., Curtis Pub. Co., City of New York, U. S. Govt., etc.

Power and Hand Types—to suit your requirements. In asking for particulars, state average daily mail.

Representatives wanted in unassigned territory.

LIGHTNING LETTER OPENER COMPANY, INC., 71 Exchange St., Rochester, N.Y.
44 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Down come postage expenses

The "Multipost" Stamp Affixer and Accountant saves labor and reduces stamping expenses to a minimum. Three times faster than by hand. Every stamp as used is automatically registered. It keeps an absolute check on your postage account. Can be locked with key when not in use. Simply insert collated stamps (obtainable at any P.O.) in stamp case, fill water chamber and it is ready for 500 stampings. The Multipost is saving money for over 15,000 offices, large and small. For any size or form of mail. Quickly pays for itself. Guaranteed for one year; should last a lifetime.

For economy and for speed the "MULTIPOST" merits your investigation.

Booklet "C" sent free on request.

CANADIAN MULTIPOST CO., LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.



"They Can't 'Get' us on That"

The importance of uniformly clear and permanent carbon copies cannot be overestimated.

A copy with every word clear and distinct may save you in many a case.

PEERLESS

CARBON
PAPERS

TYPEWRITER
RIBBONS

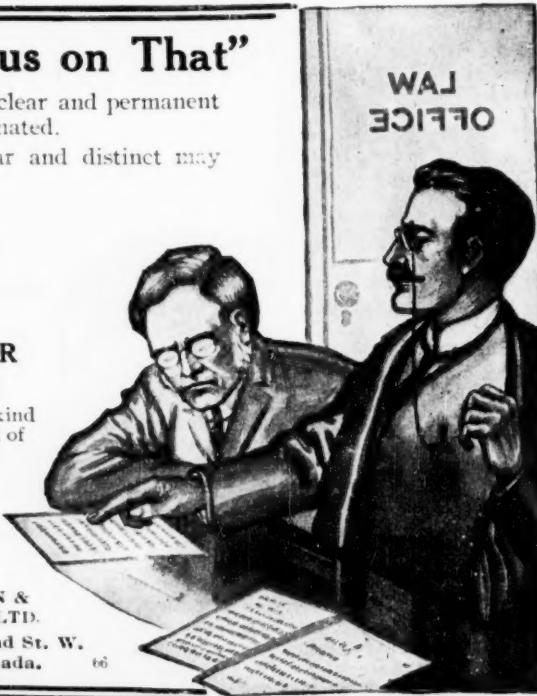
can always be relied upon to produce the kind of copies that are dependable—the kind of letters that you will be proud to sign.

Peerless Products are made particularly for particular people.

You're unaffected by any climate and are unconditionally guaranteed.

PEERLESS CARBON &
RIBBON MFG. CO. LTD.
176-178 Richmond St. W.
Toronto, Canada.

Name
Address
PEERLESS "SAMPLE" COUPON
On this coupon and send for
our "Sample" package (car-
bon paper to test in
your own office).



goes out of circulation, causes interest rates to advance, and thereby adds to the general unrest.

CONSEQUENCES TO CANADA.

It will be noted that beyond the falling of security prices in Canada as a result of the disturbed financial market of Europe, the only other effect was a sharp advance in the prices of cereal products. Tangible evidence of unrest in the strictly financial world is furnished by the stock market quotations, but in addition, general confidence has been severely shaken. This is regrettable, but in so far as Canadian business is concerned, it is not likely to suffer to the same extent as that of European countries. The Dominion is fortunate in its geographical position and is fortunate also in having resources and products which will be in acute demand when war checks the productive forces of Europe. If war does eventuate on a general scale in Europe, and no Canadian business man hopes for such a consummation, there is no doubt but that the price for Canadian wheat would increase very materially. Russia is one of the largest wheat-producing countries in the Empire and Austria-Hungary is another important one. The wheat crop of Russia in 1913 was estimated at 962,587,000 bushels and that of Austria-Hungary, 229,368,000. These two countries alone produced over 25 per cent. of the world's total product.

If these two countries become involved in a struggle it may last for a period extending over more than one harvest and would diminish production. With modern appliances, however, the battles may be quickly decided. But little is known as to what effect these new appliances would have. Armies are not likely to be massed as they were in the past. Whether the struggle is to be one of a few months or a few weeks is a matter of conjecture. There is no precedent to guide us.

Just as soon as it is known that a general war is unavoidable the banks would pursue a most cautious policy. They would each be thrown on their own resources very much in the same way as business men will be. New money will not be available to the banks nor to those with whom they do business. This means that the banks will be able to take care of their customers for the most ordinary everyday wants very much in the same way as they did during the crisis of 1907 when the New York banks suspended specie payments. That is all that could be expected of them.

Happily the banks in Canada were never in a better position to take care of the country. Their reserves are high—much more so than they were a year ago. But with credit over the whole world so violently uprooted they would have to take the greatest possible care of their depositors' money, and this they will do at all hazards. It is quite possible also that in the case of Great Britain being drawn into the struggle Canadian resources in gold and credit would have to be drawn upon. If war is to be, the only course open to business men is to move with extreme caution and nurse every resource at their command. Interest rates would

be high and to get new money for capital outlay would be impossible. Construction work generally would most likely abruptly cease and thus precipitate much unemployment. The people would have to be fed when the price of foodstuffs was high. When a large percentage of the able-bodied men of the country are thus maintained they are not buyers on a scale likely to quicken the pace of slow-moving industrial wheels. Depression will certainly follow a general European war. In one respect Canada will profit; her farmers will get a higher price for their wheat. But this advantage will not offset the loss from trade contraction.

CROP PROSPECTS.

At the time of writing the prospects of a normal crop in the Canadian West are not of the best. The latter days of July were very hot and dry. The consequence is that deterioration has taken place. The possibility of 160,000,000 bushels of wheat remain. If for this product the farmers get a higher price it will not leave conditions in the West unfavorable.

If Canada profits by the misfortune of Europe, the United States, to a greater extent, will benefit from high prices for cereals, the crop of which this year is exceptionally heavy. Farmers there would be able to buy to a very much larger extent than they have been able to do for some time. On the other hand, however, the hostilities in Europe, if they eventuate, would demoralize trade to some extent, and until the latter can be determined the trade loss in the States would hardly be counterbalanced by the change of the farmers. Canada, however, is a much greater, relatively speaking, agricultural country than the United States; that is a larger proportion of her people are engaged in agricultural pursuits and her industries are less proportionately than those of the States. However, Canada would suffer through trade loss to some extent. On the whole both countries would benefit by a period of higher prices for cereals.

We do not for a moment anticipate that the depression in Canada, if war should ensue, would be appreciably greater than at the present time. Business generally has been fairly well purged of inflation. It is now down to the core and it is doubtful if such a calamity as a European war could further pare down the economies resorted to.

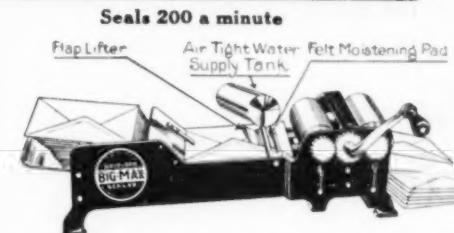
CANADIAN BANKS.

It is exceedingly fortunate that Canadian banks held such a strong position when the world was faced with the European crisis. Bank reserves were strong and although the unprecedented event, the closing of the stock exchanges took place, no financial embarrassments were announced. This is an excellent record for the Dominion and is some evidence of the business health which now prevails. In commercial circles there are the usual number of failures, possibly a few more than usual, but none of an alarming or unsettling character. Taking into consideration the untoward events which have occurred Canadians may congratulate themselves upon being to a certain

Saves You Money Every Day—By Saving Time and Work
THE BIG-MAX
ENVELOPE SEALER

Here's the
New One—

Simple
Sure
Quick



Simplicity—Certainty—Economy are three big features of this new envelope sealer. It can't get out of order. It is used in many offices where machines which cost \$300 to \$500 were placed—because Big-Max never falls down. It is Certain—doesn't get loose or careless—*always seals tight*. It is a true economy; 200 a minute is fast enough. Big-Max will work a lifetime and not cost you a dollar in new parts or repairs.

Self-Feeding—all you do is turn the crank. Seals any size envelope without special adjustments

AGENTS—DEALERS—WRITE US QUICK. This is the first low-priced sealer of envelopes that does perfect work. The demand is enormous. We want live agents and dealers. Order a machine. Our Refund Offer is open to you. Write direct to the manufacturers.

OFFICE APPLIANCE MFG. CO.
 502 Ferguson Building
 PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Envelope
Sealer That
Can't Get Out
of Order

Send us your order. If not perfectly satisfied, return machine within 10 days. We refund your money and pay return express charges.

THE PENS WITH THE FAULTLESS FLOW

The best known devices that make for smooth, regular ink flow are found in the

**ARO-MAC
WAVERLEY
and
CAMERON**

FOUNTAIN PENS

The "Aro-Mac" and "Cameron" are most serviceable pens at very moderate prices, and are made in all sizes, self-feeding or otherwise. The "Waverley," with its twin feed, and gold flexible top bar on the nib, is the last word in Fountain Pen Efficiency. The patented nib contains half as much again more gold than any other nib. Simple—Easy to clean—Nothing to get out of order.

THE ARO-MAC LINES

of Superfine Steel and Gilt Pen Nibs, comprise a pen point for every style of hand-writing, and for every conceivable purpose. Of irreproachable quality, being made of highest-grade metals, beautifully finished and individually selected. The name of Macniven and Cameron, Ltd., of Edinburgh, is your guarantee of smooth and rapid writing. Ask for these fountain pens and pen nibs by name, at your stationer's—if he can't supply you, send us a post-card direct.



"They come as a boon and a blessing to men—The 'Pickwick,' 'The Owl,' and the 'Waverley' Pen."

The A. R. MACDOUGALL CO., 266 King St. West, Toronto



There's no profit in idle money
 Place Your Money Where You Will Get Good Profit With Security

Since the securities of this corporation were placed on the market ten years ago, a profit of seven per cent. per annum has been paid on investments. Business established twenty-eight years.

Investment may be withdrawn in part or whole at any time after one year. Safe as a mortgage.

Call at Office or write for Full Particulars and Booklet "N".

National Securities Corporation
 LIMITED
 CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING
 TORONTO, ONTARIO

Safeguard Your Investments!

READ



Gives its readers information essential in determining the quality of investments. Provides an up-to-date history of financial and commercial undertakings as a guide to present and prospective investors.

The Investor's Information Bureau is conducted, free of charge, for the benefit of subscribers.

Write for a free sample copy.

The Financial Post of Canada

"The Canadian Newspaper for Investors."

143-153 University Avenue
Toronto

extent immune from further depression. Possibly good may come out of the trouble which ensued, inasmuch as it was the final jerk which took the last drop of water out of Canadian stocks. There are times when the movements of the stock exchange are some indication of what

business conditions are and what they are likely to be. In times of panic, however, they are not. Stocks were sold at prices that were far from being an approximate measure of their intrinsic value, and when such a condition arises, the exchanges are better closed.

At Five o'Clock in the Morning

Continued from Page 9.

their minds. We are in Eden just now. One can say what he thinks in Eden without being ridiculous. You are divinely fair, Eve. Your eyes are stars of the morning—your cheek has the flush it stole from the sunrise—your lips are redder than the roses of paradise. And I love you, Eve."

Mollie lowered her eyes and the long fringe of her lashes lay in a burnished semi-circle on her cheek.

"I think," she said, slowly, "that it must have been very delightful in Eden. But we are not really there, you know. We are only playing that we are. And it is time for me to go back. I must get the breakfast. That sounds too prosaic for paradise."

Murray bent still closer.

"Before we remember that we are only playing at paradise, will you kiss me, dear Eve?"

"You are very audacious," said Mollie, coldly.

"We are in Eden yet," he urged. "That makes all the difference."

"Well," said Mollie. And Murray kissed her.

They had passed back over the fern path and were in the pasture before either spoke again. Then Murray said:

"We have left Eden behind—but we can always return there when we will. And although we were only playing at paradise, I was not playing at love. I meant all I said, Mollie."

"Have you meant it often?" asked Mollie, significantly.

"I never meant it—or even played at it—before," he answered. "I did—at one time—contemplate the possibility of playing at it. But that was long ago—as long ago as last night. I am glad to the core of my soul that I decided against it before I met you, dear Eve. I have the letter of decision in my coat pocket this moment. I mean to mail it this afternoon."

"Curiosity knows no gender," quoted Mollie.

"Then to satisfy your curiosity, I must bore you with some personal history. My parents died when I was a little chap, and my uncle brought me up. He has been immensely good to me, but he is a bit of a tyrant. Recently he picked out a wife for me, the daughter of an old sweetheart of his. I have never even seen her. But she has arrived in town on a visit to some relatives there. Uncle Dick wrote to me to return home at once and pay my court to the lady. I protested. He wrote again—a letter, short and the

reverse of sweet. If I refused to do my best to win this Miss Mannerling he would disown me—never speak to me again—cut me off with a quarter. Uncle always means what he says. That is one of our family traits, you understand. I spent some miserable, undecided days. It was not the threat of disinheritance that worried me, although when you have been brought up to regard yourself as a prospective millionaire it is rather difficult to adjust your vision to a pauper focus. But it was the thought of alienating Uncle Dick. I love the dear, determined old chap like a father. But last night my guardian angel was with me, and I decided to remain my own man. So I wrote uncle Dick, respectfully but firmly declining to become a candidate for Miss Mannerling's hand."

"But you have never seen her," said Mollie. "She may be—almost—charming."

"If she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be?" quoted Murray. "As you say, she may be—almost—charming; but she is not Eve. She is merely one of a million other women, as far as I am concerned. Don't let's talk of her. Let us talk only of ourselves. There is nothing else that is half so interesting."

"And will your uncle really cast you off?" asked Mollie.

"Not a doubt of it."

"What will you do?"

"Work, dear Eve. My carefully acquired laziness must be thrown to the winds. I shall work. That is the rule outside of Eden. Don't worry. I've painted pictures that have actually been sold. I'll make a living for us somehow."

"Us?"

"Of course. You are engaged to me."

"I am not," said Mollie, indignantly.

"Mollie! Mollie! After that kiss! Fie, fie."

"You are very absurd," said Mollie; "but your absurdity has been amusing. I have—yes, positively—I have enjoyed your Eden comedy. But now you must not come any further with me. My aunt might not approve. Here is my path to Orchard Knob farmhouse. There, I presume, is yours to Sweetbriar Cottage. Good morning."

"I am coming over to see you this afternoon," said Murray coolly. "But you needn't be afraid. I will not tell tales out of Eden. I will be a hypocrite and pretend to Mrs. Palmer that we have never met before. But you and I will know and remember. Now you may go. I reserve

to myself the privilege of standing here and watching you out of sight."

That afternoon Murray strolled over to Orchard Knob, going into the kitchen without knocking, as was the habit in that free and easy world. Mrs. Palmer was lying on the lounge with a pungent handkerchief bound about her head, but keeping a vigilant eye on a very pretty, very plump, brown-eyed girl who was stirring a kettleful of cherry preserve on the range.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Palmer," said Murray, wondering where Mollie was. "I'm sorry to see that you look something like an invalid."

"I've a raging, ramping headache," said Mrs. Palmer, solemnly. "I had it all night and I'm good for nothing. Mollie, you'd better take them cherries off. Mr. Murray, this is my niece, Mollie Booth."

"What?" said Murray, explosively.

"Miss Mollie Booth," repeated Mrs. Palmer in a louder tone.

Murray regained outward self-control and bowed to the blushing Mollie.

"And what about Eve?" he thought helplessly. "Who—what was she? Did I dream her? Was she a phantom of delight? No, no; phantoms don't milk cows. She was flesh and blood. No chilly nymph exhaling from the mists of the marsh could have given a kiss like that."

"Mollie has come to stay the rest of the summer with me," said Mrs. Palmer. "I hope to goodness my tribulations with hired girls is over at last. They've made a wreck of me."

Murray rapidly reflected. This development, he decided, released him from his promise to tell no tales. "I met a young lady down in the pond pasture this morning," he said, deliberately. "I talked with her for a few minutes. I supposed her to be your niece. Who was she?"

"Oh, that was Miss Mannering," said Mrs. Palmer.

"What?" said Murray again.

"Mannering—Dora Mannering," said Mrs. Palmer loudly, wondering if Mr. Murray were losing his hearing. "She came here last night just to see me. I haven't seen her since she was a child of twelve. I used to be her nurse before I was married. I was that proud to think she thought it worth her while to look me up. And mind you, this morning, when she found me crippled with headache and not able to do a hand's turn, that girl, Mr. Murray, went and milked seven cows"—"Only four," murmured Murray, but Mrs. Palmer did not hear him—"for me. Couldn't prevent her. She said she'd learned to milk for fun one summer when she was in the country, and she did it. And then she got breakfast for the men. Mollie didn't come till the ten o'clock train. Miss Mannering is as capable as if she had been riz on a farm."

"Where is she now?" demanded Murray.

"Oh, she's gone."

"What?"

"Gone," shouted Mrs. Palmer, "gone. She left on the train Mollie come on. Gracious me, has the man gone crazy? He hasn't seemed like himself at all this afternoon."



Counter Cabinet Style—Closed.

Mistakes Destroy Confidence

Install the Barr Account Register System and avoid them.

The Barr Account Register is the simplest and most quickly operated system yet introduced. Its exclusive features put it in a class by itself, and is without a successful competitor in many points of efficiency. Made to accommodate from 100 to 1,000 accounts, and requires less counter or floor space than any other account system—

Mistakes are an impossibility

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Barr Register is a bona-fide Canadian invention, fully protected by valid patents. There is not and never have been any legal proceedings against such patents, notwithstanding competitor's talk to the contrary. We make this announcement as we understand some merchants have been imposed upon and have been induced to buy other Registers through such talk.

BARR REGISTERS, LIMITED.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR ALL PARTICULARS AND
ASK FOR DEMONSTRATION

Barr Registers, Limited
Trenton, Ontario

Great Britain: Head Offices, Dacre House, No. 5 Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C.—Factory, Birmingham, England.

Excellent Engravings

at low rates

We have in stock a large number of cuts which have been used in the editorial columns of this publication. Any person desiring any of these can secure them at greatly reduced prices, in some cases for less than the photographs cost us. Make your selection from either past or current issues and write us.

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited
143-149 University Avenue

Toronto

The Pen with the magic Button



"It's filled with a twist of the wrist."

There are scores of self-filling fountain pens.

But "AA" PEN PERFECTION

has been proven by years of satisfactory usage, the world over.

Made of the best material, by the most skilled workmen—each pen is guaranteed to be perfect.

Self-Fillers from \$2.00 up according to size

Try an A. A. Pen and Get Perfect Pen Satisfaction

Ask your Stationer, Druggist or Jeweler, or write for our catalogue and prices.

Arthur A. Waterman & Co.
22 Thames St., New York City
Not Connected with
The L. E. Waterman Co.

\$300.00
In Two Months

This is what one of the circulation representatives of "MacLean's Magazine" earned in commissions in two months.

You can secure a position in your locality similar to the one which enabled this man to earn the \$300, by writing to

THE
MACLEAN PUBLISHING
COMPANY
143-153 University Ave.
Toronto, Can.

The "SANITARY" ERASER

Handy - Practical - Economical - *Always Covered*



THE SANITARY ERASER receives, at its open end, a strip of rubber $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick, of a width and length that of the holder. By slight pressure at the loop end, clean rubber is fed down until used; its narrow edge allows a letter or line to be erased without injuring another. Two rubbers of best quality are made; one for typewriter and ink, one for pencil.

Handsome finished; Easy to Operate and "They Always Work". EVERYBODY should have this NEW ERASER, Price 10¢. Rubber, Typewriter and ink, or Pencil, 5¢ each. Your Stationer.

When ordering by mail, state whether Typewriter and ink, or Pencil, enclose 2¢ extra for postage. Booklet of our 3 "O.K." Office Necessities Free. The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

Murray had bolted madly out of the house and was striding down the lane.

Blind fool, unspeakable idiot that he had been! To take her for Mrs. Palmer's niece—that peerless creature with the calm acceptance of any situation, which marked the woman of the world, with the fine appreciation and quickness of repartee that spoke of generations of culture—to imagine that she could be Mollie Booth! He had been blind, besottedly blind. And now he had lost her! She would never forgive him; she had gone without a word or sign.

As he reached the last curve of the lane where it looped about the apple trees, a plump figure came flying down the orchard slope.

"Mr. Murray, Mr. Murray," Mollie Booth called breathlessly. "Will you please come here just a minute?"

Murray crossed over to the paling rather grumpily. He did not want to talk with Mollie Booth just then. Confound it, what did the girl want? Why was she looking so mysterious?

Mollie produced a little, square, gray envelope from some feminine hiding place and handed it over the paling.

"She give me this at the station, Miss Mannerling did," she gasped, "and asked me to give it to you without letting Aunt Emily Jane see. I couldn't get a chance when you was in, but as soon as you went I slipped out by the porch door and followed you. You went so fast I near die trying to head you off."

"You dear little soul," said Murray,

suddenly radiant. "It is too bad you have had to put yourself so out of breath on my account. But I am immensely obliged to you. The next time your young man wants a trusty private messenger, just refer him to me."

"Git away with you," giggled Mollie. "I must hurry back 'fore Aunt Emily Jane gits wind I'm gone. I hope there's good news in your girl's letter. My, but didn't you look flat when Aunt said she'd went!"

Murray beamed at her idiotically. When she had vanished among the trees he opened his letter.

"Dear Mr. Murray," it ran, "your unblushing audacity of the morning deserves some punishment. I hereby punish you by prompt departure from Orchard Knob. Yet I do not dislike audacity at some times, in some places, in some people. It is only from a sense of duty that I punish it in this case. And it was really pleasant in Eden. If you do not mail that letter, and if you still persist in your very absurd interpretation of the meaning of Eve's kiss, we may meet again in town. Until then I remain,

"Very sincerely yours,
"DORA LYNNE MANNERING."

Murray kissed the gray letter and put it tenderly away in his pocket. Then he took his letter to his uncle and tore it into tiny fragments. Finally he looked at his watch.

"If I hurry, I can catch the afternoon train to town," he said.

On the Fighting Line in Riel's Day

Continued from Page 12.

chief and bringing him into camp seated behind him on his horse. Hourie was much lionized in Winnipeg and other places later on, but lionizing was not as healthy for him as his free life on the plains. His popularity made him somewhat dissatisfied with the one kind of life for which he was fitted and, when the popularity wore off, he never seemed to regain his old vigor. He died about seven years ago.

A sad incident at Batoche was the shooting of Capt. Jack French of French's Scouts. He had done splendid service and was in with the first. After it was all over he was standing looking out of the window of one of the houses that had formed Riel's headquarters when an old half-breed who lay in a bush near by shot him. Exclaiming, "Don't forget, boys, who brought you here," French fell and, in a moment was gone.

Batoche was Middleton's last fight and it was a far cry from Lucknow where this sturdy and dashing Irish soldier had first won his spurs. But as on the hot sands of India he had demonstrated early in his career his fearlessness, so in the closing days of his soldier experience he had on the snowy plains of the far West given the Canadian soldiers a good example of the gentleman unafeard.

From Batoche he moved on to Prince

Albert and thence to Battleford where the big chief, Poundmaker, was not yet subdued. Otter, who has given ample evidence of his soldierly qualities, had made a spectacular march from Swift Current to Battleford, going 190 miles in the remarkable time of only five and a half days. At Battleford he was received with great enthusiasm because for many weeks the place had been practically in a state of siege at the hands of Poundmaker's band. All the settlers in the district had been huddled together inside the stockade and the strain and anxiety was telling, especially on the women and children. Poundmaker had not actually declared himself either way by any open movement, but the Indians that were attached to his camp were terrorizing and, to some degree, plundering the neighborhood. So after a few days Otter decided to find out Poundmaker's position and at the same time ward off the chance of a junction between him and Big Bear who was hot on the war path. Otter, taking most of his forces, moved out to cut Knife Creek where Poundmaker had the usual immense advantage of his own ground. Our men were practically hemmed in down a ravine from the sides of which a fierce cross fire was poured by the Indians. Otter's brigade stood its ground with every mark of coolness and deter-

mined courage and after some hours' fighting retired in an orderly way to Battleford to defend it against a counter attack. But Cut Knife and the news of Batoche took the heart out of Poundmaker, and he remained in Camp till he later, on May 26th, just as our column under General Strange was coming into close grips with Big Bear and his murderous band. But we shall leave that story for the next article.

Twisting Trails

Continued from Page 16.

"Wait," exclaimed Milford, as the other raised the bottle to his lips. "Fill this," and he pushed a glass across the table. The geologist filled it to the brim, as is the woods custom, and drank. Milford helped himself to a like amount and then pushed the bottle across the table toward George.

"Now that's somethin' like it," he beamed. "You're first rock-tapper ever saw's was good fellow."

He pushed the bottle and glass toward the geologist again. It was filled to the brim and downed. The girl sat silently in a corner, watching the men. She was not frightened but she looked continually at the man Milford evidently addressed as a geologist, apparently trying to determine just what sort of man he was.

Milford took the conversation in hand and the visitor, although he tried several times, was prevented from saying anything to the girl. Milford orated at length, punctuating his remarks frequently with drinks, in which the other men joined.

Suddenly, in the midst of a harangue on the future of the district in mining, his head fell forward onto the table and his sentence ended in a heavy snore.

"Will you do me a favor?" asked Rea, springing to her feet and hurrying to the geologist. She had been the first to see that Milford could not be a factor in immediate developments.

"Most certainly," agreed the young man, startled by the sudden animation on the girl's part. "In fact, that is—"

"Then come with me at once," she interrupted, hurrying out of the door. He followed. George remained in his chair, looking at the bottle.

"Do you know where the Whisky Jack mine is?" Rea asked.

"Yes."

"Can you take me there immediately?"

"Why, yes, but—"

"Then call your canoeeman and come at once. It is imperative that we hurry."

"But it is eight miles and getting late. Don't you think we had better wait until morning. There is no danger for you here," and he pointed to the cabin.

"No, no," cried the girl, looking into the darkness over the lake and listening for a moment. "If we go, it must be at once. Don't let us lose time. We can talk on the way."

YOUR GUARANTEE

Install **GIPE-HAZARD CARRIERS**—use them ten days—put them to every test—and if they do not give quicker, better and more satisfactory store service than any other system, they may be returned at our expense. Fair enough, is it not? **Investigate our modern Electric Cable Cash Carrier and Pneumatic Dispatch Tubes. Send for our new Catalog G.**

GIPE-HAZARD STORE SERVICE CO., LTD.
97 ONTARIO STREET, TORONTO, CANADA



This Book Might Save You The Cost of a New Building

HAVE you ever heard of "Intensive Cultivation?" This principle applied to market gardening has resulted in a fourfold increase in yield, with a proportionate increase in profits.

Has it never occurred to you that the same principle might be applied to YOUR OWN organization, whether it be manufacturing, jobbing or retailing? Many of

Canada's most prominent business men owe their success to this very thing. Cultivate your available floor space so that every square foot may be made to produce a profit.

This new Book, "The Elevator," will show you how. Write for it to-day. It may save you the cost of a new building by pointing the way to a better arrangement of your present floor space.

OTIS-FENSON ELEVATOR COMPANY
LIMITED

50 BAY STREET, TORONTO

Fill in and mail this coupon now, while the idea is fresh in your mind. Don't put it off and forget. Tear it off NOW before you turn this page.

COUPON "N-93"

Please send me your Book.

Name _____

Address _____

One depends
on the
other

Do you imagine
that poor carbon
paper can pos-
sibly give
permanently
clear copies? Then
use

MULTIKOPY
TRADE
MARK

Carbon Paper

now—before you've been stung by the loss following a faded or illegible carbon copy. Be safe with the copies that are clear for all time to come, readable as long as the paper holds together. Save money with MultiKopy, the standard carbon paper, which will make 100 neat, even, permanently clear records from one sheet.

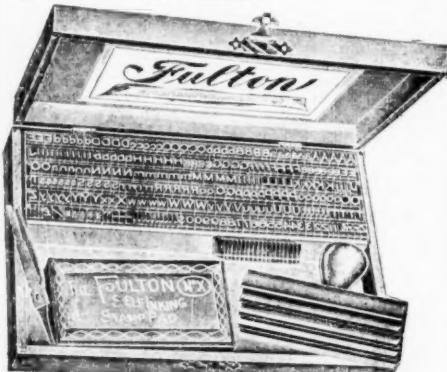
WRITE FOR FREE SHEET.

F. S. WEBSTER CO.

365 Congress Street Boston, Mass.
Makers of Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons.

Cut Down Printing Expenses With a "Fulton" Business Outfit

For quick, neat printing of notices, price changes, removals, dates of meetings, notification of arrival of salesmen, addressing and duplicating of envelopes, tags, labels, price cards, stamping of fruit crates, baskets, etc., in real time and money saved. The "FULTON" BUSINESS OUTFITS are the most complete and practical rubber stamp outfit for office, store or factory use. Each outfit is put up in a handsome polished wood box with brass trimmings.



FULTON BUSINESS OUTFITS are fully guaranteed. Let us send you our illustrated catalogs Nos. 27 and 28, showing various sets and styles of type. Write now. For sale at all Canadian dealers.

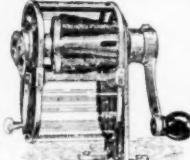
FULTON RUBBER TYPE CO.
Elizabeth, N.J., U.S.A.

Reduce pencil expenses and save time

The "BOSTON" PENCIL POINTER sharpens every size and kind of pencil. Works with lightning speed and stops cutting when pencil is pointed. Prevents waste and saves time. Can be attached to either horizontal or vertical surfaces. Transparent shaving receptacle easily removed.

A BIG ECONOMY TO ANY OFFICE.
Mailed postpaid for \$3.50.

THE A. S. HUSTWITT CO.
4 Adelaide West TORONTO



The geologist was silent for a moment, thinking.

"George," he finally called.

The canoe man came out of the door and the girl led the way to the water. On the sand she stopped and listened. Fowler had said he would return Thursday night. Then they caught the faint sound of a paddle against the gunwale of a canoe.

"It is too late!" Rea cried, grasping the geologist's arm and hurrying back toward the cabin. "Come, quickly."

She led the way up the bank.

"Let me advise you to spend the night here," the geologist again suggested, "and allow me to take you to the railroad in the morning. You see, I know something—"

"No, no," said Rea. "It is kind of you, but you don't understand. A great deal depends upon my getting to the mine at once, as quickly as possible. Will you take me?"

The sound of an approaching canoe became more plain. She laid a hand on his arm.

"Please," she said.

Her face was upturned near his. In the dim light he could see in it anxiety, suspense.

"Yes," he said slowly. "Come with us. Our canoe is across the island," and he led the way down the trail behind the cabin. As they disappeared in the darkness a canoe grated on the sand and a man stepped out.

"Milford!" he called, looking at the lighted cabin.

"Milford!" he repeated.

There was no reply, and he hurried up the bank. Then, cautiously, he crept to a window. Inside he saw the woodsman, arms outflung and head down on the table. Through the open door he could hear his heavy breathing.

The man rushed in and shook him.

"Milford!" he shouted. "You fool! Wake up!"

One glance at the open doors of the two empty rooms and he turned savagely.

"You drunken fool! Wake up! Where's the girl?"

CHAPTER VII.

THE canoe passed silently, quickly, from the island and then circled around it. When out of hearing distance, the geologist smiled:

"And now, captain, what are the plans?"

"Of course, in this deserted country," Rea replied, "I can't very well have a sanity commission appointed to prove that I am in my right mind. Will it be too much to ask you to believe it, just on my own assertion?"

"My dear young lady, insanity never accompanies such a determined chin. But we are begging the question. It is not your sanity but your wisdom that I have questioned."

Rea gauged him thoughtfully. This man was not a silly boy to be led aside by light badinage. Rather he must be a one-ideal scientist, always asking why and always reaching the heart of things. But he had shown himself a generous one and that would again have to be her protection.

"I know," she whispered, "that this is not customary. But I shall again have to ask a favor. I know you are a gentleman and by that I know you will be satisfied that you are in the right. A great deal depends upon what I have to do to-night. There is no danger connected with it. I can't explain more, even if it were wise to talk out here on the water."

"That is perhaps all I have a right to ask," agreed the geologist.

Evidently the girl had some plan which she was intent on carrying out. She had shown that she had courage and he decided that he would not detract from anything she might hope to do.

"I must ask you," he said, however, "that you promise not to expose yourself to any danger."

"I promise," Rea replied, as they slipped along in the darkness.

She could occasionally see the strong profile of the man as he bent to the paddle. It was generous of him, she thought, to put himself in her service and he had a disconcerting way of going directly at a thing when once awakened. But something must be lacking for a man of his age to settle down to the study of rocks. However, he was the mean to an end and it made no difference to her whether he tapped rocks or sold bonds.

But, in spite of herself, again and again returned this inexplicable desire to fit the man to the work or, rather, the work to the man. If only, she thought, he were not just an academic geologist. She had heard that some geologists had real experiences, were concerned in big deals. The thought bore a train of doubts. What if, after all, he were a mining geologist? There was only one mine in the vicinity. Had she played into Fowler's hands?

But a glance at the strong face before her dispelled her suspicions. It was too frank a face. She gave herself a little shake. These groundless doubts were unlike her and she turned to watch for the dim shore line.

George beached the canoe under some dark rocks two hundred yards from the mining company's dock. The geologist stepped out and helped Rea to her feet.

"I have one more favor to ask," she said. "Wait for me here. I will not be gone more than half an hour. I can't explain, but you will do as I ask?"

The geologist hesitated.

"No," he said. "I fear you are taking a risk. Can't I accompany—?"

"No, no! You must not," exclaimed the girl. "Please remain here."

She ran up the bank before he could reply.

To Be Continued.

LIGHTING BY WIRELESS.

A specially-designed electric-light bulb, constructed in accordance with the plans of Marconi, was illuminated by wireless waves supplied from a 100-h.p. plant six miles distant, recently. The success of the experiment, which is not yet adapted to commercial use, is a forerunner, according to Mr. Marconi, of the use of wireless in both lighting and heating houses, as well as for giving a means of supplying power to aeroplanes in flight.

National Affairs:

Three Years of Conservative Government

Continued from Page 7.

by the Dominions Royal Commission, which is taking evidence in Canada. As regards ocean traffic, too, new arrangements in regard to marine insurance have been made and it is hoped that if shippers will co-operate a Canadian Lloyd's may yet be formed. An actual reduction of insurance to the port of Halifax has also been accomplished. Measures have been passed to improve the pilotage service, define navigation rules, to make Canadian coasts and steamship routes safer by the establishment of wireless stations, lights and buoys.

Agriculture as the basic industry must always be an important legislative and administrative subject for any Government in a young and fertile country such as Canada. The Borden Government has devoted during the first three years of office, over 150 per cent. more of its revenues towards expenditures connected with agriculture than the preceding administration. Two important Acts of Parliament having to do with agricultural matters have been introduced in the three years, and both have passed with little opposition. One was the Agricultural Aid Act of 1912, which set aside half a million dollars to assist provincial Departments of Agriculture to improve and extend their work and to give to the farmers of their provinces the lesson of modern and scientific agricultural methods. Following the granting of this temporary assistance to the industry, Mr. C. C. James, former Deputy-Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, made an investigation and report as to agricultural conditions throughout Canada, the result of which was the introduction of the Agricultural Instruction Act of 1913. By this measure \$10,000,000 will be distributed, mainly according to population, amongst the provinces during the succeeding ten years, this money to be used to increase the efficiency of agricultural colleges and other means of educating the farmer not only to make his living, but to live after he has made it.

Manufacturing has been fostered through the activities of the Trade and Commerce Department, which has established a system for obtaining information as to the possibilities of all the world's markets, and through the administration of the tariff. Without provoking controversy on this very controversial subject, let it be said that the present Government came into power on the policy of a reasonable protective tariff and that it has been consistent in its administration of customs' duties. Tariff assistance has been given to the building up of Canadian manufacturing industries where it has been demonstrated that it was necessary; for instance, provision has been made for the protection of steel manufacturers with a view to encouraging the

**Here's
Heap Big Smoke Joy**

Makes no difference, men, *how* you smoke it—jam it into a jimmy pipe, or roll it into a cigarette after breakfast—P. A. is the one real biteless and stingless tobacco bet and it *keeps* men smoking it once they start.

PRINCE ALBERT
the inter-national joy smoke

has the bite taken out by an exclusive, patented process. It simply can't bite. You go and swap the change for a helping and know real tobacco. Prince Albert is manufactured only by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. at its factories in Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A., and is imported from the United States by Canadian dealers. Prince Albert is the largest selling brand of pipe-smoking tobacco in the United States.

Sold everywhere in the famous tidy red, full 2-oz. tin.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.
U. S. A.

Copyright 1914 by
J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP-CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND
CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Speed and Reliability are
Combined in a

ROBERTSON

We have them all ready, fully equipped for immediate shipment, or we can supply you with the necessary materials all cut and ready to put together, which you can easily do by following our simple instructions. Long experience has made us expert in boat and launch building. We can give you good, practical advice in buying or making boats, yachts, motor-boats, semi-speed launches, cruisers, etc. Hulls 16 ft. to 20 ft., built specially for outboard motors, in stock.

Write for Booklet "R"; it is full of valuable suggestions.

ROBERTSON BROS., Foot of Bay St., HAMILTON, ONT.



The seemingly impossible made possible with

It would ordinarily seem an impossibility to light the basement as brightly as the rest of the store or office with daylight, the cheapest and best of all lights. With LUXFER SIDEWALK PRISMS, however, the seemingly impossible is made possible. The use of the LUXFER SYSTEM in place of ordinary blank glass or metal grating solves the daylight problem.

Rays of light instead of passing down naturally are caught and sent at any desired angle back into the basement.

LUXFER PRISMS not only ensure more satisfactory illumination, but the big saving in lighting expenses makes it worth your while to investigate.

LUXFER SIDEWALK PRISMS are set in indestructible Metal frames which stand a pressure test of 400 lbs. per square foot.

Let us send you our free Catalog "L." It explains the scientific principle of Luxfer Prisms over common prismatic glass.



Luxfer Prism Company, Limited

100 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

The Prosperity of Saskatchewan Has A Substantial Foundation

Our unusual and continuous prosperity is due to the fact that we produce millions of dollars each year from the soil, and this produce is always in demand. Our credit is good because we are producers

Regina enjoys the fullest advantages of being the biggest and busiest city in this province. This city has grown at the rate of 10,000 increase in population per year. The condition here is ideal for real estate investments.

For information and our free illustrated booklet on Saskatchewan, write to us.

ANDERSON, LUNNEY & COMPANY
REGINA, SASK.

Real Estate, Appraisers, Valuators, Insurance, and Western Bonds

manufacture of structural steel and wire rods in the Dominion. Yet on the other hand when cases arose where it was to the best interests of the Canadian people as a whole that the tariff should not be allowed to press too heavily on any one section of the community, duties were lowered. A notable example was the temporary reduction of the duty on cement during the building season of 1912 and the permanent reduction of the duty in May, 1913, to 10 cents per hundred pounds or less than the duty which was to have prevailed under reciprocity. The farmers of the prairies needed cement and the Canadian manufacturers were not in a position to supply it. And again in 1914, that the price of agricultural implements to the consumer might be as low as possible, consistent with the retention of their manufacture in Canada, a reduction in the protective tariff on these products was made.

The record of the present Government's accomplishments is wide in scope. It ranges from the revision of the Bank Act and the passage of the loan and trust company bills, all three measures designed to put Canadian commerce on an improved legal basis, to the reduction of the cable rates to the British Isles. It embraces the establishment of the Parcels Post, and the inauguration of a greatly improved mail service between Canada and Great Britain, and, in another sphere of Government activity, the improvement of Canada's militia system with the result that some 15,000 more men are trained every year in her active militia. It means, also, that for the first time in the history of Canadian parliaments, in the granting of railway aid by a Canadian Government a precedent has been set which calls for Government participation in the fruits of the enterprise to which it lends assistance. The reference, of course, is to the guaranteeing of \$45,000,000 worth of bonds for the Canadian Northern Railway. In return for that service Canada receives forty per cent. of Canadian Northern stock, or almost a half interest in the whole road.

The Borden Government came into office during a year of normal prosperity. It is now carrying on its administrative activities during a season of that worldwide financial stringency and universal trade slackening, the periodic recurrence of which is an unsolved mystery of economics. Thus the Government in three years has passed through storm and fair weather and the best measure of its navigating ability is that the ship of state, after this severe test of its timbers, has been brought into port at the end of this period with a six million dollar reduction in the national debt of Canada.

These are the outstanding features, perhaps, of the three years of Conservative administration. Of course there is also the great silent routine work of Government departments, which goes on from year to year, under one administration or another. Time must tell that tale and its best record is found in the fact that least is heard of it, for good administration means few complaints.

"U.S.S. Pinafore"

Amusing Gilbert and Sullivan Reminiscences

A very successful Americanized adaptation of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "Pinafore," was lately produced at the New York Hippodrome. A recently published history of the Savoy Theatre, London, where all Gilbert and Sullivan's operas were performed gives an account of a previous effort at Americanization that was thwarted by Gilbert.

A CERTAIN American impresario, whose patriotism excelled his judgment, suggested to Gilbert that, while "H.M.S. Pinafore" had decidedly caught on in New York, he guessed that they could heap up a bigger pile of dollars if an American version of the piece were prepared.

"Say, now Mr. Gilbert," said our American friend, "all you've got to do is, first change H.M.S. to U.S.S., pull down the British ensign and hoist the Stars and Stripes, and anchor your ship off Jersey beach. Then in place of your First Lord of Admiralty introduce our navy boss. All the rewriting required would be some new words to Bill Bobstay's song—just let him remain an American instead of an Englishman. Now, ain't that a cute notion, sir?"

Gilbert, pulling at his moustache replied, "Well—yes—perhaps your suggestion is a good one; but I see some difficulties in carrying it out. In the first place, I am afraid I am not sufficiently versed in your vernacular to translate my original English words. The best I could do would be something like this improvisation:

"He is Ameri-can,
Tho' he himself has said it;
'Tis not much to his credit
That he is Ameri-can—
For he might have been a Dutchman,
An Irish, Scotch, or such man,
Or perhaps an Englishman;
But in spite of hanky-panky,
He remains a true born Yankee,
A cute Ameri-can."

The New York impresario was delighted—vowed it would save the situation and set New York ablaze.

Mr. Gilbert replied that after two minute's careful consideration he did not think it would do at all. He was afraid that such words might disturb the friendly relations existing between the United States of America and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

"Besides, my friend," Gilbert added, "you must remember I remain an Englishman. No, sir; as long as 'H.M.S. Pinafore' holds afloat she must keep the Union Jack flying."

"Quite appreciate your patriotic sentiments, Mr. Gilbert," replied the American, "but say,—ain't it c'rect that 'Pinafore' was translated into German?"

"Quite correct—and played in Germany, but, under its Teutonic name,

Your skin is continually being rebuilt

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually being rebuilt. Every day, in washing, you rub off dead skin.

As this *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is your opportunity—make this new skin just what you would love to have it by using the following treatment regularly.

How to keep your skin active

Wash your face with care and take plenty of time to do it. Lather freely with Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub in gently until the skin is softened and the pores open. After this, rinse in warm, then in very cold water. Whenever possible, rub your skin for a few minutes with a *lump of ice*.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores, then closes



them and brings the blood to the surface. You feel the difference the first time you use it—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake*. Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and start this treatment tonight.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.

Write today to the Canadian
Woodbury Factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c,
samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial
Cream and Powder.

For 50c a copy of the Woodbury Book and
samples of the Woodbury preparations.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd.,
Dept 105-T Perth, Ontario.



THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

ESTABLISHED 1869

Capital Paid Up, \$11,560,000

Reserve Funds, \$13,500,000

Total Assets, \$180,000,000

HEAD OFFICE - - - MONTREAL, CANADA

H. S. HOLT, President

E. L. PEASE, Vice-President and General Manager

330 Branches in Canada and Newfoundland; 37 Branches in West Indies,
British Guiana and British Honduras

LONDON OFFICE - PRINCES ST., E.C.

W. M. BOTSFORD, Manager

NEW YORK - COR. WILLIAM & CEDAR STS.

S. H. VOORHEES, Agent

Mistakes are blamed on the store, not on the clerk—the customer only remembers that it was at your store the mistake was made.

Why not retain the good-will of your patrons, eliminate accounting mistakes from your business and improve your collections by installing

The McCASKEY SYSTEM



With only one writing it takes care of your purchase as well as your credit sales. Its simplicity, reliability and economy has helped many merchants to greater business expansion.

**Let us send you our Booklet "D," Bookkeeping Without Books.
It will be of value to you.**

Dominion Register Co., Limited

90-98 Ontario Street, Toronto, Canada

BRANCHES: Trafford Park, Manchester, England; Melbourne, Australia.

If You Will, You Can Earn More

We have a proposition that enables energetic men to add a desirable increase to their present salary. The work is attractive, educative and profitable. You should know about it. For full particulars, write a postcard to

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited

143-149 University Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

'Amor am Bord,' it was not easy for any one to imagine that the ship had been taken from the English."

Another American story is told, this time involving the genial composer of the music and his encounter with the band that played in the theater when Sir Arthur Sullivan himself came to conduct the work.

These gentlemen were all under the strict control of a musical trade-union. A scale of charges was laid down for every kind of instrumentalist, according to the nature and degree of his professional engagement. For example, a member of a grand-opera orchestra must demand higher pay than one who was engaged for ordinary lyric work, such as musical comedy, and so on, down to the humblest class of musical entertainment. Accordingly, when the announcement went forth that the opening performance of "The Pirates of Penzance" would be conducted by Mr. Sullivan, and the manager of the theater had taken pains to impress upon his orchestra the greatness of the honor that would be theirs of playing under the baton of England's most famous composer, the bandsmen showed their appreciation of such distinction by demanding from the management increased salaries on the grand-opera scale. There seemed likely to be "ructions." Whereupon, Arthur Sullivan, with characteristic tact and *sang-froid*, addressed the men in modest terms. Disclaiming any title to the exalted honors they would thrust upon him, he protested that on, the contrary, he should esteem it a high privilege to conduct such a fine body of instrumentalists. At the same time, rather than become the cause of any dispute or trouble among them, he was prepared to cable home to England for his own orchestra, which he had specially selected for the forthcoming Leeds Festival. He hoped, however, that such a course might be avoided. The Americans promptly took the gentle hint and agreed not to charge extra for the honor of being conducted by Mr. Arthur Sullivan.

Sir Arthur, we are told, "even when he became famous, knew the value of a soft answer for silencing criticism as well as turning away wrath":

Sullivan was not above suspicion of having stolen a bar or two, here and there from another musician. He himself was ever the first to plead guilty to such soft impeachment. But it may be asked, is it a more unpardonable offence to paraphrase a musical theme than to parody a proverb? Surely the composer of "Princess Ida," when he played an occasional joke at the expense of Handel, was guilty of no greater fraud than the author who "respectfully" perverted Tennyson. On one occasion, when accused of having plagiarized Molloy's "Love's Sweet Song" in his "When a Maiden Marries," in "The Gondoliers," Sullivan replied: "My good friend, as a matter of fact, I don't happen ever to have heard the song you mention, but if I had you must please remember that Molloy and I had only seven notes to work on between us."

The Patriarch of the Peerage

Interesting Personality and Piquant Career of Britain's Oldest Noble

From Ideas.

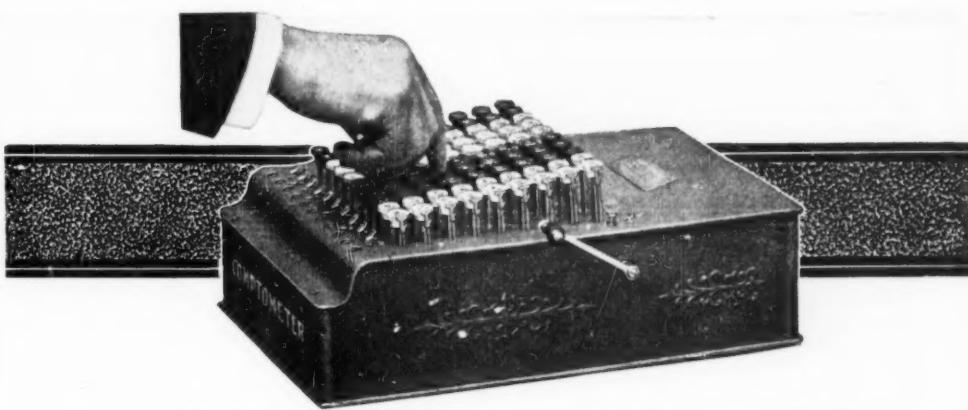
The Earl of Wemyss, the oldest peer in Britain, has lately passed away. The accompanying character sketch was written a week or two previous to his decease. With his passing was broken the last link connecting us with the old Georgian period.

ONE doesn't hear much of the Earl of Wemyss in these days. His lordship, alas, is realizing the truth of the Biblical axiom that "a man's days after four-score years shall be but anguish and sorrow!" It is one of the terrors of extreme old age that one outlives not only one's own generation but one's own posterity. Lord Wemyss will shortly enter his ninety-seventh year, and though he remained uncommonly fit until a few months ago, I hear that his lordship has been severely stricken by the death of his daughter, Lady Lilian Yorke. And though not less than a hundred members of the higher aristocracy were preening themselves that their noble head would live to be a hundred, and thus be the first peer to be a centenarian, I fear that happy consummation is not so likely as it appeared six months ago. However, Lord Wemyss comes of tenacious stock, and his fine, straight-figured, lusty-lunged personality may carry him through till 1918! We sincerely hope so, anyway, for his lordship is one of the most interesting characters of his time, and deserves well of his country. He is the last British peer who had a personal acquaintance with the old Georgian royalties!

LORD WEMYSS' EFFORT TO STEAL A MARCH ON DR. GAISFORD.

The Right Hon. Francis Wemyss-Charteris-Douless, eighth Earl of Wemyss and also Earl of March, had for father a Lord-Lieutenant of Haddingtonshire, who married the Lady Louisa Bingham, a daughter of an Earl of Lucan. Lord Wemyss was born heir to half-a-dozen fine estates in Scotland and England, and as Francis Charteris he went to Eton before anyone now living can remember. Queen Victoria had but just come to the throne when Lord Wemyss proceeded to Oxford, and as the Charterises have always been staunch supporters of the Hanoverians (although they got their coronets from King Charles I.), the young Queen sent an invitation to Lord Wemyss to her state ball. Now the headmaster of Christ Church was then Dr. Gaisford, to whom Lord Wemyss applied for leave to go to town "to see a doctor about his lame leg."

Lord Wemyss went to the Queen's ball at Buckingham Palace, and doubtless enjoyed it all the more because it was a "stolen pleasure." But his youthful lordship forgot that there were such things as *Court Circulars*, and when, therefore, he encountered old Gaisford in Oxford the



—making office work quicker, easier, surer, cheaper

The advent of a Comptometer in any office means greater speed, easier work, absolute accuracy and the real economy of greater protection with less effort and expense. For example:

A certain middle West wholesale house felt that the work of the billing department was costing them more than was necessary. Errors were frequent and apparently unavoidable, in spite of the growing payroll.

Finally the Auditor was persuaded to try the Comptometer on Billing Extensions. Our representative told him one machine would handle \$17,000.00 of billing a day. "I'll be satisfied if it does \$5,000.00."

In two weeks' time the Comptometer was turning out better than \$20,000 per day. Not only was a greater volume of work being handled with less effort and expense, but the errors of mental calculation were eliminated through the dependable accuracy of machine precision.

This concern has since bought another Comptometer for proving postings, balancing accounts, taking trial balances, figuring profits and inventory extensions. In common with other users of the Comptometer they now understand that all the figure work of accounting is properly machine work.

What will the Comptometer do for your work?

We'll answer that question and prove what we say. It matters not the nature of the work or the nature of the business. The Comptometer is adapted to any kind of figuring—Bill Extension, Statements, Estimates, Expense Bills, Inventories, Trial Balances, etc.

Let us demonstrate concretely on your own work. See if we cannot discover some economies you never thought possible. A request on your letterhead brings a free trial of the Comptometer to you without any obligation on your part.

TWO BOOKS FREE You will find "Leading the Bookkeepers Out of Bondage" interesting—and some mighty helpful ideas for the bookkeeper in "Daily Ledger Control". Write for either one or both of these booklets. They're free.

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1715-31 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.



Canadian Offices or Dealers:

Montreal
Power Bldg.

Toronto
Traders Bank Bldg.

Winnipeg
McGreevy Bld.

Calgary
1309 11th St. W.

Vancouver
Rogers Bldg.



DAVOL RUBBER CO.

MARSH HYGIENIC RUBBER FINGER PADS
Fit the finger perfectly. Perforated to allow ventilation. Corrugated does. A valuable assistant to clerks in all departments where efficiency is essential. Practical and inexpensive.

Sample and size card upon receipt of 10 cents.
The Brown Bros., Ltd., 51-53 Wellington Street West, **Toronto**
Canadian Distributors
Davol Rubber Co., Sole Manufacturers, Providence, R.I., U.S.A.

The Loose-Leaf System of Accounting

has enabled the busy office manager to accomplish **MORE WORK WITH LESS EXPENDITURE** of energy on his part as well as to make a general reduction of labor on the office staff. Especially is this the case where

Copeland-Chatterson Systems

have been installed. Twenty years' experience places us in a position to give you the **BEST** system **FOR SIMPLIFYING** accounts and saving labor. Added to this is the quality of our goods at a price which is **RIGHT**.

Our systems are the standards of efficiency.

We are at your service and desire an opportunity to demonstrate to you what our systems can do for your business.

Write for further particulars to Department "A,"
Richmond and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

**The Copeland-Chatterson Co.
Limited**

FACTORY:
Brampton, Ontario

TORONTO
Home Office

OFFICES:
Montreal, Winnipeg

next day he was astounded to be received with the remark, "I was not aware, Mr. Charteris, that dancing was a cure for lameness!" Lord Wemyss never tried to steal a march on "Old Gaisford" again!

"A FIGURE FROM A GEORGIAN PICTURE GALLERY!"

Lord Wemyss, as can easily be imagined, conjures up memories of by-gone days with everyone who meets him. That is, perhaps, unavoidable. When you remember that he went into Parliament for his own pocket-borough in Gloucestershire well over seventy years ago, and knew all the Premiers from Peel to Gladstone, it is not difficult to imagine that those who converse with him listen in silent wonder to this Grand Old Man who seems to have stepped down from the walls of a Georgian picture gallery. To this day Lord Wemyss wears the tight-waisted coats of the early Victorian era—of a style, by the way, which he has lived to see revived under the George that is! Lord Wemyss was in the Parliament that repealed the Corn Laws, and recalls with ease the great scenes in the House in the days of Cobden and Bright, before even the Balfours and Cecils were heard of there. Naturally enough, therefore, his lordship enjoyed a prestige amongst the politicians of the last half of Queen Victoria's reign which gave him a right to "take liberties" in Parliament which no other man dare think of.

LORD WEMYSS' LIBERTIES IN LORDS AND COMMONS.

And Lord Wemyss took them. Lord Wemyss was no respector of persons! Even royalty—aye, even the Cecils—had to take from him retorts and gibes that they would not easily have pardoned in anyone else. Lord Wemyss was a braw Scot, with a Scotch accent and a Scotch acidity of temperament. When the late Marquis of Salisbury (thrice Prime Minister of England) made a speech which Lord Wemyss didn't agree with, he up and told the Prime Minister, "The Noble Marquis is talking d—d nonsense!" And Lord Salisbury had to take it lying down! It would, of course, be impossible to narrate the story of Lord Wemyss' political career in this article. In the Commons he served under three Speakers whose names are now almost forgotten—Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. Denison, and Mr. Brand. And he was no "backwoodsman," either! Few Britishers to-day remember what they owe to Lord Wemyss. He was in the Commons for over forty years, took part in every movement during the great Victorian era, and more than once a Government had owed its defeat to him.

THE EARL DENOUNCING THE ROYAL DUKE.

A volume might be written upon Lord Wemyss' political career which would surpass in interest any other political "Life" since Beaconsfield's. Not many men now living can say they ever saw a member of the House voting in his kilts and tartan, but Lord Wemyss did so once, having been called upon to attend the House in a hurry while at a Scottish ball. Not many members of the Lords are left who heard the old Earl condemning the

late Duke of Cambridge (who was for forty years Commander-in-Chief of the British Army). At last, overcome by his own indignation, the earl stopped impatiently and said, "But how can I criticize a man behind his back?" And the lords burst into a peal of laughter, for the Royal Duke was sitting right in front of the earl!

LORD WEMYSS KNOCKS OFF KING EDWARD'S SILK HAT.

The Duke of Cambridge was not the only member of the First Family to feel the sting of a blow from Lord Wemyss. Even King Edward had to take a dose of it, and the occasion was historic. Lord Wemyss was addressing the Lords, the then Prince of Wales being in the seat before him. Suddenly the fiery old laird shot out his arm, and away went the Prince's silk hat. The whole house roared and no one enjoyed the joke more than the future King Edward, who laughed delightedly, but promptly changed his seat! And, ten years ago, when Lord Wemyss practically retired from active political life, he ended up his remarkable career in the Lords by sitting down upon his own "topper," much to the delight of his brother peers!

LORD WEMYSS AS FATHER OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

But the work for which the name of Lord Wemyss should be engraven deeply upon stone is the great Volunteer movement, of which he is certainly the "father," and may justly be said to be the founder! For over half-a-century the "Old Brigade" of Volunteers have been reminded of Lord Wemyss' part in the formation of the Volunteers of Britain by the Elcho Shield, the greatest British shooting trophy, which was presented by Lord Wemyss (then Lord Elcho) in 1862. All his life Lord Wemyss has been associated with volunteer soldiers—in Scotland the Royal Archers, and in England the London Scottish. In his youth his younger brother, Walter, fell for his country at Balaclava; and his own son, the Hon. Alan Dudley Charteris, of the Coldstream Guards, died of severe wounds received at McNeill's zareba in the Soudan campaign in 1885. That reminds us again of the pathetic period to which very old age has brought his lordship. One by one his sons and daughters have preceded him to the Unknown.

It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that Lord Wemyss, old as he was, decided to be lonely no longer, and, when well over eighty, wedded a lady who was twenty years younger than his lordship's own eldest son! And a real romance of happiness has this lordly union proved!

FORWARD TO THE IDEAL.

Things are not really worse, but men's hopes, aspirations and expectations are greater than they used to be.—Sir E. Grey.

Let Us Show You How to Push Your Collections

Business men throughout the United States and Canada are this month being shown by our sales organization—525 men—how to increase the efficiency of their collection departments.

You are one of the business men we want to show—not just to tell you, but to show you how thousands of other business men are getting better collections—and then actually do it that way with your statements so you can see the results. We have shown over 2,000 business men already—so it's no experiment.

The sooner your statements go out after the first, the sooner your remittances come in. It is a fact that a lot of bills are paid each month on the principle of first come



Machine-made statements can be gotten out in $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$ less time than by hand method.

first paid. And statements must be accurate—it's never good business to have to explain a wrong statement. We will come into your place of business just as soon as we can make arrangements—for there may be others ahead of you—and show you how to get your statements out accurately, neatly, on time and at less cost.

Getting out statements promptly to get remittances in quickly, is the Burroughs way of handling the money-collecting end of business, big or little. We can do it for you.

Try making collections the Burroughs way once—it will cost you nothing and place you under no obligation—if you sign the coupon.

Name _____
Firm _____
Street _____
City and State _____

Let me know when your representative can see me about getting the statements out for my firm to show us actually, by demonstration, how it can be done more promptly, in better style and at lower cost.



Burroughs Adding Machine Company
232 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan European Office, 50 Cannon Street, London, E.C., England

86 different models in 492 combinations of features—\$185 to \$1,000.

CANADIAN ADDRESSES:

Toronto Branch: 146 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.; Montreal Branch: 292 St. James St., Montreal, Que.; Winnipeg Branch: P.O. Box 68, Winnipeg, Man.; Vancouver Branch: 347 Pender St. W., Vancouver, B.C.; St. John Branch: 171-173 Prince William St., St. John, N.B.

BUILDING AND FLYING AN AEROPLANE. By Chas. B. Hayward

Member, The Aeronautical Society; Member, Society of Automobile Engineers; Formerly Secretary of the Society of Automobile Engineers; Formerly Engineering Editor "The Automobile," 150 pp., 60 illus. Cloth binding. Building Model Aeroplanes; Building a Glider; Building a Curtiss; Building a Bleriot; Art of Flying; Accidents and Their Lessons; Amateur Aviator. Price, \$1.10, post paid.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
TECHNICAL BOOK DEPARTMENT

143-153 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO

Every time you see a clerk footing bills you can now say:

“There is a man wasting time.
“Whose fault?”

The Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter—a complete correspondence typewriter—automatically totals bills and statements *while it types them*.

Not a moment is wasted on footing or proving.

This machine saves 20% to 70% of the time spent on billing.

It is now used by banks, offices and stores, large and small, everywhere.

Sooner or later the adding and subtracting typewriter will be saving time in every live billing department.

When the machine is needed for ordinary letter-writing your stenographer merely touches a lever. Instantly—*automatically*—it is made ready for correspondence work.

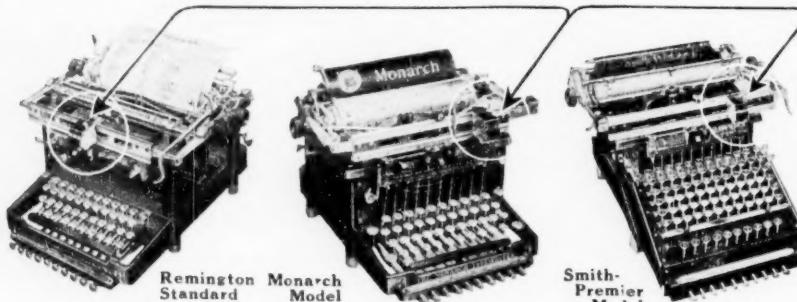
Whether or not you now see the direct applicability of the

Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter to your particular business, it will pay you to send for our new illustrated folder—“The Story of a Day’s Work.”

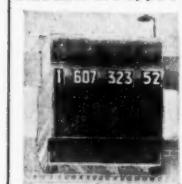
A few words to your stenographer now will put you in the way to receive a copy of this really valuable folder by return mail; will enable you to investigate—*conveniently and without cost*—the saving efficiency of this machine of composite usefulness to every employer of clerical or stenographic help.

Delayed investigation simply means prolonged time-waste and error-risk. So while the matter is in your mind send *today* for “The Story of a Day’s Work” and learn how profit-reducing elements may be eliminated from your business.

**REMINGTON
Adding and Subtracting
TYPEWRITER**
(WAHL MECHANISM)



Your totals show here as fast as the amounts are typed



Remington Typewriter Company, Incorporated, New York City

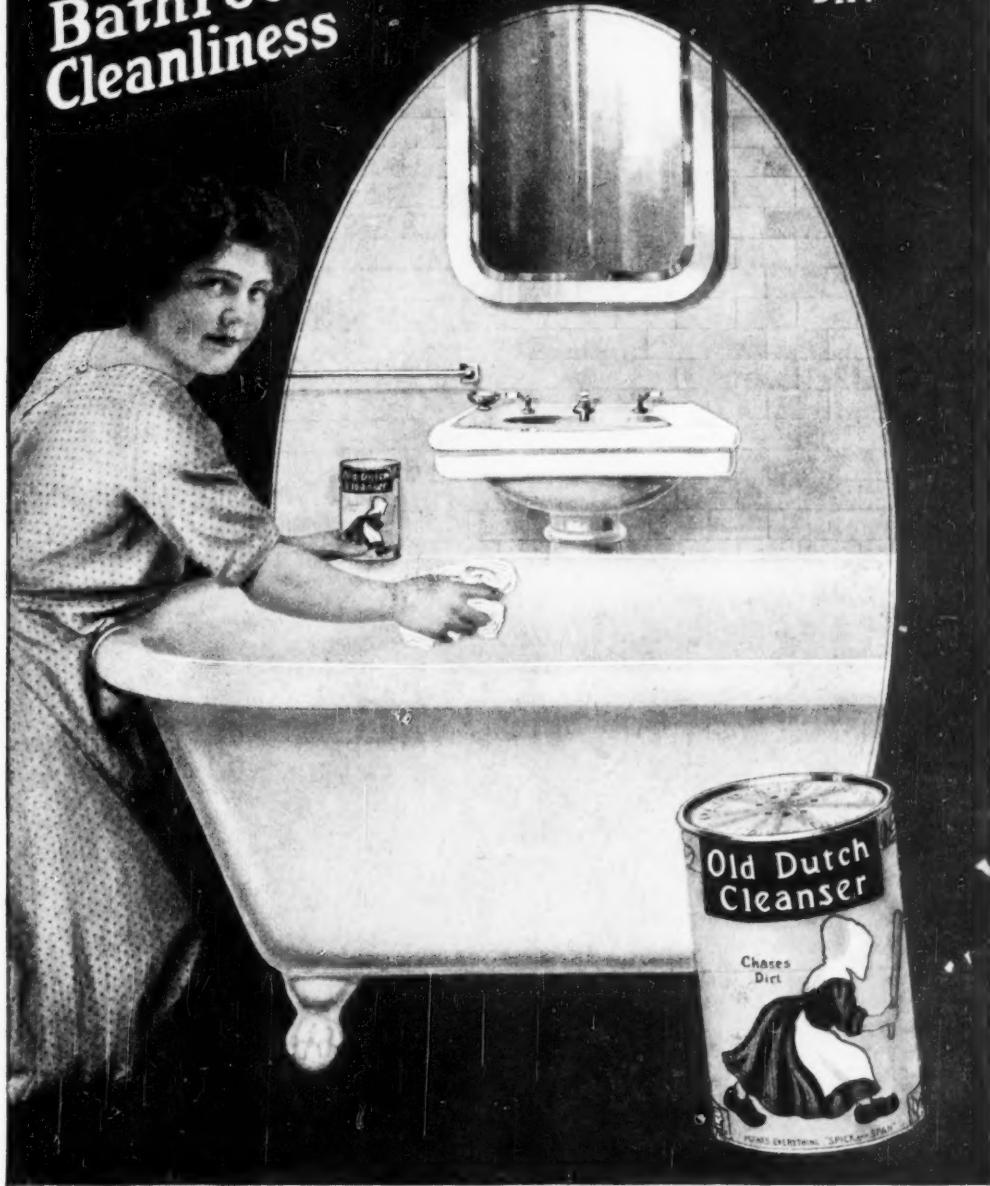
For clear, clean, typewriter results, use Remtico brand letter paper, carbon paper and ribbons. Write to our nearest office.

(Branches Everywhere)

Old Dutch Cleanser

Means
**Bathroom
Cleanliness**

Chases
Dirt





FOREST & STREAM

SMOKING
TOBACCO

Sir Walter Raleigh's discovery
has reached perfection in
"FOREST & STREAM."

© 1915